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#588
March 23, 2001

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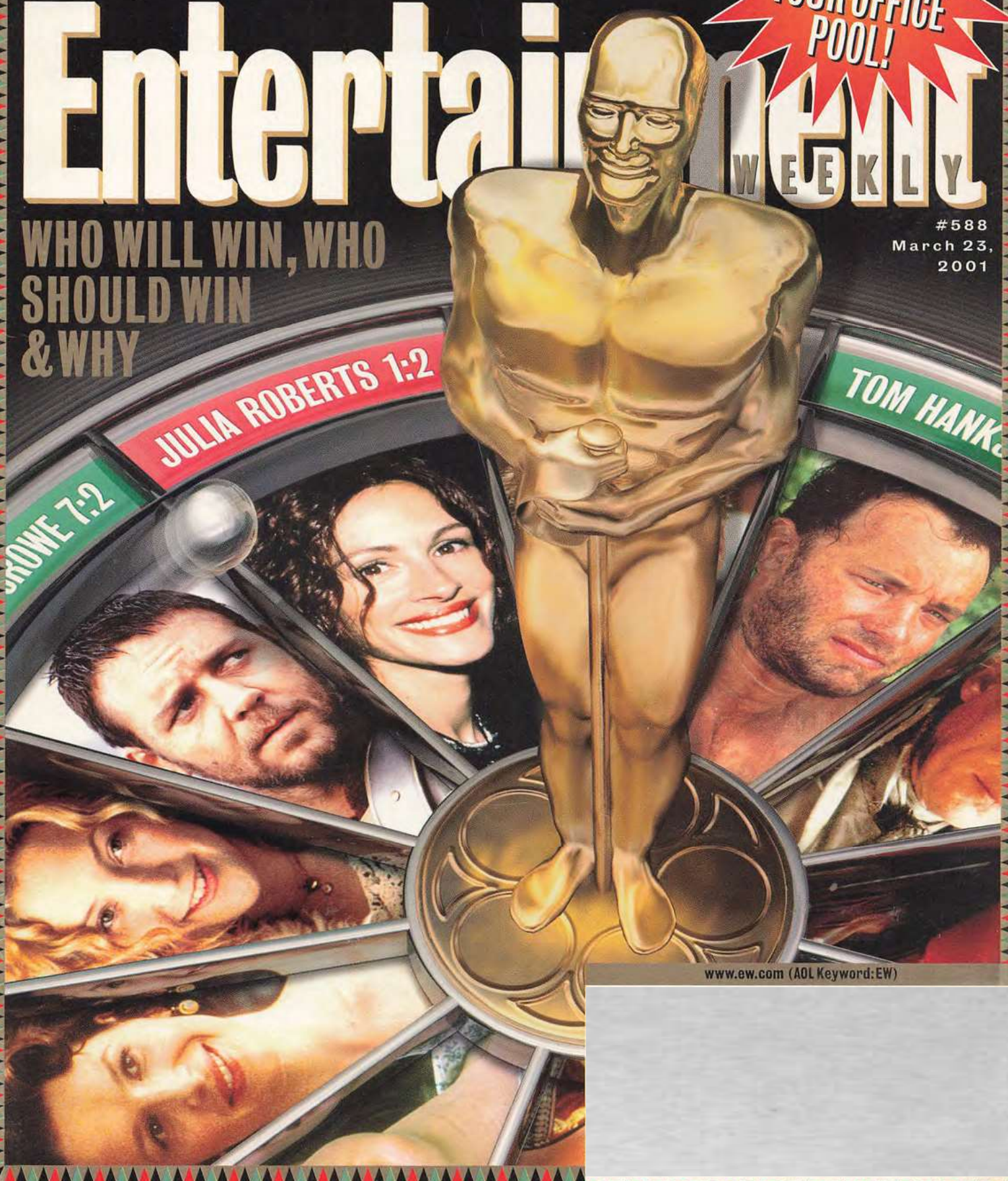

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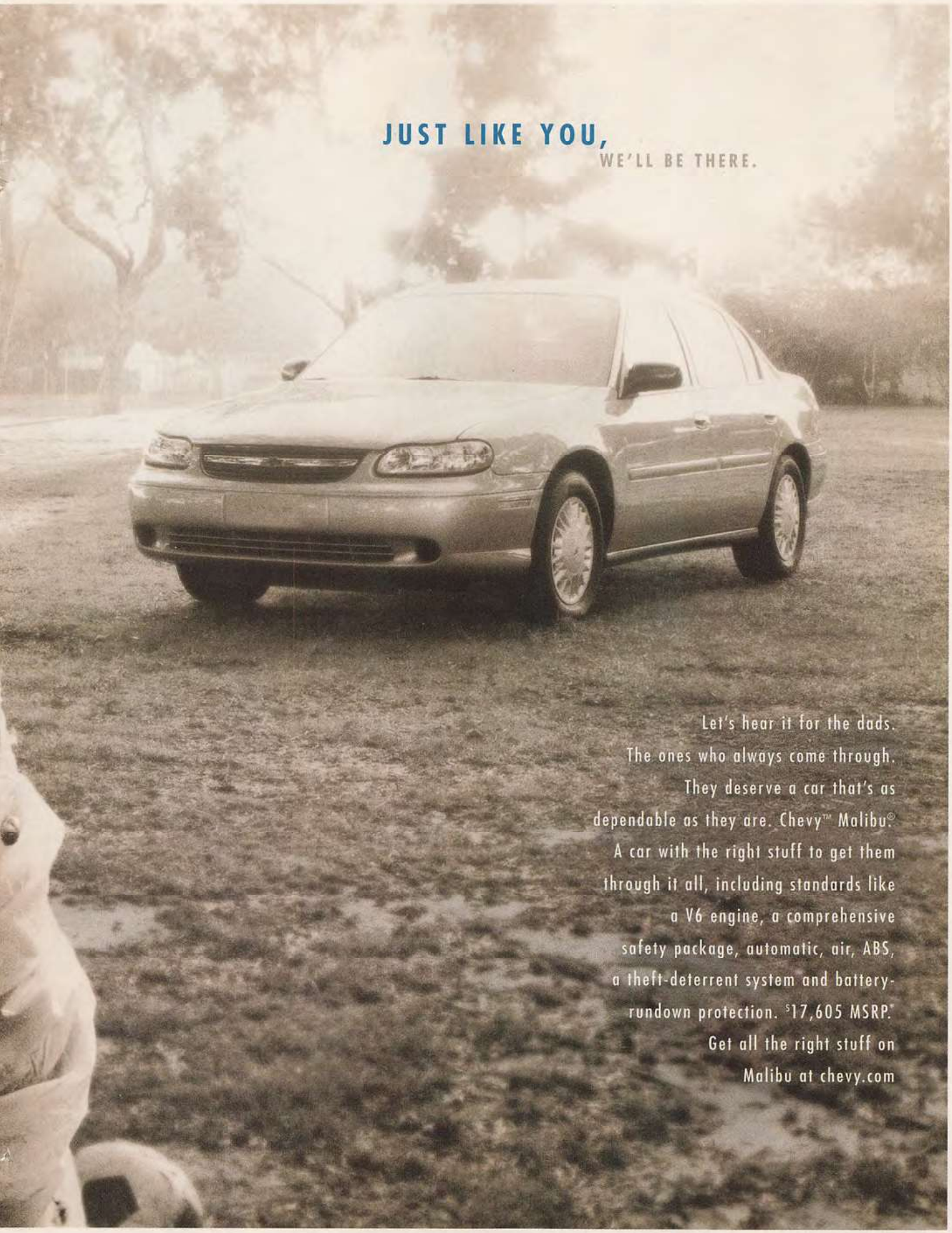
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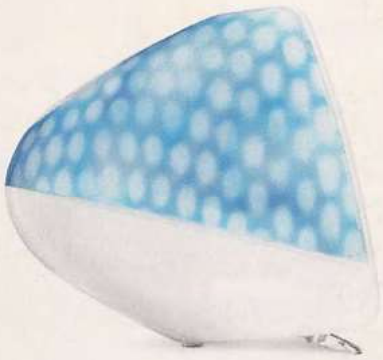

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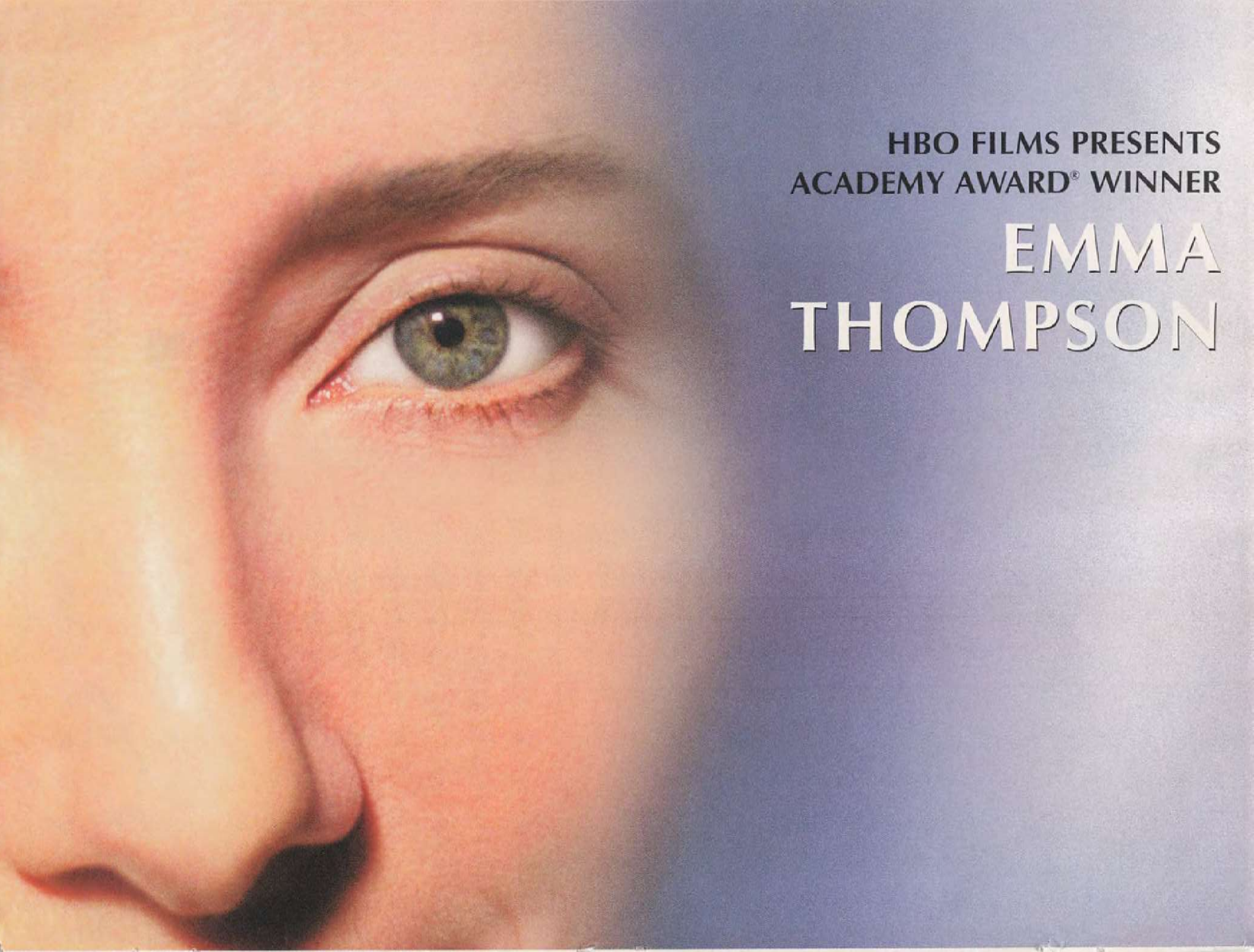
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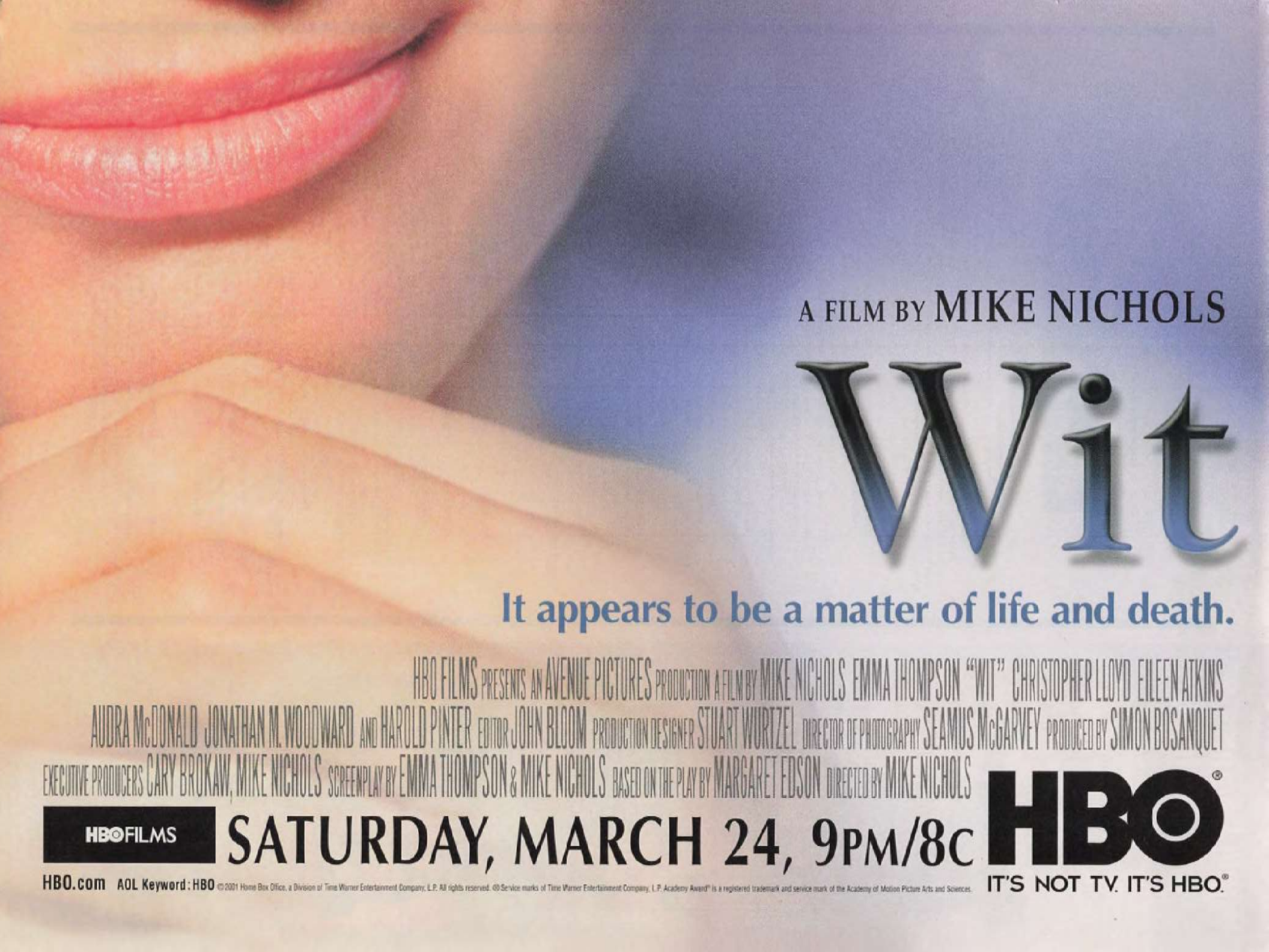
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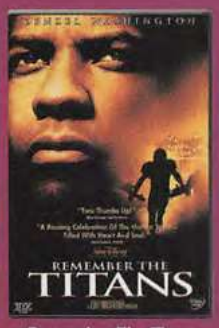

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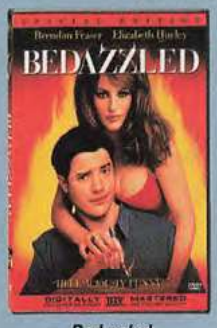

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Entertainment WEEKLY
FRIDAY, MARCH 23, 2001

27 **BLOOD THIRSTY** The WB and Fox are battling over *Buffy*, starring Sarah Michelle Gellar

NEWS & NOTES

16 ShoWest-ward Ho! Will this summer be better than last summer at the box office? That was the big question at the annual movie-theater-owner confab in Vegas...EW's version of the top secret FBI dossier naming suspects in the Russell Crowe kidnapping plot...*Star Wars* Watch: A plot hint appears in the official newsletter...*Leave It to Beaver*'s Tony Dow sues TV Land over recent ads...**Hot Sheet**...**Flashes**...**Monitor.**

30 As Good as Gold So you think you know who's going to take home the statues at this year's Academy Awards. Wanna bet? Check out our annual insider predictions for the most accurate Oscar odds. **PLUS:** Our critics and online readers weigh in; Hollywood's secret voters tell all; profiles of three veteran Oscar nominees; the story behind *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*'s amazing fight scenes; makeup and fashion get the red-carpet treatment; your complete Oscar ballot.

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27 BIZ Will Fox snatch *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* from The WB?

10 MAIL *Friends* vs. *Survivor*.

120 ENCORE March 20, 1990: Gloria Estefan is hurt in a bus crash.

ON THE COVER
Photo illustration by Joe Zeff

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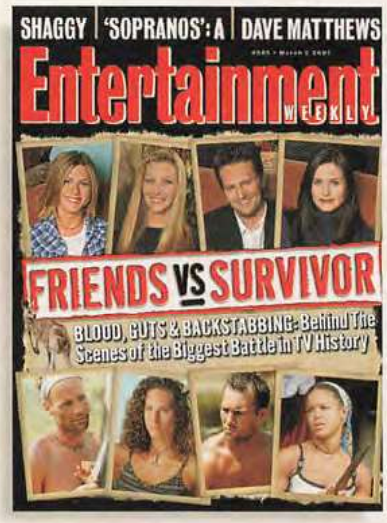

MAIL

So much for the Tale of the Tape. Our cover story on *Friends* vs. *Survivor* (#585, March 2) had readers wondering what all the fuss was about. "There's this electronic machine that lets you tape one show while watching another," says Catherine Chiaro of Fremont, Calif. Actually, the Nielsen ratings include the estimated number of viewers who may have taped a show, so this fight for eyeballs between CBS and NBC has not been settled by your going to the tape. (Keeping score? *Survivor* is consistently beating *Friends* by several million total viewers weekly.) Julie Ehlers of West Hazelton, Pa., is throwing her support elsewhere: "I'll turn to the excellent *Gilmore Girls* on The WB instead."

Survival of the Fittest

THANK YOU FOR YOUR COVerage of *Survivor*, seasons 1 and 2. Because of it, I always know what I'm not missing, having never watched the shows. I know in the future the coverage will continue, and I won't ever have to waste my time watching *Survivor* seasons 3–50.

JIM TAYLOR
Wyandotte, Mich.

UNLIKE, APPARENTLY, EVERY other human being in the U.S., I have no trouble deciding what to watch Thursday night: *Whose Line Is It Anyway?* It'd take a lot more than 10 extra minutes of a pretty good sitcom or a gaggle of worm-eating *Real World* rejects to keep me from my weekly Ryan, Colin, and Wayne fix. Hip? Probably not. In that coveted 18–49 demo? You betcha.

CATHERINE BLATZ
Cjanet@ix.netcom.com
Brighton, Mass.

MEMO TO JEFF ZUCKER AND Les Moonves: There's this thing called a VCR...

LINDA KLAAMAS
LKlaamas@post.harvard.edu
Toronto

I CAN'T BELIEVE THE COMments the ousted outbackers made. What wimps! Didn't they watch Richard "the snake" Hatch slither his way to the bank? If they weren't willing to do whatever it took, why were they there? In a group with a prison guard, Army officer, and retired police inspector, the singer-songwriter came across as the toughest. I don't know what songs Ogakor was singing, but it shouldn't have been "Why Can't We Be Friends?"

ANN-RENEE RICHARDSON
Syracuse, N.Y.

FRIENDS WOULDN'T BE LOOKing up at *Survivor* if NBC had done the smart thing during last year's contract negotiations: vote humorless David Schwimmer off Manhattan island by sending Ross the Whiner on an endless paleontology expedition to Siberia. By remaining on the show, Schwimmer inherited Paul Reiser's title as The Most Unnecessary Person on TV.

F.G. WOOD
Bakersfield, Calif.

Comedy Central

YOUR PROFILE ON ANDY DICK confirmed what I've been preaching for years: *The Ben Stiller Show* was the most underrated show ever. Four of the cast members went on to become comic deities: Stiller, giving a smart snap to mainstream studio comedies; Janeane Garofalo, reigning as the queen of standup and cameos; Bob Odenkirk's postmodernist *Mr. Show With Bob and David*; and now Andy strutting his considerable s---.

GARY SHERWOOD
Sherwoodgs@aol.com
Santa Rosa, Calif.

Shag Horrific

I WAS DISAPPOINTED IN YOUR article on Shaggy. I'll admit he is a talented reggae artist, but his sharp rise to the top is based on a fantastic song, "It Wasn't Me," sung mostly by Ricardo "RikRok" Ducent! It would seem he's the new sensation, not Shaggy. I hope Shaggy follows through on a solo album for Ducent—I would rush to the store to buy it.

J'AIME MAYNARD
Gaithersburg, Md.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Check out The Scout (#587, March 16), for our write-up on RikRok.*

Breath of Fresh Eyre

THANKS FOR YOUR ON-TARGET review of the fantastic new Broadway show *Jane Eyre*. After seeing it recently I can't believe it got any negative reviews, especially for the two major breakout stars—Marla Schaffel and James Barbour! So that's where all the talent is on Broadway this season!

CHERYL PRYOR
SithMinion@webtv.net
Richmond

Dave Matters

WITH THE DAVE MATTHEWS Band you either get it, or you don't. David Browne doesn't. This was obvious in his review of *Everyday*, in which he complains that at a N.Y. show it took the band an hour plus to play four songs. Exactly. That's why the band consistently sells out stadiums. You're guaranteed to hear something different at every show, no matter how many times you've seen them. If you want to hear a regurgitation of the studio albums, don't bother.

JULIE COMPTON
Jlc515@aol.com
Phoenixville, Pa.

CORRECTIONS: *Michael Jackson's* HIStory *sold 2.3 million copies in the U.S. Denise Rich has never been nominated for a Grammy as a song writer (News & Notes).*

CLARIFICATION: *Mark "Moogy" Klingman cowrote Bette Midler's "Friends" with Buzzy Linhart (#583/584, Feb. 23, Music).*

WWW.EW.COM (AOL KEYWORD: EW)

A Day at the Races

Crouching Tiger or *Gladiator*? Vote for the best in our Oscar poll.

Grade 'It'

Rate *Exit Wounds* and *Say It Isn't So* in Critical Mass.

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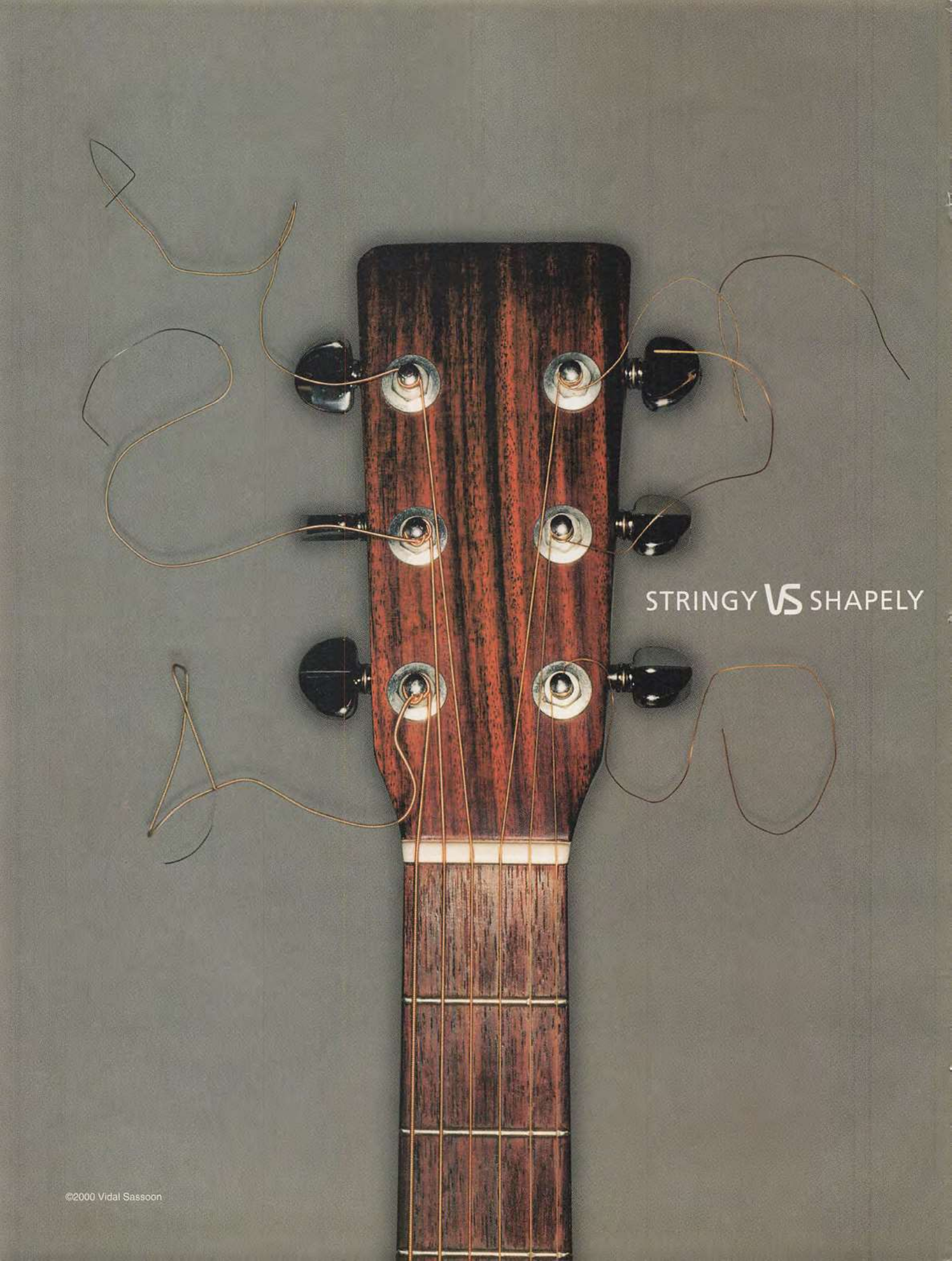

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– BALLOT –

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BEST FEATURE

- *Before Night Falls*
- *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*
- *George Washington*
- *Ghost Dog: The Way of the Samurai*
- *Requiem for a Dream*

BEST DIRECTOR

Ang Lee	*Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*
Christopher Guest	*Best in Show*
Darren Aronofsky	*Requiem for a Dream*
Julian Schnabel	*Before Night Falls*
Miguel Arteta	*Chuck & Buck*

BEST SCREENPLAY

Valerie Breiman	*Love & Sex*
Raymond De Felitta	*Two Family House*
Robert Dillon	*Waking the Dead*
Kenneth Lonergan	*You Can Count on Me*
Mike White	*Chuck & Buck*

BEST FIRST FEATURE

- *Boiler Room*
- *Girlfight*
- *Love & Basketball*
- *The Visit*
- *You Can Count on Me*

BEST FIRST SCREENPLAY

David Gordon Green	*George Washington*
Ross Klavan & Michael McGruther	*Tigerland*
Gina Price-Bythewood	*Love & Basketball*
Jordan Walker-Pearlman	*The Visit*
Ben Younger	*Boiler Room*

BEST FEATURE - UNDER $500,000

- *Bunny*
- *Chuck & Buck*
- *Everything Put Together*
- *Groove*
- *Our Song*

BEST DEBUT PERFORMANCE

Rory Culkin	*You Can Count on Me*
Michelle Rodriguez	*Girlfight*
Emmy Rossum	*Songcatcher*
Mike White	*Chuck & Buck*
Ensemble (Candace Evanofski, Curtis Cotton III, Damian Jewan Lee, Donald Holden, Rachael Handy)	*George Washington*

BEST SUPPORTING FEMALE

Pat Carroll	*Songcatcher*
Jennifer Connelly	*Requiem For a Dream*
Marcia Gay Harden	*Pollock*
Lupe Ontiveros	*Chuck & Buck*
Zhang Ziyi	*Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*

BEST SUPPORTING MALE

Willem Dafoe	*Shadow of the Vampire*
Cole Hauser	*Tigerland*
Gary Oldman	*The Contender*
Giovanni Ribisi	*The Gift*
Billy Dee Williams	*The Visit*

BEST FEMALE LEAD

Joan Allen	*The Contender*
Ellen Burstyn	*Requiem for a Dream*
Sanaa Lathan	*Love & Basketball*
Laura Linney	*You Can Count on Me*
Kelly MacDonald	*Two Family House*

BEST MALE LEAD

Javier Bardem	*Before Night Falls*
Adrien Brody	*Restaurant*
Billy Crudup	*Jesus' Son*
Hill Harper	*The Visit*
Mark Ruffalo	*You Can Count on Me*

BEST DOCUMENTARY

- Dark Days
- The Eyes of Tammy Faye .
- Long Night's Journey Into Day
- Paragraph 175
- Sound and Fury

ifp/west

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Every year, you talk about who
should have won the awards.
You've been watching the wrong show.

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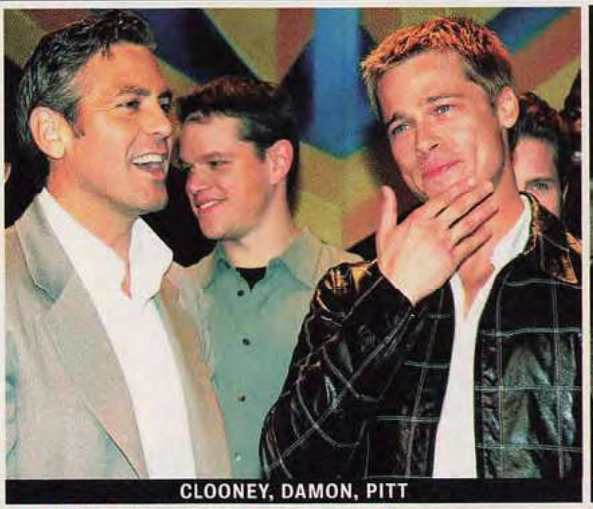
ROCK, HALLE BERRY


CLOONEY, DAMON, PITT

SWANK

OSMENT

ORLANDO JONES, DUCHOVNY, SEANN WILLIAM SCOTT

ROCK & BERRY: SWANK: OSMENT: ERIC CHARBONNEAU/BERLINER STUDIO/BEI; CLOONEY & DAMON & PITT, SCOTT & JONES & DUCHOVNY: JEFF KRAVITZ/FILM MAGIC

PLOYS OF SUMMER

Hype springs eternal at this year's star-studded ShoWest.

by Gillian Flynn

FORGET WHITE SHOES OR final exams or *Friends*' season finale. For film lovers, the real first sign of summer is ShoWest, the annual dog and pony show for movie-theater owners in Las Vegas. At this year's hype-fest (March 5–8), the presence of **George Clooney**, **Matt Damon**, and **Brad Pitt** (from Warner Bros.' year-end *Ocean's Eleven*) as well as summer stars like **Nicolas Cage** (Universal's *Captain Corelli's Mandolin*) and **Hilary Swank** (Warner's *The Affair of the Necklace*) seemed to calm box office nerves. "Summer looks great," says Century Theatres CEO Raymond Syufy. "It's a *nice* flow of [films] and a wide range of product."

The long, hot season, which typically accounts for 45 percent of annual box office, can't come soon enough. Ten major theater chains—including Carmike and Loews Cineplex—are coping with bankruptcy. And after a boom in multiplex construction, the industry is now shuttering some 200 screens a month. Moviegoers haven't been much help: Last summer, domestic box office fell 5 percent, the first drop since 1991.

But in Vegas, Hollywood took a break from such gloom and

doom—including a possible strike by writers and actors—to unveil a formula it hopes will get fannies back into those seats. The plan: carefully spaced blockbusters (no star-studded showdown, à la 2000's *The Patriot* vs. *The Perfect Storm*) peppered with odds-on moneymakers like sequels and comedies from vets like the **Wayans Brothers** and **Eddie Murphy**.

And once again, summer won't wait until Memorial Day. Universal will unwrap *The Mummy Returns* May 4, giving it a three-week jump on Disney's $135 million *Pearl Harbor*, with **Ben Affleck** and **Josh Hartnett**. Smart move, since ShoWesters are betting *Pearl* will kick off a holiday weekend that will live in profitability. "You've got young, appealing stars, patriotism, love interests, epic scope," says Regal Cinemas CEO Mike Campbell. "I won't predict it's as successful as *Titanic*. But it has a lot of the same elements."

1

2

3

BUZZ CUTS
(1) *Tomb Raider*;
(2) *Shrek*;
(3) *Pearl Harbor*

Whereas last year's moviegoing momentum fizzled due to poor pacing of releases, this summer's big-budget, action-driven pics will arrive on fine-tuned schedules. June is anchored by Paramount's *Tomb Raider*, with **Angelina Jolie**, and **Steven Spielberg**'s top secret *A.I.* for DreamWorks. Star **Haley Joel Osment**, who picked up a ShoWest acting award, says his character—an artificial boy—differs from his earlier roles. How so? "I'm not really allowed to say." A hush also surrounds **Tim Burton**'s July film, *Planet of the Apes*, with **Mark Wahlberg**, which Fox insists *is not a remake*. (Don't look for a Lady Liberty cameo.) "We're keeping the ending close to our vests," says producer **Richard Zanuck**.

Even kid-targeted films like DreamWorks' **Mike Myers–Eddie Murphy** computer-animated *Shrek* (which screened to great cheer) and Disney's 'toon drama *Atlantis* (whose voice star, **Michael J. Fox**, got a standing ovation) are giving each other room to play. *Shrek* hits in May, *Atlantis* in June, and Warner Bros.' **Chris Rock**-voiced *Osmosis Jones* in August.

Theater owners are also counting on some good old-fashioned déjà vu: This time around, look for *Rush Hour* 2, *Jurassic Park* 3, *American Pie* 2, *Dr. Dolittle* 2, and *Scary Movie* 2. "These are sequels that should have some power left in them," says Campbell. "*Jurassic Park* will open. I'm not sure how its legs will be, but we certainly want it in all our theaters."

Two of last year's comedy anchors are returning in similar situations. **Martin Lawrence**'s MGM film *What's the Worst That Can Happen?* will open the same June weekend as his 2000 hit, *Big Momma's House*. And after producing *Road Trip*, **Ivan Reitman** is back at DreamWorks, directing *Evolution*—with **David Duchovny** doing broad comedy. "But not stupidly broad," swears Duchovny. "Ivan would give me advice like, 'Don't suck.'" Now that's a tip worth spreading. ■

1: ALEX BAILEY; 2: DREAMWORKS; 3: ANDREW COOPER; CROWE: TAMMIE ARROYO/RETNA; QUAID: GREGG DEGUIRE/LONDON FEATURES; HACKFORD: HOGAN; ARMANDO GALLO/RETNA; RYAN: SAM LEVI/RETNA; DOGSTAR: DEREK RIDGERS/LONDON FEATURES

LOST DOCUMENT TALL, DARK, AND RANSOMED

CROWE KIDNAPPING PLOT

At least somebody saw 'Proof of Life': Russell Crowe's kidnapping drama seems to have inspired a real-life plot to abduct the star, according to a March 7 FBI statement. (Authorities have Crowe under protective surveillance.) But, aside from throngs of women, who would want to kidnap the Oscar nominee? Turns out, everybody—at least according to our Bureau mole. —Scott Brown

UNDER SUSPICION

01785

DENNIS QUAID, actor MOTIVE: There's apparently some evidence of a liaison between Crowe and Quaid's estranged wife, Meg Ryan. ALIBI: According to 'Access Hollywood,' the curvy bartop-dancing servers at NYC's Hogs & Heifers can vouch for his whereabouts.

05897

TAYLOR HACKFORD, director of 'Proof' MOTIVE: Hackford claimed Crowe's on-set romantic shenanigans with costar Ryan overshadowed the film and had a "disastrous effect" on its box office. ALIBI: Also claims he didn't detect the affair until after filming wrapped—so, not exactly the criminal-genius type.

UNDER SUSPICION

00738

MEG RYAN, actor MOTIVE: In an interview with an Aussie tabloid, Crowe said he jilted Ryan to spend more time with his cows. "I have a big life here," he said, referring to his ranch. ALIBI: Is America's sweetheart. Dammit.

00588, 00589, 00590

DOGSTAR, musicians MOTIVE: With Keanu on leave for 'The Matrix' 2 and 3, the band needed the 30 Odd Foot of Grunts lead singer to fill their celebrity-frontman void. ALIBI: Keanu's on leave, and he's the brains of that outfit.

00060

PAUL HOGAN, actor MOTIVE: Once the predominant Aussie sex symbol, the 60-year-old one-time Oscar nominee has been thrown on the barbie by a beer-swilling, cow-loving upstart. ALIBI: Vengeance is already nigh: 'Crocodile Dundee in Los Angeles' opens April 20.

jim mullen's

HOT Sheet

What the country is talking about this week...

1 Eminem The controversial rapper will be getting his own line of action figures. They don't move—the action is when parents throw them in the garbage.

2 Dave Matthews What do you get when you play his latest CD backward? Another Dave Matthews CD.

3 Julia Roberts Ralph Nader says she "expanded a deeper definition of beauty" in *Erin Brockovich*. In his book *How to Pick Up Chicks and Save the Planet*.

4 Russell Crowe The FBI says there is a plot afoot to kidnap him. Or was it just a badly worded marriage proposal?

5 NASDAQ It's lost 60 percent of its value in the last year. The "O" in 401K stands for "Oh, my God!"

6 Gwyneth Paltrow The barely there actress will play a 300-pound woman in her next film. What? Is Rosie too busy?

7 Human cloning Scientists say it will happen this year. But they'd like to test it on Bill O'Reilly before they risk an actual human.

8 *Friends* The lily-white show will finally feature a black actress—for one episode only. It's been like waiting to see an Indian doctor on *ER*.

9 "IT" scooter The tiny two-wheeled device with a hydrogen motor is touted as a pollution-free way to get to work. If you work at home. In a small house.

10 *Exit Wounds* Studio execs made Steven Seagal lose weight and the ponytail before making this film. They decided the bad acting could stay.

11 Viagra Researchers say they can link the drug to several cases of blindness. Those twins aren't Hef's dates; they're his Playguides.

12 Donny Osmond He says he'd like to be a game-show host. With his career, he's lucky to be a contestant.

13 *First Years* A show about five young lawyers. Like, some days, they can't find a spot to park their Beemers.

14 Oscar speeches Producers want winners to keep them short. Leaving lots of time for long, tedious musical numbers.

15 "Over the Rainbow" Voted Song of the Century in an RIAA poll. Are they crazy? 'N Sync never recorded that.

DARTH DATA

WHAT'S HAPPENING IN that galaxy far, far away? Lots. Although Lucasfilm will confirm no plot points about *Episode II*, due next summer, the official *Star Wars* online newsletter *Homing Beacon* recently offered a hint: **R.A. Salvatore**, author of the *Episode II* novelization, says the "complex" relationship between Anakin (**Hayden Christensen**) and Amidala (**Natalie Portman**) is a major factor in the young Jedi's transition to utter Vaderness. "People don't snap like that and go over to the dark side," Salvatore told *Beacon*. "But with Anakin, there's a *lot* more to it.... She's a big part in what's going on in him."

One secret Lucasfilm hasn't kept hidden: the new domain names it's registered, including JangoFett.com. Could that be related to Boba, the first trilogy's fave bounty hunter? Lucasfilm is mum, but webheads are compiling character lists based on such registered monikers as Jobal Naberrie, Cliegg Lars, Count Dooku, and—no kidding—Elian Sleazebaggano. Forget the Jar Jar controversy: That one's sure to cause a ruckus in Miami. —*Scott Brown*

STAR WARS WATCH

That Darn Tat

JUDGING BY THE SPATE OF LIPTON'S SIZZLE & STIR ADS (FEATURING Loni Anderson AND Mr. T), many ex–TV stars are hungry for publicity. Not *Leave It to Beaver*'s Tony Dow, who has taken offense at TV Land's recent ad campaign that adds digital tattoos to a vintage photo of Dow and costar Jerry Mathers. On March 7, Dow sued Viacom's rerun-heavy cable net, claiming the skin markings cast him in "an unwholesome and negative light." (He also seeks at least $250,000.) A TV Land spokesman won't comment on the suit, though he notes the campaign's other stars (including a goateed Don Knotts and a B-boy-styled Art Carney) have not complained. Tattoos.com editor Damian McGrath resents the notion that tats are unwholesome: "If his mind was any narrower, I could floss my teeth with it." Now *that* sounds like needling. —*Nicholas Fonseca*

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"Red hot lips. Bare shimmering flesh.
Feel the heat of Rio this season."

–Maria Lucia Mattos, movie make-up artist

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Flashes

DYLAN, SOY BOMB

BOMBS AWAY When Bob Dylan warbles his nominated "Things Have Changed" (*Wonder Boys*) via satellite from Sydney, Australia, at the Oscars, don't expect a Soy Bomb cameo. The 1998 Grammys crasher (Manhattan musician Michael Portnoy, 29), who surprised Dylan with an odd dance number, has other plans. "I'll be in London...recording an album with my new band, Film," says Portnoy, who suggests Dylan jazz up his performance with "20 Eminem look-alikes [doing] synchronized urban hand gestures on an enormous rotating turntable!" The Academy is mum on Dylan specifics, but a publicist is confident the locale will keep Bomb imitators at bay: "Unless [they've] got a big bank account or frequent-flyer miles...we'll be safe." —*Evan Serpick*

ABBREVIATION NATION J. Lo-Come-Latelies **Jon Lovitz** and **Jennifer Love Hewitt** must be kicking themselves that *Billboard*- and box office-topping **Jennifer Lopez** thought of the hip handle first. But with **George Clooney** joining the trend by dubbing his *Ocean's Eleven* costar **Julia Roberts** "J. Ro," can these celebrity abbreviations be far behind? —*William Keck*

ANTHONY HOPKINS
A. HO

LARA FLYNN BOYLE
L. BO

KEVIN COSTNER
K. CO

CELINE DION
C. DI

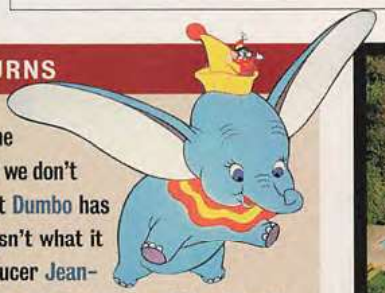
BOY GEORGE
B. GE

KATHIE LEE GIFFORD
K. GI

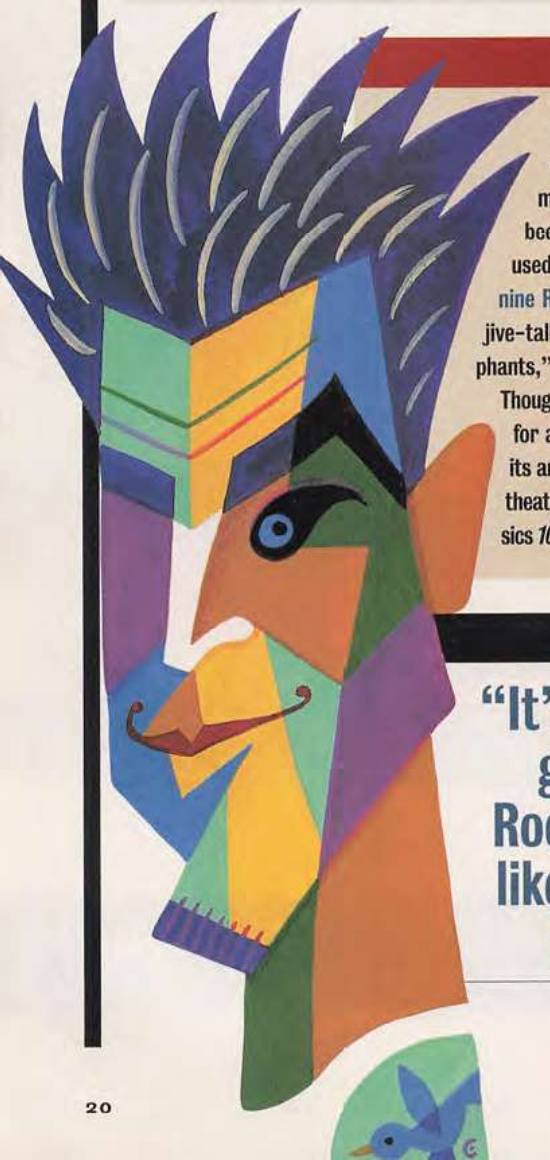
CHOW YUN-FAT
C. YU

ELLIOTT GOULD
E. GO

DUMBO RETURNS



Disney's out to reinvent one of its big-eared stars—and we don't mean Mickey. Flying elephant Dumbo has been revived. But the circus isn't what it used to be, says *Dumbo* 2 producer Jeannine Roussel (*The Lion King II: Simba's Pride*). The 1941 original's jive-talking black crows are cartoona non grata. "And no pink elephants," adds Roussel. "Dumbo...got drunk and saw pink elephants." Though *Dumbo* 2 is in development as a video flick, Roussel is hoping for a 2003 feature release. Either way, Disney's fascination with its archives continues: The sequel to 1953's *Peter Pan* is slotted for theatrical release in spring 2002. Animated follow-ups to '60s classics *101 Dalmatians* and *The Jungle Book* are also in the works. —*WK*



◂◂ random quote

"It's trial by error. I actually got some pointers from Rod Stewart. I dyed it white like Billy Idol for a little bit, but then grew it out."

—**MARK McGRATH** (Sugar Ray), on keeping his hair tips perfectly gilded

GIMMESHELTER

Power house! 3 BR, 4 BTH home in L.A.'s tony Benedict Canyon
PRICE $6.5 million

O-my! Hollywood mogul Michael Ovitz is adding another home to his collection. The power agent who in 1999 founded Artists Management Group—its clients include Leonardo DiCaprio and Cameron Diaz—already owns ranches in Aspen and Ojai, Calif., and a 8,000-square-foot home in Brentwood. Sources say he will demolish the 4,600-square-foot main house on the new spread—near Bruce Springsteen's $13 million estate—to build a new pad. The property's main attraction: more than two acres of land with views of the city and the sea. —*Tricia Johnson*

DYLAN AND SOY BOMB: KEVIN MAZUR; HOPKINS: ARMANDO GALLO/RETNA; BOYLE: TOM RODRIGUEZ/GLOBE PHOTOS; DION: GOULD: SAM LEVI/RETNA; BOY GEORGE, COSTNER, YUN-FAT, OVITZ: STEVE GRANITZ/RETNA; GIFFORD: PAUL SKIPPER/GLOBE PHOTOS; DUMBO: © WALT DISNEY/EVERETT COLLECTION; OVITZ'S HOUSE: PHOTOGRAPH BY JONATHAN ALCORN/ZUMA PRESS

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Monitor

GRANT AND GILL

MANHEIM

DOWNEY

EXPECTING Dysfunctional Fox family man Christopher Titus, 36, and his nursing-student wife of 10 years, Erin, 36, are expecting their first child in August.... Titus' sitcom girlfriend, Cynthia Watros, 32, and her writer husband Curt Gilliland, 39, will also be first-time parents this summer; they're expecting twins.

BIRTHS Baby, baby: After a year of marriage, gospel-popster Amy Grant, 40, and country crooner Vince Gill, 43, welcomed 7-pound 9-ounce Corrina Grant Gill, March 12, in Nashville. Grant has three children with her ex-husband, singer Gary Chapman; Gill has a daughter with his ex-wife, singer Janis Gill.... On March 6, *The Practice*'s Camryn Manheim, 40, gave birth to 9-pound 2-ounce Milo Jacob, her first child. Manheim is single and has not disclosed the father's identity.

WEDDINGS On March 10, actress Lauren Holly, 37, and thirtysomething banker Francis Greco tied the knot in a Toronto church. It's Greco's first marriage; Holly divorced Jim Carrey in 1997, and Anthony Quinn's actor son Danny in 1993.

COURTS Aloha, Every Woman. On March 5, a Hilo, Hawaii, judge dismissed misdemeanor pot-possession charges against Whitney Houston, 37. The charges stemmed from a Jan. 11 incident at Hawaii's Kona airport, during which the diva and her husband, R&B bad boy Bobby Brown, 32, were stopped when airport personnel allegedly discovered marijuana in her bag.... Citing First Amendment protections, a Louisiana judge on March 12 threw out a lawsuit alleging that Oliver Stone's 1994 film *Natural Born Killers* inspired a 1995 shooting rampage that killed a Mississippi man and left Louisiana convenience-store clerk Patsy Byers paralyzed. Byers' family sued the filmmaker, claiming her convicted attackers—Sarah Edmonson and Ben Darras, now both 24—were influenced by the film's telegenic couple, who went on a murderous crime spree. Edmonson and Darras are serving lengthy prison sentences; Byers died of cancer in 1997.

DEATHS Novelist Robert Ludlum, 73, who spun complex tales of Cold War espionage in more than 20 best-sellers, of cardiac arrest, March 12, in Naples, Fla. A film version of his 1980 thriller *The Bourne Identity*, starring Matt Damon, is in production.... In-your-face '80s talk-show host Morton Downey Jr., 67, of lung cancer and other respiratory problems, March 12, in L.A. He became an antismoking activist after losing a lung to cancer in 1996.... British Royal Ballet founder Dame Ninette de Valois, 102, whose celebrated ballets include *The Rake's Progress*, March 8, in London.... Two-time Tony nominee Edward Winter, 63, who played the paranoid CIA operative Colonel Flagg on TV's *M*A*S*H*, of Parkinson's disease, March 8, in Woodland Hills, Calif.... Big-band leader Frankie Carle, 97, who cowrote the hit "Sunrise Serenade," of undisclosed causes, March 7, in Mesa, Ariz. —*Clarissa Cruz*

GRANT & GILL: MIKE FIALA/NEWSMAKERS; MANHEIM: LISA ROSE/GLOBE PHOTOS; DOWNEY: NICK ELGAR/LONDON FEATURES

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The SCOUT

EW'S FIELD GUIDE TO THE NEXT NEW THINGS

Nail Tip

Enough with the ladylike pink varnish. NYC fashionistas in search of nail drama head to Ji Baek's Rescue Beauty Lounge and Rescue Nail Spa to have their fingers and toes adorned with the former restaurant manager's signature flowers, zebra stripes, camouflage patterns, and Hello Kitty faces. "Everyone has the same Prada, Gucci, and Louis Vuitton," says the self-described germophobe, who opened shop when she couldn't find a pedicure place up to her standards. "Our designs give women an opportunity to look different and stand out." In addition to *Vogue*, *Allure*, and IN STYLE beauty editors, Baek counts celebs among her clientele but won't drop any names. "Celebrities are comfortable here, and I don't want to jeopardize that," she says. "I like that you'll see them chatting with our other customers about where to shop for sneakers." Let's hope they're open-toed. —*Megan Quitkin*

THE SHAW REPORT by Jessica Shaw

IN	FIVE MINUTES AGO	OUT
L.A.'s Roscoe's House of Chicken 'n Waffles	NYC's Tom's Restaurant	Brand-new "retro" diners
Stealing hotel sheets	Stealing hotel bathrobes	Stealing hotel shampoo
Celebrity dermatologists	Celebrity eyebrow waxers	Celebrity yogis
Bemoaning the miniskirt comeback	Bemoaning the '80s comeback	Thinking the runway is your friend

Hot Toy

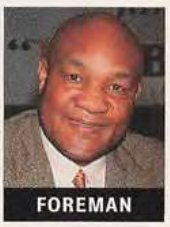
SPORTBRAIN For people who just can't take another spinning class, the beeper-like SportBrain ($99.99) clips to a belt loop, plugs into a portal that connects to a website (*www.sportbrain.com*), and—*voila!*—a graph charts the wearer's daily activity, giving stats like calories burned and miles walked. (And that includes strolling to and from the candy machine.) "It's the anti-exercise exercise," says SportBrain cofounder Michele Hickford. **FEEL THE BURN** Hickford says users get competitive, measuring against their friends' progress on the site. **MATCH POINT** In accordance with the iMac-ization of gadgetry, SportBrain offers changeable faces in red, blue, and purple. **STAR-STUDDED** At the American Music Awards show, **Jennifer Lopez**, **Ricky Martin**, and **Britney Spears** all got 'Brains in their gift baskets. —*Nicholas Fonseca*

SPEARS

MARTIN

Grill Master

What looks like a cross between a clam and a waffle iron and cooks burgers in seven minutes flat? A George Foreman grill, the countertop cooker whose enduring success has proven that there is life after the ring for the ex-heavyweight champ and Meineke pitchman. "Their popularity was pretty immediate," says Eric Salus, exec VP and general merchandise manager of home furnishings and cosmetics at Macy's, which started carrying the grills shortly after their 1993 debut. Despite their somewhat bulky lines (although a spiffy iMac-like model was featured earlier this year in a widely seen Super Bowl ad), the grills are still sizzling, no doubt due to Foreman's guarantee of a low-fat cooking process. "The population of the United States is very conscious of the importance of eating healthy," explains Salus, who notes that the grills are hot bridal-registry items. "Also, George Foreman as a celebrity is very believable." Maybe, but isn't this the same guy who used to shill for Doritos? —*Ethan Alter*



FOREMAN

SPEARS: GREGORY PACE/CORBIS SYGMA; MARTIN: PAUL SMITH/FEATURE FLASH/RETNA; FOREMAN: ANDREA RENAULT/GLOBE PHOTOS; GRILL: MIKE ZITO

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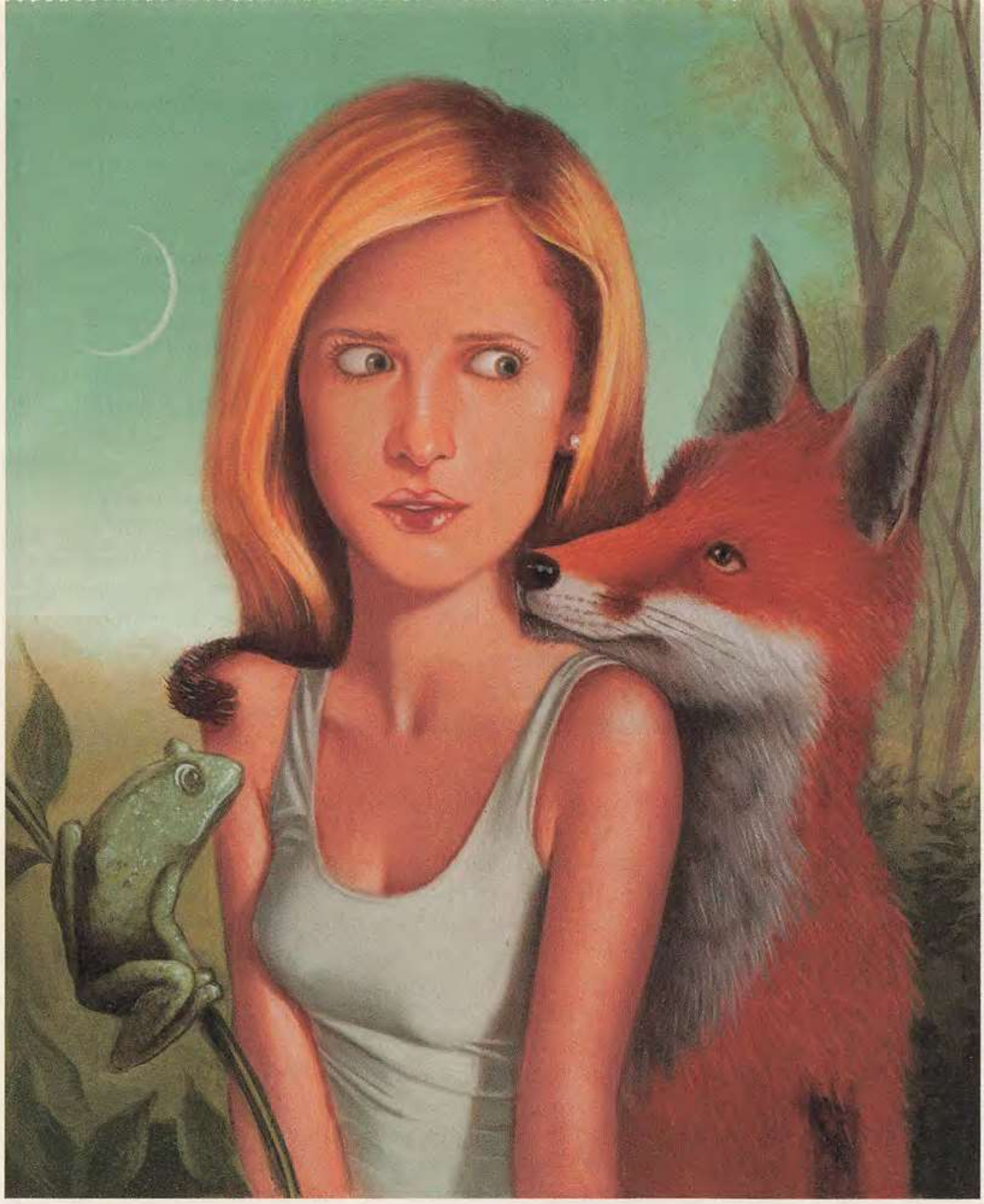


'Slayer' It Ain't So

BIZ **The WB's *Buffy* faces the scary precedent of pulling up stakes and moving networks.** **by Lynette Rice**

HUNDREDS OF AD BUYERS ARE CRAMMED into a New York City ballroom, as they are every year, to hear what The WB has in store for fall. The room is plastered with posters of the network's personalities: Alyssa Milano, David Boreanaz, Jessica Biel, and—wait a minute—where's Sarah Michelle Gellar, The WB's No. 1 star?

She's across town, in another ballroom, at a presentation by Fox, *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*'s new crypt.

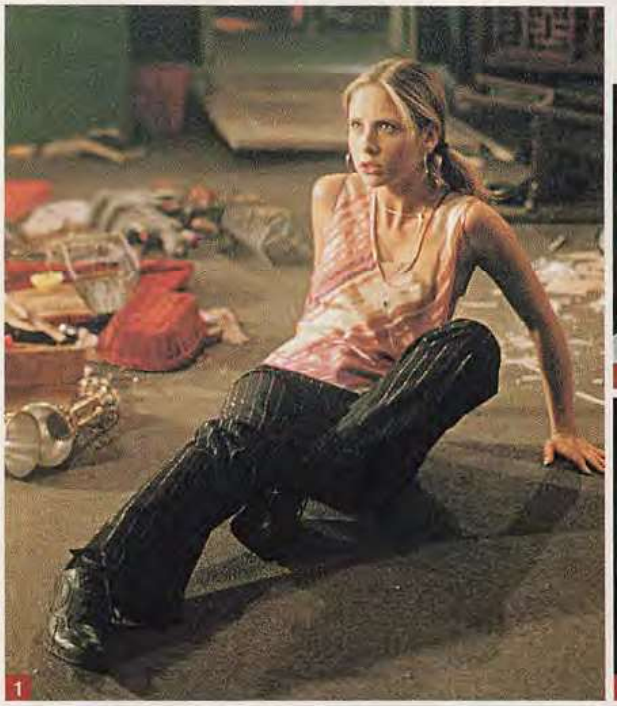
That could be the scenario come May, when the networks unveil their fall schedule to advertisers. And it's a possibility that's set off a battle as bloody as any the Slayer has waged. The WB and *Buffy*'s producers, Twentieth Century Fox, are fighting over the drama's future, and many in the business consider the possible and precedent-setting outcome—that the studio would yank its show from The WB, which launched it five years ago, and put it on its affiliate network, Fox (both are owned by Rupert Murdoch's News Corp.)—to be nothing short of industry-shaking. "It's the worst thing that could happen," says Marty Adelstein, a partner in the talent agency Endeavor. "Fox [the studio] has a lot of shows on other networks and they do a lot of shows for their own network. They're good at spreading it around. But this would send the sign: Why pick up a show from a studio if it's going to eventually end up on its own network? It's bad for business."

Or perhaps just for the way broadcast-network business has been conducted up until now. Given the dramatic shifts in the TV landscape (megamergers; nets insisting on coowning shows with producers), others argue that the rules must change. "If Fox [the studio] did this in the old days, it would be out of business with one third of its clients," says Pax TV CEO Jeff Sagansky, former head of Entertainment at CBS. "Now there are so many networks. Even if the studio were to lose The WB as a client, there are plenty of other places to sell shows." Adds another studio head: "Why not let Fox put it on their own network and reap the benefits of the advertising revenue?"

Self-dealing, as it's often called, is still akin to sacrilege for The WB's Jamie Kellner, who, in effect, raised *Buffy*: "Nobody wanted the show; it didn't perform [at first] but we

ILLUSTRATION BY ROB DAY

stuck with it." The position of The WB's founder (and, as of this month, CEO of Turner Broadcasting, a division of AOL Time Warner, ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY's parent company) is that his fledgling network is finally on target to make a profit next year—*unless* forced to pay *Buffy*'s studio, Twentieth Century Fox, its $2 million-plus-per-episode asking price. Kellner is offering $1.6 million. "It's not our No. 1 show," he argues. "It's not a show like *ER* that stands above the pack."



BLOOD MONEY (1) Gellar's *Buffy* is The WB's second-highest-rated show. "They need to acknowledge that financially," says (2) Whedon; (3) WB founder Kellner disagrees.

Such statements set Joss Whedon's blood boiling. Granted, *Buffy* isn't No. 1 (that would be *Seventh Heaven*), but, as the Slayer's creator points out, his show "put The WB on the map critically," and it continues to be the network's most acclaimed series. "For [The WB] to be scrambling to explain why it's not cost-efficient—it's their second-highest-rated show," says Whedon. "They need to step up and acknowledge that financially."

It's not like the studio expected to *make* money before now. Producers routinely lose millions in a show's first five years—and that's assuming there *is* a first five. Up until then, the network pays a nominal licensing fee—anywhere between $900,000 and $1.1 million for a drama—and the studio swallows the deficit. (The WB currently pays $1 million to air an episode of *Buffy*, less than half of what it costs to make.) But after the fifth year, a hit show's studio can generally get the networks to cough up big bucks (*Friends* and *Frasier*'s licensing fees, for instance, both skyrocketed when their contracts were up). Kellner is arguing that (a) *Buffy* isn't enough of a hit, and (b) the rules for an emerging network are different than those for a mature network. To which Twentieth Century Fox has replied, tough luck; if you can change the rules, we can threaten to do the same, and take our show to another network—even if it's our own.

Thanks to a clause in *Buffy*'s contract (allowing the studio to move the show to any network if it reaches an impasse with The WB), Twentieth Century Fox may do just that. Though studio insiders have floated ABC as a possible bidder, sources there say reports of the Slayer moving to Alphabet City are unlikely. Which leaves Fox. What sort of fallout does the studio anticipate? "I don't believe [moving *Buffy*] will have any impact at all," says Gary Newman, president of Twentieth Century Fox TV. "I have been assured by network heads that they fully understand our position. They understand we have a business to run."

Buffy might, in fact, be a better fit on the older-skewing, male-dominated Fox. (Certainly it will have a champion in Fox Entertainment prexy Gail Berman, who helped develop the show while working for Sandollar Productions and still claims an exec producer credit.) One of Kellner's biggest arguments for keeping *Buffy*'s licensing down is its fans; rather than sucking in new teens—the lifeblood of The WB—the show attracts increasingly older viewers. When the drama moved to Tuesdays in 1998, it averaged a 19 share among 12- to 17-year-olds; now it's lucky to get a 12. Conversely, *Seventh Heaven* is averaging a hefty 18 share. "Our audience is a younger audience," says Kellner. "Maybe what we should be doing is to not stay with the same show for many years, and refresh our lineup."

"The idea that [*Buffy* viewers] are getting too old now is a spurious argument for not paying for a show that has as much to do with The WB being The WB as anything else," counters Whedon, who, in fact, has never bought the argument that his show is for teens. "We were told the median age of [our viewers] was 26 to 29 years old in year 2 of the show."

Whedon acknowledges a debt to Kellner ("There's no other place where *Buffy* could have happened") but considers it paid in full. "There are advantages and disadvantages," he says of leaving. "Other networks reach more people, but other networks also have more hit shows they need to promote. We could be exposed to a new audience, but we could also be buried. But if we decide to move, I'm fine with it."

Keeping close tabs on *Buffy* is Columbia TriStar Television, which could have a fight of its own next season when *Dawson's Creek*'s contract is up. Like *Buffy*, *Dawson's* was a landmark show for The WB, and its production costs have also risen dramatically over the years. Columbia fears Kellner may hardball them, too. "It's increasingly difficult to get shows on the air and to make them financially successful. Networks need to realize that," says Len Grossi, Columbia TriStar's president. "Deficits are large, and even with a big hit, returns are shrinking [because of increased overhead and sharing profits]. Something's got to give."

Buffy's fate must be decided before May's up-fronts. For those who believe the Hellmouth will open should the studio choose its sister net, Sagansky says phooey. Good as *Buffy* is, it's always going to have limited appeal; it won't make or break either network. "This is not a game changer, he says. "It's not a *Seinfeld*." ■ *(Additional reporting by Mary Kaye Schilling)*

1: RANDY TEPPER; 2: MIRANDA SHEN/CELEBRITY PHOTO; 3: ANDREA RENAULT/GLOBE PHOTOS

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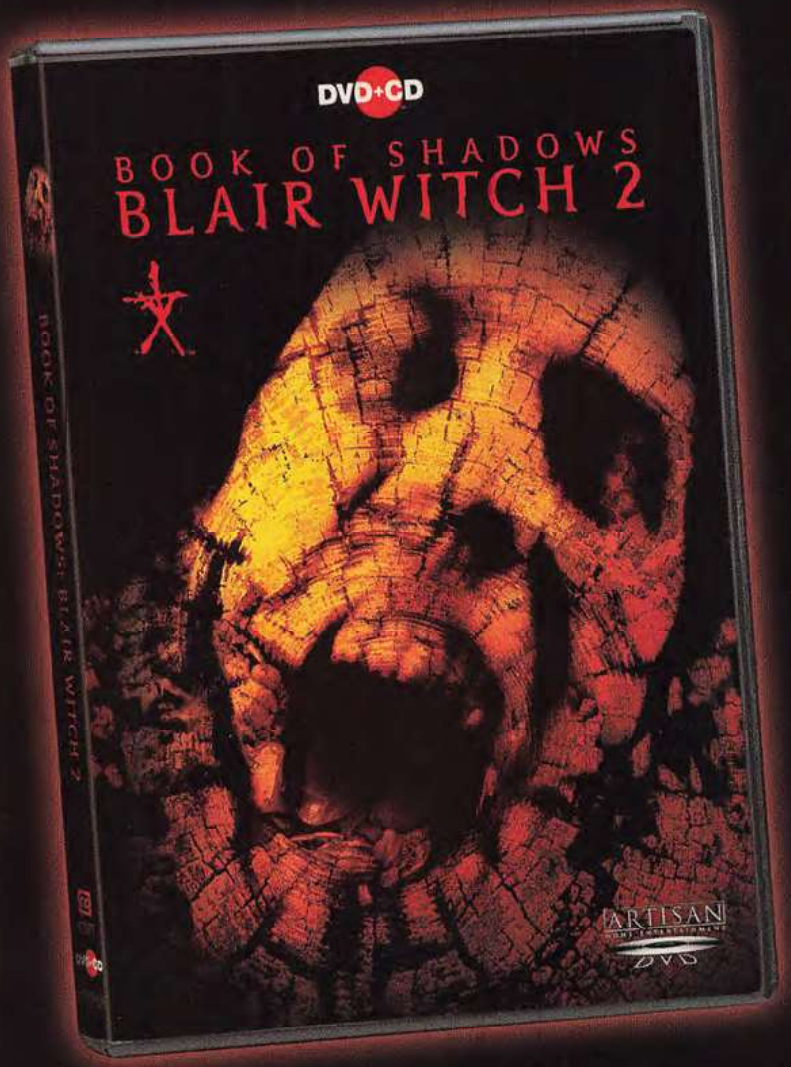

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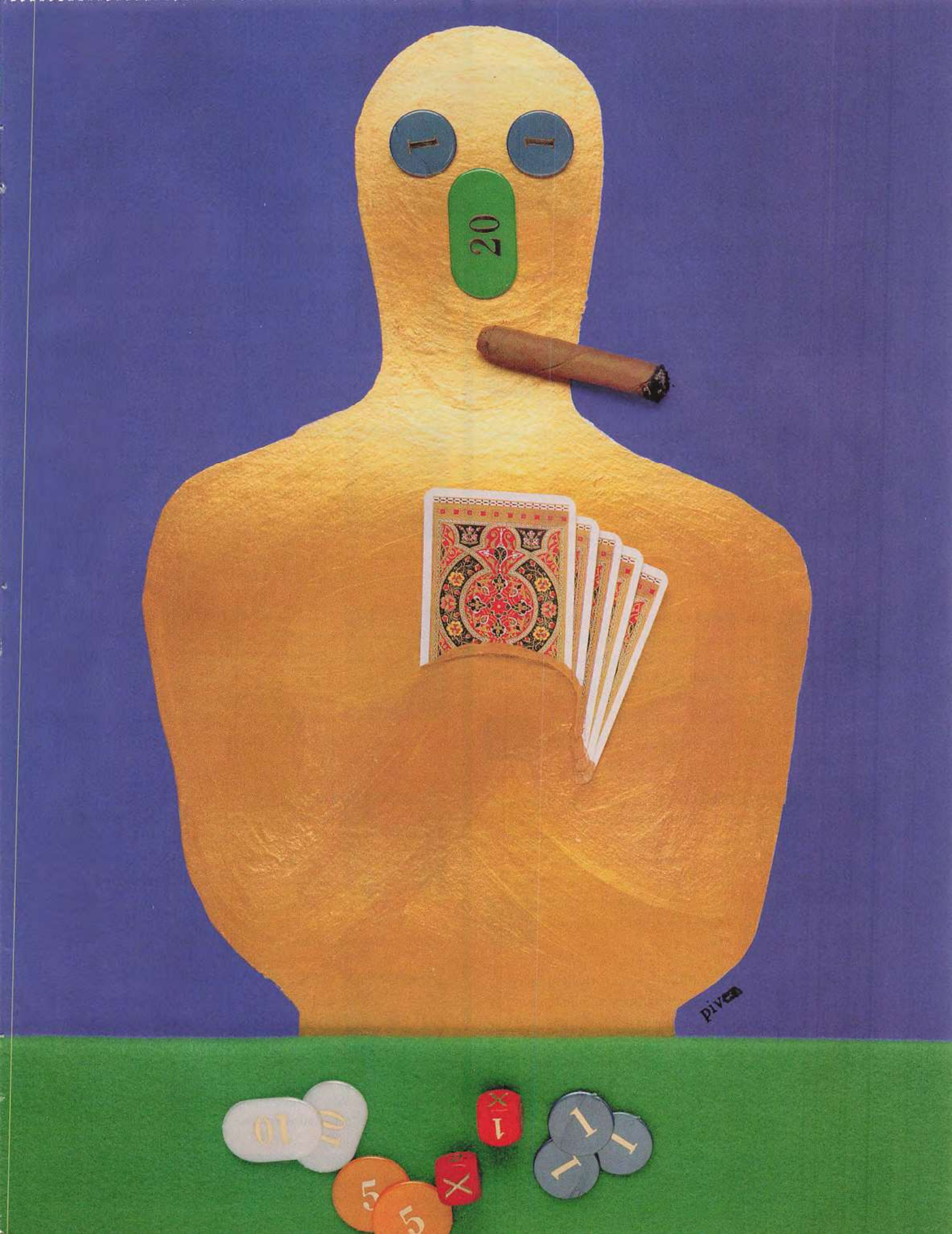
AS GOOD AS GOLD

by DANIEL FIERMAN, MARK HARRIS, CHRIS NASHAWATY & DAVE KARGER

illustration by HANOCH PIVEN

As the battle for OSCAR supremacy rages on, here are our odds-on favorites to win March 25

WHEN IT COMES TO THIS YEAR'S OSCARS, IT'S AN ALL-out *war*. Just look at the top nominees: Gladiators slicing and dicing, martial artists attacking, a law clerk combating a power company, and a government official waging a war on drugs. Oh yeah, then there's the nastiest skirmish of all: an entire French village versus yummy chocolate treats. At EW, we know that the most pressing fight involves your office Oscar pool, so our annual Academy recon mission examines the battle plans for every combatant—and predicts the winners. We also gain access into the war rooms of three Oscar voters; profile three veteran commanders of editing, composing, and cinematography; expose the tactics of *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*'s high-flying conflicts; and disclose the secrets of must-have red-carpet war paint. So duck, cover, and read on—when it comes to scoring that office kitty, we'll help you be all that you can be.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BEST ACTOR

JAVIER BARDEM **For him** The superstar Spaniard spans decades and emotions as gay poet Reinaldo Arenas in *Before Night Falls*; Roberto Benigni proved it's possible for an actor in a non-English-speaking role to win this award. **Against him** Thing is, Benigni's *Life Is Beautiful* had six other nominations; *Before Night Falls* has none.

10-1 ODDS

RUSSELL CROWE **For him** Many voters feel he should have won last year for his strong turn in *The Insider*; since then he's delivered another film-anchoring performance in *Gladiator*—and become a genuine movie star. **Against him** It seems like he's received as much attention for his extracurricular affairs as he has for his movies; his bad-boy reputation can't help.

7-2 ODDS

TOM HANKS **For him** Sure, he's already taken home this award twice, but there's no denying the power of the one-man show that is *Cast Away*; watch the movie's gripping middle hour again and just try not to relate to him. **Against him** The déjà-vote factor: Will members of the Academy hate themselves for being so predictable?

3-1 ODDS

ED HARRIS **For him** He's a surprise nominee, yet still a serious contender; the *Pollock* director-star spilled his guts (and paint) to embody the tortured modern artist. **Against him** Many people are passionate about the performance but not about the film; the labor-of-love factor didn't help Robert Duvall's chances for 1997's *The Apostle*.

4-1 ODDS

GEOFFREY RUSH **For him** Already loved by the Academy (with three nominations in five years), he took on a very tough and provocative subject—the Marquis de Sade—for the dark yet artist-friendly *Quills*, and he's totally naked, for God's sake! **Against him** He's won in this category before, for a much less divisive film (1996's *Shine*).

15-1 ODDS

THE LOWDOWN Though there's a chance Crowe or Harris could upset, look for Hanks to three-peat.

BEST ACTRESS

JOAN ALLEN **For her** After two nominations in the supporting category, this actor's actress reached the top of the ticket for the first time with *The Contender*; the showy role's liberal leanings sit well with industry types. **Against her** The love-it-or-hate-it film's weak box office take is a bad omen; besides, she's up against Julia.

10-1 ODDS

JULIETTE BINOCHE **For her** A Best Supporting Actress winner for 1996's *The English Patient*, she's the emotional heart of *Chocolat*; there's really nothing objectionable here. **Against her** Miramax's aggressive promo campaign could turn off some voters; she's already won, and for a much more beloved film; besides, she's up against Julia.

12-1 ODDS

ELLEN BURSTYN **For her** Earning her first nomination in 20 years (and her sixth overall), the *Requiem for a Dream* star delivers by far the category's most daring performance... **Against her** ...and by far the darkest. We can just picture Oscar voters lunging for their VCR's eject buttons; besides, she's up against Julia.

4-1 ODDS

LAURA LINNEY **For her** Her subtle, detailed turn as *You Can Count on Me*'s harried big sister freed her from character parts and revealed true range; as the only first-time nominee, she's the freshest face. **Against her** The performance might be *too* small, and voters are more likely to reward the film with a screenplay trophy; besides, she's up against Julia.

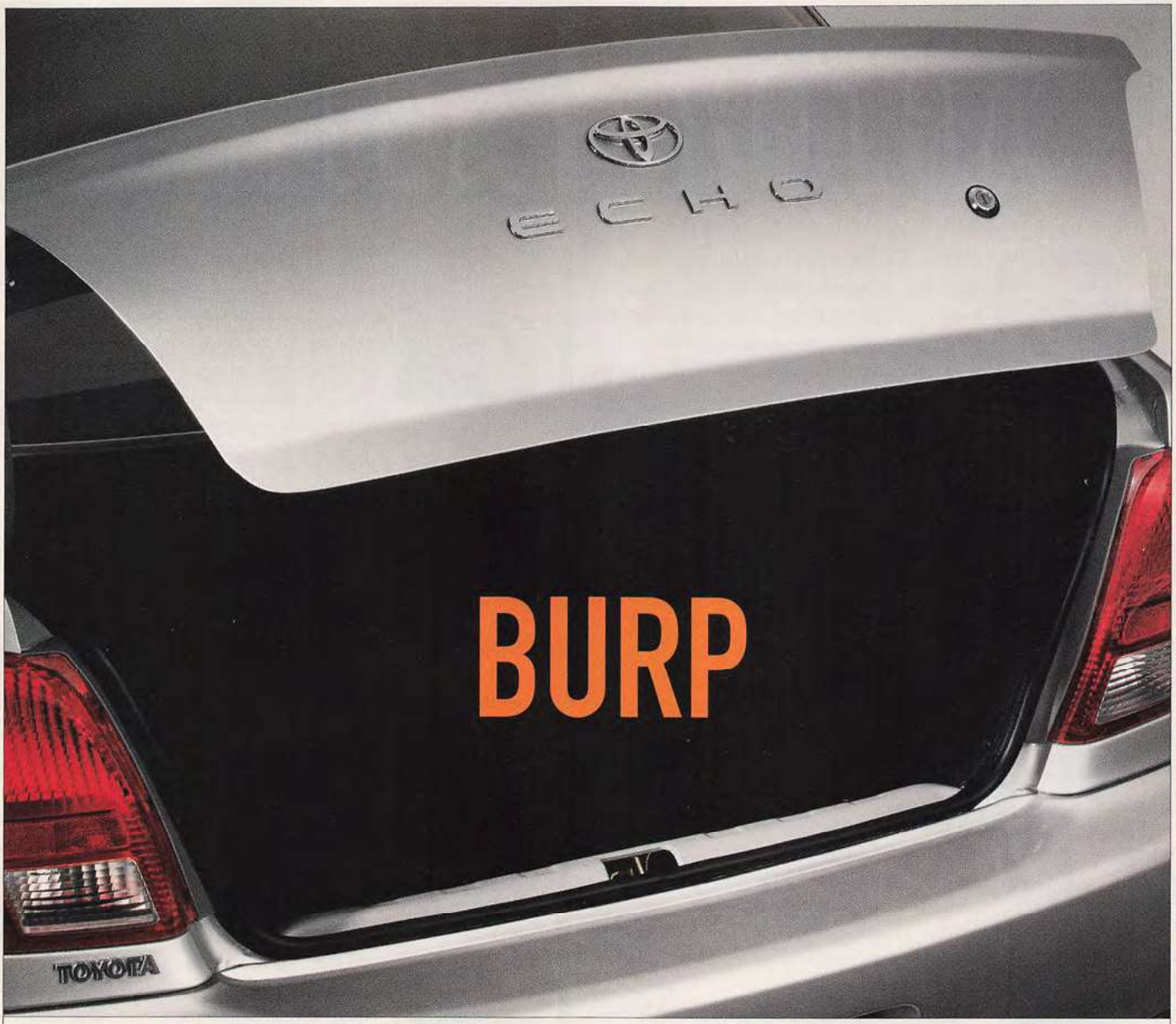
5-1 ODDS

JULIA ROBERTS **For her** This is her year. With her career-highlight turn in *Erin Brockovich*, the two-time Oscar nominee (and two-time loser) showed why she's the world's biggest female star; that SAG win sealed it. **Against her** There has been so much hype about her assured victory that a backlash seems a natural side effect—but don't bet on it.

1-2 ODDS

THE LOWDOWN All you have to do is flip a coin. Heads, it's Julia. Tails, it's Julia.

JAVIER BARDEM: K.C. BAILEY; RUSSELL CROWE: JAAP BUITENDIJK; TOM HANKS: FRANCOIS DUHAMEL; ED HARRIS: DEMMIE TODD; GEOFFREY RUSH: JULIETTE BINOCHE: DAVID APPLEBY; ELLEN BURSTYN: JOHN BAER; JULIA ROBERTS: BOB MARSHAK



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BEST SUPPORTING ACTOR

JEFF BRIDGES **For him** He's Hollywood royalty with four nominations and no wins; *The Contender* couldn't have been more timely. **Against him** The performance was unimpeachable, but it doesn't take a Senate subcommittee to tell you that a lot of folks didn't love the movie; the pall cast by Gary Oldman's public problems with the film may have impacted its chances.

9-1 ODDS

WILLEM DAFOE **For him** Remember Martin Landau in *Ed Wood*? Here's another astonishing physical transformation by a respected actor in a well-reviewed, cultish movie (*Shadow of the Vampire*)... **Against him** ...that few have seen. It could be viewed as a one-note performance, and comedy—no matter how dark—doesn't always stack up well against serious stuff.

15-1 ODDS

BENICIO DEL TORO **For him** His is the only performance that Oscar recognized from the strong *Traffic* ensemble; he beat out Hanks and Crowe for a Screen Actors Guild award. **Against him** *Pero los miembros de la academia generalmente no se sientan para las películas con subtítulos.* (Translation: But Academy members often won't sit through movies with subtitles.)

2-1 ODDS

ALBERT FINNEY **For him** This is his fifth nomination (he's yet to win), so isn't he due? Some argue that he helped make Julia Roberts' *Erin Brockovich* performance possible. **Against him** A quick tip, Al: Waffling over whether to attend the ceremony doesn't exactly do wonders for your chances. Academy voters could think honoring Julia is enough.

3-1 ODDS

JOAQUIN PHOENIX **For him** Were you not amused? A *Gladiator* tempest could carry him to glory; nice notices for his performance in *Quills* could help. **Against him** We forecast more of a steady downpour than an awards hurricane; it's the first nomination for a young actor who could have more chances in the future; his mannered style still vexes many.

20-1 ODDS

THE LOWDOWN Del Toro's lawman should subdue Finney's litigator in the battle of the Soderbergh stars.

BEST SUPPORTING ACTRESS

JUDI DENCH **For her** A SAG award-winning performance from a well-respected veteran (and she's British to boot!); she has the powerful Miramax machine behind her. **Against her** Didn't she just win for *Shakespeare in Love*? Plus, *Chocolat* may be the movie that finally pays the price for the backlash against that powerful Miramax machine.

4-1 ODDS

MARCIA GAY HARDEN **For her** Already a renowned stage actress, she commanded attention as painter Lee Krasner opposite a fiery Ed Harris; that *Pollock* got nominated at all indicates the film has some momentum. **Against her** But does it have enough? One has to wonder if a sufficient number of voters saw it to push her over the top.

2-1 ODDS

KATE HUDSON **For her** The *Almost Famous* costar would continue the recent trend toward rewarding ingenue actresses (Marisa Tomei, Mira Sorvino, Angelina Jolie); being the daughter of an Oscar winner (Goldie Hawn) can't hurt. **Against her** Frances McDormand—nominated in the same category for the same film—could siphon off votes.

3-2 ODDS

FRANCES McDORMAND **For her** She's a beloved, wonderful actress who gave a lovely little performance as *Almost Famous*' meddling mom. **Against her** Emphasis on the "little"; her *Fargo* win is still fresh enough for Academy voters to think it's someone else's turn to go home with the gold; costar Hudson appears to have the momentum.

6-1 ODDS

JULIE WALTERS **For her** Actors may applaud her achievement of working so well with a newcomer (and she's British to boot!); she was nominated almost 20 years ago and lost, so there's the sentimental factor. **Against her** The October release's Oscar buzz peaked early; some thought her character, absent from *Billy Elliot*'s emotional last scene, lacked satisfying closure.

8-1 ODDS

THE LOWDOWN A tough call, but we're guessing that Hudson will almost surely win and become really famous.

JUDI DENCH: DAVID APPLEBY; MARCIA GAY HARDEN: DEMMIE TODD; KATE HUDSON: FRANCES MCDORMAND: NEAL PRESTON; JULIE WALTERS: GILES KEYTE

WILLEM DAFOE: JEAN-PAUL KIEFFER; BENICIO DEL TORO: ALBERT FINNEY: BOB MARSHAK; JOAQUIN PHOENIX: JAAP BUITENDIJK;

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BEST ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY

ALMOST FAMOUS Cameron Crowe For him How did the Academy goof and not nominate Crowe's charming coming-of-age-in-the-rockin'-'70s nostalgia trip for Best Picture? One set of voters can rebuke another by honoring the *Jerry Maguire* scribe here. **Against him** Low nomination total (four) indicates soft support for the film.

3-1 ODDS

BILLY ELLIOT Lee Hall For him His uplifting story of an underdog beating the odds appeals strongly to the older Academy contingent. **Against him** The *Flashdance*-with-miners'-helmets plot is more fancy footwork than subtle scripting; some could argue that Stephen Daldry's flashy direction papered over holes in the storytelling.

8-1 ODDS

ERIN BROCKOVICH Susannah Grant For her With all those meaty Julia Roberts-tells-off-the-world speeches, it's easy for voters to remember this well-liked film's acerbic dialogue and verbal energy. **Against her** Members of the Academy may feel that a ballot cast for Roberts as Best Actress is all the support this movie really needs.

5-1 ODDS

GLADIATOR David Franzoni and John Logan and William Nicholson For them With 12 Oscar nominations, their neo-traditional epic appears to have momentum. **Against them** Have these three guys ever met? On-set rewrites and overripe dialogue may destine the script for a thumbs-down; opportunities to reward *Gladiator* elsewhere are ample.

15-1 ODDS

YOU CAN COUNT ON ME Kenneth Lonergan For him His modest sibling seriocomedy swept screenplay honors from critics' groups and the Writers Guild of America; the film showcased writing in a way its competitors didn't. Plus, he's got playwright cred. **Against him** It's the lowest grosser here; he'd better hope voters watched the tape.

5-2 ODDS

THE LOWDOWN *Almost Famous* almost makes it—but you can probably count on Lonergan to walk away happy.

BEST ADAPTED SCREENPLAY

CHOCOLAT Robert Nelson Jacobs For him Who knew cocoa could be whipped so effectively into (according to Miramax) an allegory of community, celebration, acceptance, rebirth, tradition, family, love, tolerance, joy, patience, and forgiveness? **Against him** Sometimes (according to Freud), a piece of chocolate is just a piece of chocolate.

7-1 ODDS

CROUCHING TIGER, HIDDEN DRAGON Wang Hui Ling and James Schamus and Tsai Kuo Jung For them Their elegant structure and finely etched characterization work beautifully, even with subtitles and especially on second viewing. **Against them** Sorry, but elegant structure and finely etched characterization are not what made this *Crouching Tiger* roar.

20-1 ODDS

O BROTHER, WHERE ART THOU? Ethan Coen & Joel Coen For them A keen ear for Depression-era slang and hyperverbal speechmaking have, surprisingly, turned this into the top-grossing film of the Coens' careers. **Against them** It's not exactly the caliber of their Oscar-winning *Fargo* script; calling it an "adaptation" (of Homer's *The Odyssey*) seems a slight cheat.

10-1 ODDS

TRAFFIC Stephen Gaghan For him Given Gaghan's successful recovery from drug addiction, a win in this category would be the kind of personal triumph Oscar voters love; the complex, ambitious screenplay wins points for degree of difficulty. **Against him** For some, the film doesn't equal the 1990 British miniseries on which it's based.

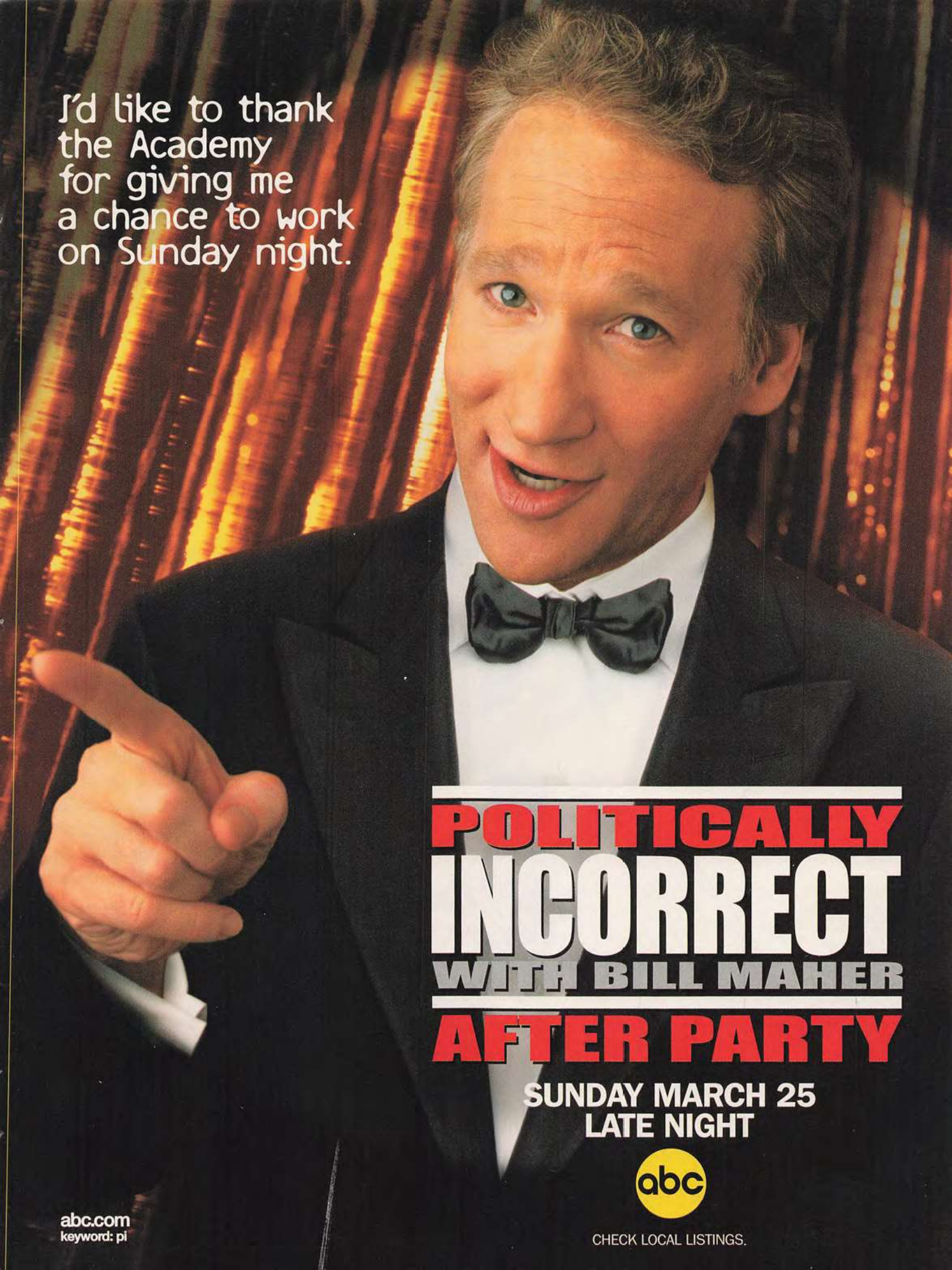
2-1 ODDS

WONDER BOYS Steve Kloves For him A screenwriter's screenwriter, Kloves streamlined Michael Chabon's long, bittersweet comic novel into a feature film that perfectly preserved its rueful tone; he just won the prestigious USC Scripter Award for his adaptation. **Against him** How many Oscar voters read the book—or saw the movie?

5-2 ODDS

THE LOWDOWN In a battle of the issue movies, the drug war will trump writer's block and the French candy-store shortage.

ALMOST FAMOUS: NEAL PRESTON; BILLY ELLIOT: GILES KEYTE; ERIN BROCKOVICH, TRAFFIC: BOB MARSHAK; GLADIATOR: JAAP BUITENDIJK; CHOCOLAT: DAVID APPLEBY; CROUCHING TIGER, HIDDEN DRAGON: CHAN KAM CHUEN; O BROTHER, WHERE ART THOU?: MELINDA SUE GORDON; WONDER BOYS: MICHAEL O'NEILL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BEST DIRECTOR

STEPHEN DALDRY **For him** The *Billy Elliot* director's apparently more liked than *Chocolat*'s Lasse Hallström—the only helmer of a Best Picture nominee to be shut out this year; a theater whiz, Sam Mendes, won last year for *his* first film, *American Beauty*. **Against him** His competitors are well-regarded craftsmen whose nominated films have each grossed at least $90 million.

20-1 ODDS

ANG LEE **For him** *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon* was hands-down the most visually magical movie of the year thanks to Lee's skill behind the camera; a bellweather win at the Golden Globes may have cemented the deal. **Against him** Those Academy members in Florida may be thrown off by Steven Soderbergh's name being on the ballot twice.

5-2 ODDS

RIDLEY SCOTT **For him** *Gladiator* is a welcome throwback to the monocle-and-jodhpurs auteur-driven epics that until now seemed as dead as Cecil B. DeMille; he's been here before and lost (for 1991's *Thelma & Louise*), so perhaps he's due. **Against him** His slick pop sensibility may work against him with more art-inclined voters; and some folks simply hated *Hannibal*.

4-1 ODDS

STEVEN SODERBERGH (*Erin Brockovich*) **For him** Pulling that performance out of Julia Roberts and getting that ensemble cast for *Traffic* (not to mention the upcoming star-studded *Ocean's 11*) is proof positive that Soderbergh is the best actor's director working today. **Against him** If he's gonna win it, it's gonna be for the better movie—*Traffic*.

10-1 ODDS

STEVEN SODERBERGH (*Traffic*) **For him** He's the first director to be nominated twice in the same year since Michael Curtiz (with *Angels With Dirty Faces* and *Four Daughters*) in 1939—so if *quantity* mattered, Oscar night would be a cakewalk. **Against him** The dreaded "Soderbergh split" might dilute his votes. And, hey, Michael Curtiz didn't win either.

3-1 ODDS

THE LOWDOWN With his awe-inspiring fantasia, Lee flies high despite Soderbergh's vigorous one-two punch.

BEST PICTURE

CHOCOLAT **For it** Once again Miramax touches all the Oscar-baiting bases: direction by *The Cider House Rules*' Lasse Hallström, world-class actors, lush presentation, and a gorgeous backdrop for a quaintly twee fable in that Old World sense. **Against it** Hasn't Miramax already won just by getting this movie nominated? Where's Hallström's nod?

20-1 ODDS

CROUCHING TIGER, HIDDEN DRAGON **For it** As the little subtitled indie that could, this martial-arts adventure is the sentimental favorite; its 10 Oscar nominations and Best Director win at the Golden Globes don't hurt. **Against it** It seems like a shoo-in for Best Foreign Language Film, so a Best Picture win may be seen as overkill.

5-2 ODDS

ERIN BROCKOVICH **For it** They say that rising tides lift all boats, and the fact that Julia Roberts is this year's only real lock may help this skiff rise too. **Against it** That darn "Soderbergh split" again; as ridiculous as it may sound, the movie opened so long ago, it feels like it should have been in the running for last year's Oscars.

10-1 ODDS

GLADIATOR **For it** Remember *Ben-Hur*? The Academy swoons for period epics—throw in a win at the Golden Globes and a leading 12 Oscar nominations, and this toga seems all wrapped up. **Against it** With its $187 million domestic gross, *Gladiator* may strike some voters as nothing more than a summer blockbuster that's already won.

3-2 ODDS

TRAFFIC **For it** Some would say that this is the most important film of the bunch (even policy makers are talking about it), and we all know how Hollywood types like to fancy themselves as topical; it also appears to be the safer Steven Soderbergh pony to bet on. **Against it** There's not enough sugar to help the heavy medicine go down.

3-1 ODDS

THE LOWDOWN A very close three-way battle, but the big Golden Globe win helps *Gladiator* emerge victorious.

STEPHEN DALDRY: GILES KEYTE; ANG LEE: *CROUCHING TIGER, HIDDEN DRAGON*: CHAN KAM CHUEN; RIDLEY SCOTT: *GLADIATOR*: JAAP BUITENDIJK; STEVEN SODERBERGH (BOTH PHOTOS): *ERIN BROCKOVICH*, *TRAFFIC*: BOB MARSHAK; *CHOCOLAT*: DAVID APPLEBY

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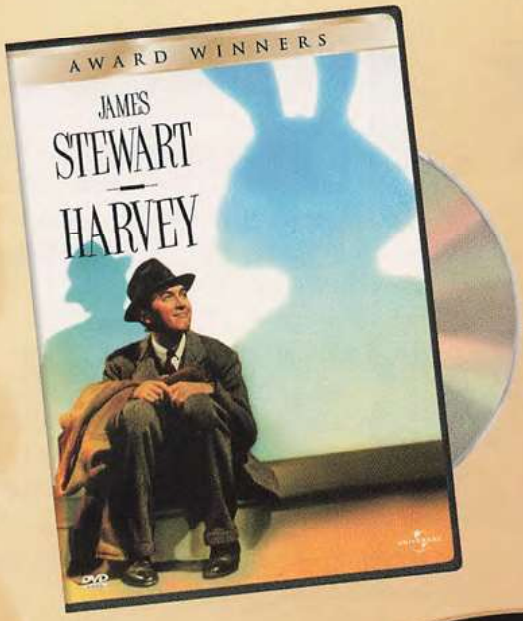

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THE OTHER OSCAR

RACES

'VATEL'

'EVERYBODY FAMOUS!'

'QUILLS'

'U-571'

CINEMATOGRAPHY *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon* • *Gladiator* • *Malena* • *O Brother, Where Art Thou?* • *The Patriot* Choose your combat photography: *Gladiator*'s flash of steel and blood or *Crouching Tiger*'s fighters sailing through the mist. We're guessing *Tiger* burns bright.

VISUAL EFFECTS *Gladiator* • *Hollow Man* • *The Perfect Storm* Voters face an interesting showdown between *Gladiator*, a prestige film in which the F/X weren't *that* memorable, and *Hollow Man*, an all-F/X-all-the-time movie that may be too silly to honor. We suspect they'll split the difference and award the technical complexity and relative thematic seriousness of *The Perfect Storm*. (Note: A *Gladiator* win here could portend a sweep.)

FILM EDITING *Almost Famous* • *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon* • *Gladiator* • *Traffic* • *Wonder Boys* Best Editing often goes to the Best Picture—except when something's too flashy to ignore. That's how *The Matrix* took the trophy away from *American Beauty* last year—and why we bet that even if *Gladiator* takes the top honor, *Tiger* will nab this prize.

DOCUMENTARY FEATURE *Into the Arms of Strangers: Stories of the Kindertransport* • *Legacy* • *Long Night's Journey Into Day* • *Scottsboro: An American Tragedy* • *Sound and Fury* *Night*'s Sundance-winning look at South Africa's apartheid aftermath should be the front-runner, but *Strangers* is about a mission to save children from the Holocaust. Need we say more?

DOCUMENTARY SHORT SUBJECT *Big Mama* • *Curtain Call* • *Dolphins* • *The Man on Lincoln's Nose* • *On Tiptoe: Gentle Steps to Freedom* Odds are rank narcissism will rule: *Curtain Call* is about performers in the Actors' Fund old-age home.

LIVE-ACTION SHORT FILM *By Courier* • *One Day Crossing* • *Quiero Ser (I Want to Be...)* • *Seraglio* • *A Soccer Story (Una Historia de Futebol)* *Courier* (directed by actor Peter Riegert) and *Soccer* (about superstar Péle) have the biggest names, and *Crossing* deals with the Holocaust, but we bet *Quiero Ser*'s heart-tugging orphan tale will trump its competition.

ANIMATED SHORT FILM *Father and Daughter* • *The Periwig-Maker* • *Rejected* With the dual star power of narrator Kenneth Branagh and *Robinson Crusoe* author Daniel Defoe, *The Periwig-Maker* feels like a winner.

FOREIGN-LANGUAGE FILM *Amores Perros*, Mexico • *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*, Taiwan • *Divided We Fall*, Czech Republic • *Everybody Famous!*, Belgium • *The Taste of Others*, France Hmmm, that deep look at human nature, *Amores Perros*? Or the World War II drama *Divided We Fall*? So hard to choose. What the heck, we'll go with that obscure Taiwanese film, *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Whatever*.

SOUND *Cast Away* • *Gladiator* • *The Patriot* • *The Perfect Storm* • *U-571*
SOUND EDITING *Space Cowboys* • *U-571* Best Sound is awarded to the cumulative quality of such things as score, dialogue, and visual F/X, while Best Sound Editing applies to eardrum-piercing cues like rocket launches and submarine dives. Sound is a toughie, what with *Cast Away*'s lapping waves and falling coconuts and *The Perfect Storm*'s maritime wrath. But we think this award will go to *Gladiator*'s Sturm und Clang. As for sound editing, where else can you beat 50–50 odds? Voters may notice that *U-571* is up for both awards and give it the nod.

ORIGINAL SCORE *Chocolat* • *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon* • *Gladiator* • *Malena* • *The Patriot* *Crouching Tiger* composer Tan Dun's competitors boast 45 prior scoring noms combined, but this Oscar rookie's subtle work, punctuated by Yo-Yo Ma's cello solos, should best the *Gladiator* score.

COSTUME DESIGN *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon* • *Dr. Seuss' How the Grinch Stole Christmas* • *Gladiator* • *102 Dalmatians* • *Quills* Again, it comes down to *Gladiator* and *Crouching Tiger*. Given the Academy's reception to Asian-themed films in this category (past winners include *Ran* and *The Last Emperor*), we give the edge to Tim Yip's *Tiger* tails, if only because they're less obscured by blood than *Gladiator*'s garb.

ART DIRECTION *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon* • *Dr. Seuss' How the Grinch Stole Christmas* • *Gladiator* • *Quills* • *Vatel* In this corner: 19th-century China, 17th- and 19th-century France, and 2nd-century Rome. In that corner: Whoville. In a battle of sumptuous period re-creations and fantasyland, we'll assume that the powdered wigs of *Quills* and *Vatel* will cancel each other out, giving victory to the epic (if occasionally digital) splendor of *Gladiator*.

MAKEUP *The Cell* • *Dr. Seuss' How the Grinch Stole Christmas* • *Shadow of the Vampire* In *Passenger 57*, Wesley Snipes famously declared, "Always bet on black." When it comes to Best Makeup our mantra is: "Always bet on five-time winner Rick Baker." So go with *Grinch*.

ORIGINAL SONG "A Fool in Love," music and lyrics by Randy Newman, *Meet the Parents* • "I've Seen It All," music by Björk, lyrics by Lars von Trier and Sjón Sigurdsson, *Dancer in the Dark* • "A Love Before Time," music by Jorge Calandrelli and Tan Dun, lyrics by James Schamus, *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon* • "My Funny Friend and Me," music by Sting and David Hartley, lyrics by Sting, *The Emperor's New Groove* • "Things Have Changed," music and lyrics by Bob Dylan, *Wonder Boys* Newman's a perennial loser, so this race should come down to the Icelandic elf and America's unofficial poet laureate. Judging from the standing O that Dylan got at the Globes, we think the Oscar will be blowin' in the wind.

VATEL: ETIENNE GEORGE; QUILLS: DAVID APPLEBY; U-571: MARIO TURSI

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CRITICS' CHOICES

BY OWEN GLEIBERMAN

• **BEST ACTOR** **Javier Bardem** He plays the oppressed Cuban writer Reinaldo Arenas as a Marxist naïf, a literary romantic, a gay sex machine, but, mostly, as a staggeringly vulnerable and courageous man gasping for freedom. Bardem claimed that he watched Tom Hanks in *Philadelphia* before doing the scene in which Arenas, dying of AIDS, commits suicide. Hanks may now be watching him.

• **BEST ACTRESS** **Julia Roberts** Her giddy, furious, trash-dressing Erin Brockovich is the rare Hollywood star turn that's not merely radiant but *defining*. As embodied (pun intended) by Roberts, Erin doesn't just flaunt her sex appeal to connive her way into difficult places; it's the very plumage of her fearlessness.

• **BEST SUPPORTING ACTOR** **Benicio Del Toro** Has there been an actor since James Dean with a squint this eloquent? Playing a Mexican cop whose priorities are as thorny and conflicted as the world that formed him, Del Toro is the haunted moral compass of *Traffic*.

• **BEST SUPPORTING ACTRESS** **Frances McDormand** As the brilliant, cranky, hilarious-despite-herself mom in *Almost Famous*, she stands in for a generation of '70s parents who never really got rock & roll but infused their children with the love to embrace it.

• **BEST ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY** ***Almost Famous*** Some call Cameron Crowe a sentimentalist, but the description better fits Kenneth Lonergan: The soft center of *You Can Count on Me* is his subtle sanctifying of the damage Mark Ruffalo's character causes. Crowe is a poet of American-youth conversation, his dialogue as free-flowing as the era it captures.

• **BEST ADAPTED SCREENPLAY** ***Traffic*** Beyond the vast scale and balancing-act structure, every moment, every *line*, of Stephen Gaghan's script is alive with the addictive bristle of human ego.

• **BEST DIRECTOR** **Steven Soderbergh** Wielding his camera like a psychological divining rod, Soderbergh penetrates the cast of *Traffic* as tellingly as a latter-day Altman. It's his broadest canvas but his nimblest film, with moments that linger beyond any "message."

• **BEST PICTURE** ***Traffic*** *Crouching Tiger* is dazzling but remote. *Traffic*, by contrast, is a modern drug epic more haunting than the sum of its episodes. Watching it, we don't just grasp the vast logistical connections between supply and demand. We come to see how they're reflections of the same ruthless spirit.

BY LISA SCHWARZBAUM

• **BEST ACTOR** **Tom Hanks** What, Hanks should be penalized because the man does such good work that he's won two Oscars already? Didn't he hold audiences spellbound in *Cast Away* with his towering portrayal of a man marooned? That's called *best acting*. Besides, Russell Crowe should have won *last* year, for *The Insider*.

• **BEST ACTRESS** **Julia Roberts** Just because Hollywood's most bankable actress is widely thought to have a lock on Oscar doesn't mean she doesn't deserve it: It's Julia's year. And in *Erin Brockovich* it's her best performance yet—a triumphant combination of toughness, passion, and empowering foundation garments.

• **BEST SUPPORTING ACTOR** **Benicio Del Toro** What is this thing Del Toro's got—this impression that he could blow a man away or weep into his tequila and you'd never know why or when? Whatever he's got, it's never been more magnetic than in his *Traffic* role.

• **BEST SUPPORTING ACTRESS** **Marcia Gay Harden** Just as there would have been no Jackson Pollock without Lee Krasner, Ed Harris wouldn't have had his *Pollock* without Harden as the painter's wife and fellow artist. Faced with a character almost too damn colorful, she knew how to zag when Harris zigged.

• **BEST ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY** ***You Can Count on Me*** The characters in Kenneth Lonergan's superb story talk like real people and enact their small, profound dramas so truly that it's only at the end that you realize how rare it is to see people in movies behave like people in life.

• **BEST ADAPTED SCREENPLAY** ***Wonder Boys*** Steve Kloves turned a really ambitious, boisterous firecracker of a book into a great screenplay that, while no slave to the page, brings the spirit of Michael Chabon's novel leaping to life.

• **BEST DIRECTOR** **Steven Soderbergh** I mean it only as the highest praise when I say that Soderbergh's direction is to *Traffic* what Sam Mendes' was to *American Beauty*: His cinematic vision makes the film seem more trenchant and original than it actually is.

• **BEST PICTURE** ***Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*** A subtitled martial-arts saga that brings strangers in the dark together to applaud soaring fight scenes and weep at a love story? What a glorious West-salutes-East moment, what a marvelous hybrid, what a thrilling moment in American cinema history this is!

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL WITTE

Watch Vampiro

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CAN YOU COUNT ON THEM?

Our Academy insiders offer a private look at their Oscar-voting process

BY JOSH YOUNG

●● AS OUR LAST PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION ILLUSTRATED, EXIT polls are unreliable. But does the same hold true in an Oscar race? As Pricewaterhouse-Coopers accountants prepare to tabulate the 5,722 chadless ballots (due March 20) at the company's downtown L.A. office, we thought we'd conduct our own unscientific Oscar exit interviews. We've asked three Academy members—an actress, a producer, and a screenwriter—to divulge a sampling of their Oscar choices, and why they voted the way they did. The results are both predictable (Julia Roberts is the unanimous Best Actress choice), and perplexing (they each selected a different Best Picture). Does this spell an upset in the making? Beats us. But our volunteers, who wish to remain anonymous, have promised not to appeal.

THE ACTRESS Our thespian, who once received a Best Supporting Actress nomination, takes her Oscar voting so seriously that she spent an hour stewing over her ballot, let it sit for a few days, and then used half a bottle of Wite-Out to make changes. While some Academy members have been criticized for voting for friends, she says she doesn't engage in favoritism. ("But I wouldn't tell them.") But she pleads guilty to honoring a career as opposed to an individual performance. "When you look over an actor's body of work, it influences you," she explains. "How else do you know how good someone's acting is other than by comparing it to their previous films?" Here are her choices:

FYI: In general, each branch selects its own nominees—actors nominate actors, directors nominate directors, and so on—but every Academy member can vote on the final ballot, except for the documentary and short-films competitions, which require voters to have seen the nominated movies.

• **Best Picture** *Gladiator*. Anxious to cast her vote for a film that showcased actors, she checked off the sword-and-sandal epic without hesitation. "*Gladiator* was a big effects film, but there was some really amazing acting in it," she says. "I loved those scenes with Russell Crowe and Richard Harris when [Harris' Marcus Aurelius] knew he was dying. It was a very spiritual movie, and it worked on many levels." Though an early fan of *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*, she soured on the movie once the media anointed it a masterpiece. "*Crouching Tiger* was wonderful," she says. "[But] a lot of the hype is people trying to be cool. When I hear people go on and on about what a masterpiece it is, I think, 'Yeah, it's a good movie, but it's not *that* great.'"

• **Best Actor** Javier Bardem. The Spanish star of *Before Night Falls* gets her vote because he was "such a pleasant surprise," but she doesn't think Bardem's got a chance of winning. Instead, she sees this as a duel between Russell Crowe, who has been tagged a bad boy for reportedly causing Meg Ryan to leave husband Dennis Quaid, and beloved good guy and two-time Oscar winner Tom Hanks. "The situation with Meg Ryan influences people's feelings about him," she says of Crowe. "Hollywood is very quick to judge. They love you one year, and they love to hate you the next year. People in Hollywood want to be next to Russell Crowe when he is out partying and carousing, but they also want to scold him for being that way. Tom Hanks, on the other hand, is such a good family man, and he never gets in trouble. He might win because of that."

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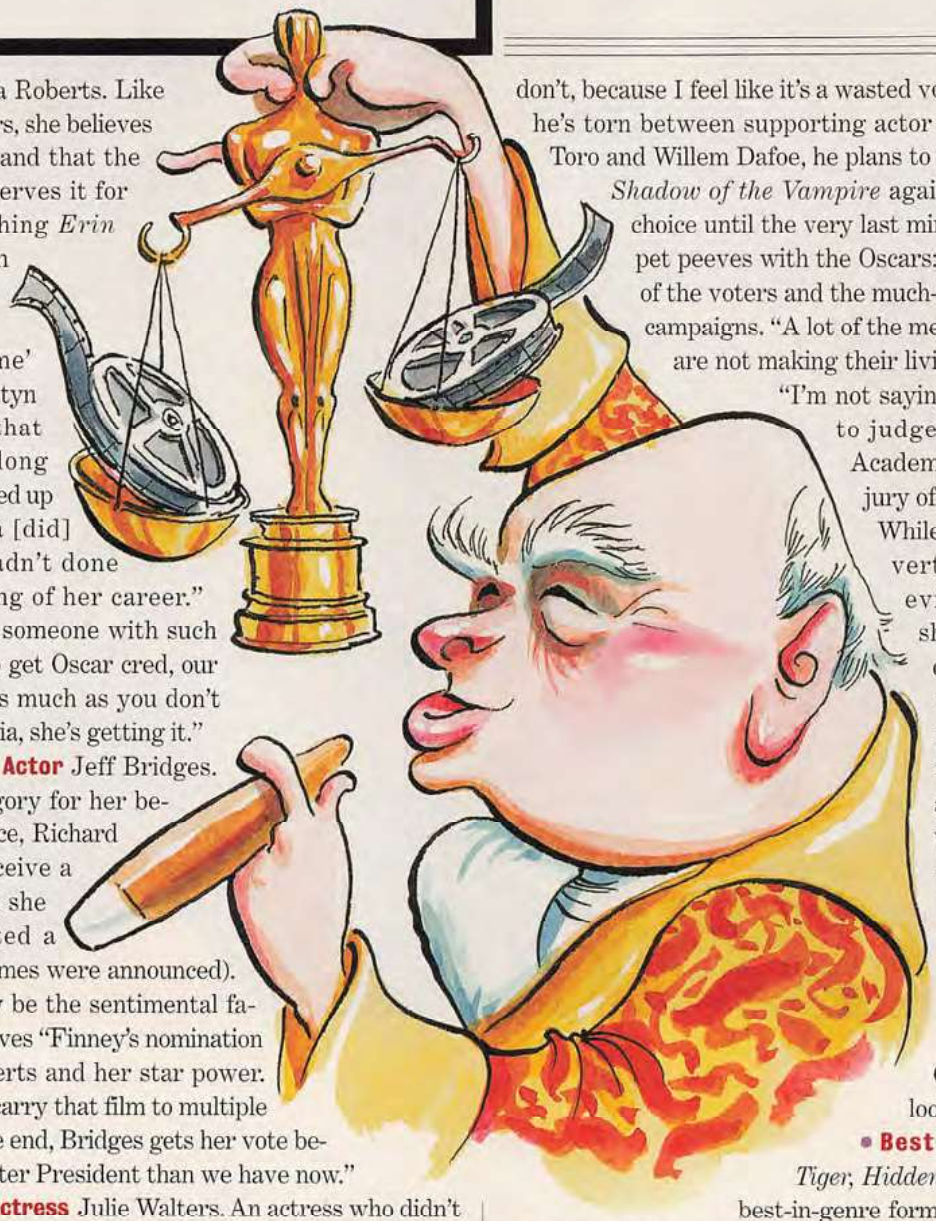


• **Best Actress** Julia Roberts. Like most prognosticators, she believes Roberts will rule, and that the pretty woman deserves it for the career-stretching *Erin Brockovich*. "Joan Allen was Joan, doing that intense, 'listen to me' woman. Ellen Burstyn has been doing that character for a long time; they just turned up the volume. Julia [did] something she hadn't done since the beginning of her career." While it's rare for someone with such box office appeal to get Oscar cred, our actress admits, "As much as you don't want to vote for Julia, she's getting it."

• **Best Supporting Actor** Jeff Bridges. The toughest category for her because her first choice, Richard Harris, did not receive a nomination (which she privately predicted a week before the names were announced). Albert Finney may be the sentimental favorite, but she believes "Finney's nomination is about Julia Roberts and her star power. They used Julia to carry that film to multiple nominations." In the end, Bridges gets her vote because "he was a better President than we have now."

• **Best Supporting Actress** Julie Walters. An actress who didn't get nominated, Catherine Zeta-Jones, provoked the most passion from this Academy member. Though many felt Zeta-Jones should have been nominated for *Traffic*, she says, "I didn't like her in it at all. Her character turned me off." She admits some of this is personal: "Maybe I didn't vote [to nominate] her because I think she's too into herself, with her mega-wedding and Miss I'm-the-Fantastic-Woman-of-the-Year. I just don't get it. She's a good actress, but she's a little too precious." After a pause, she concludes: "I would not like to think that Kate Hudson's was an Academy Award-winning performance," Without hesitation, she picks Walters. "She was wonderful in *Billy Elliot*," she says. "You didn't know it was Julie Walters."

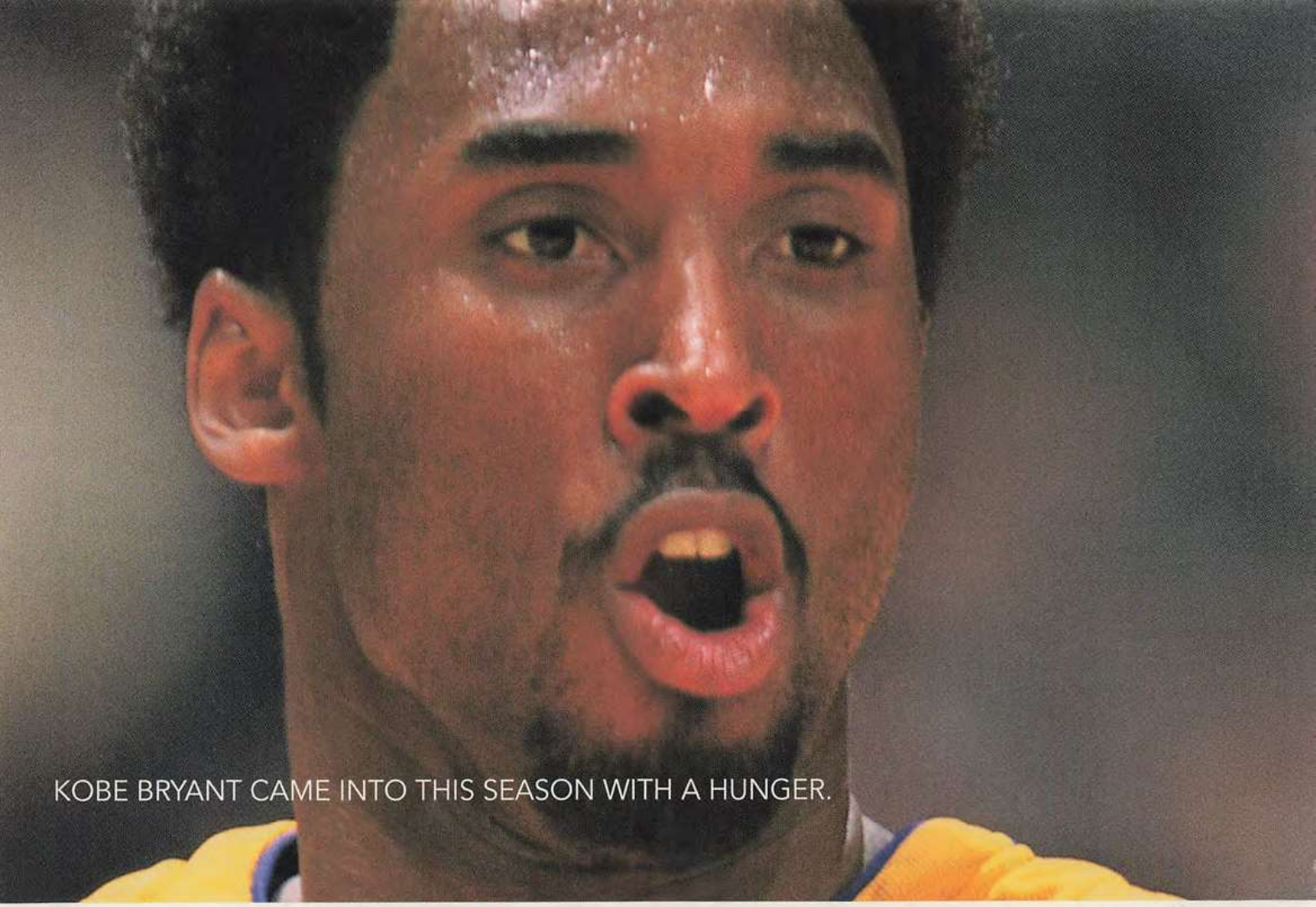
THE PRODUCER A previous Academy Award nominee (as one of the producers of a Best Picture contender), he has a formula for voting that's fairly straightforward: See the movie, then compare it to other films in its genre as well as to the other nominees. If he's deadlocked, he watches the movie again—or votes for a friend. "If I have a dear friend who was nominated and it's close, I vote for them," he admits. "But if it's not close, I don't, because I feel like it's a wasted vote." This year, because he's torn between supporting actor nominees Benicio Del Toro and Willem Dafoe, he plans to watch both *Traffic* and *Shadow of the Vampire* again. "I won't make that choice until the very last minute," he says. His two pet peeves with the Oscars: the older-skewing age of the voters and the much-ballyhooed advertising campaigns. "A lot of the members of the Academy are not making their living in cinema," he says. "I'm not saying they aren't qualified to judge the movies, but the Academy Awards should be a jury of our peers and it's not." While he doesn't believe advertising is the ultimate evil, he feels the films should be able to stand on their own. "A vote should be based on the movie and not whether it won a lot of critics' awards," he says. "If I was the king of the world, I would put a limit on ad spending, but the trades would never allow it because they make half their money during Oscar season." Here's a look at his ballot:

• **Best Picture** *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*. Applying his best-in-genre formula, our producer says, "*Gladiator* is a good movie, but it doesn't hold up to what came before it. *Erin Brockovich* was a good movie, but not a great one, and *Chocolat* isn't Best Picture material." So his contest is between *Traffic* and *Crouching Tiger*. "[*Traffic*] is a familiar subject matter that was dealt with in an original way," he says. "So it's at the upper end of that genre. But *Crouching Tiger* transported me to a new world. It really stood out, both for what it was and among the nominees." For the record, he felt that *You Can Count on Me* was robbed of a Best Picture nomination, and that *Gladiator* will win. "It's kind of like the year *Gandhi* won over *E.T.* and *Tootsie*," he says. "The Academy likes big period movies even if they are not great."

• **Best Director** Ang Lee, *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*. "I don't know how you can separate the best picture from the best directed picture," he says.

• **Best Actor** Geoffrey Rush. "I thought it was an incredibly special performance, but I don't think he's going to win," he says. For our producer, it was a photo finish between the Marquis de Sade and a gladiator, but on the big night he thinks it will be Tom Hanks talking to Oscar. "My instinct is that Russell Crowe

MICHAEL WITTE



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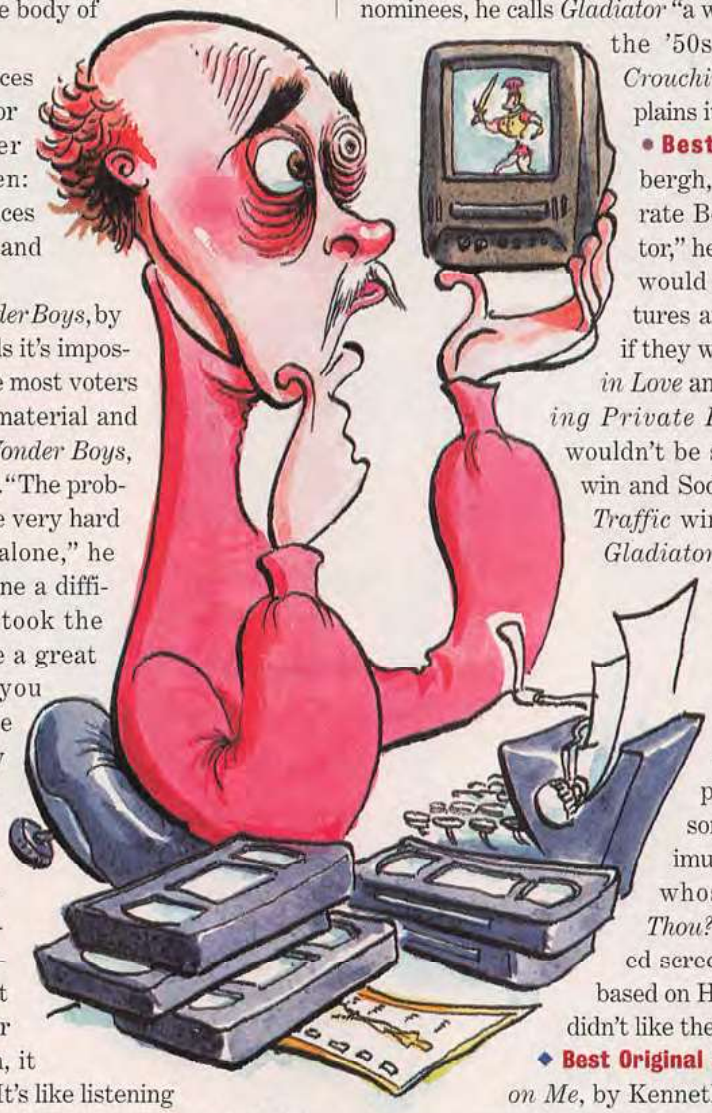
won't win. There is a real negative spin on him. People think that he's difficult—and he *is* difficult. I would have given it to him last year for *The Insider*." As for Hanks, he says, "The question is, Why not?"

• **Best Actress** Julia Roberts. Just as Sally Field shocked many by going from a bimbo in *Smokey and the Bandit* to a union supporter in *Norma Rae*, Roberts has gone from playing a happy hooker to a social crusader. "It's a remarkable performance that stands out in a career of charming performances that didn't have this level of depth," he says. "Laura Linney also gave the best performance of her career, but in relation to the entire body of work, Julia's was better."

• **Best Supporting Actress** Frances McDormand. The deciding factor in choosing McDormand over *Pollock*'s Marcia Gay Harden: "She gave two great performances this year, in *Almost Famous* and *Wonder Boys*."

• **Best Adapted Screenplay** *Wonder Boys*, by Steve Kloves. Our producer feels it's impossible to judge this category since most voters haven't read both the source material and the screenplay. In the case of *Wonder Boys*, he read both and saw the movie. "The problem with screenplays is they are very hard to judge based on the movie alone," he says. "Someone might have done a difficult adaptation in that they took the essence of the book and wrote a great screenplay, but how would you know that unless you read the book? Screenwriting is very hard to judge because sometimes the directors crap all over the movies."



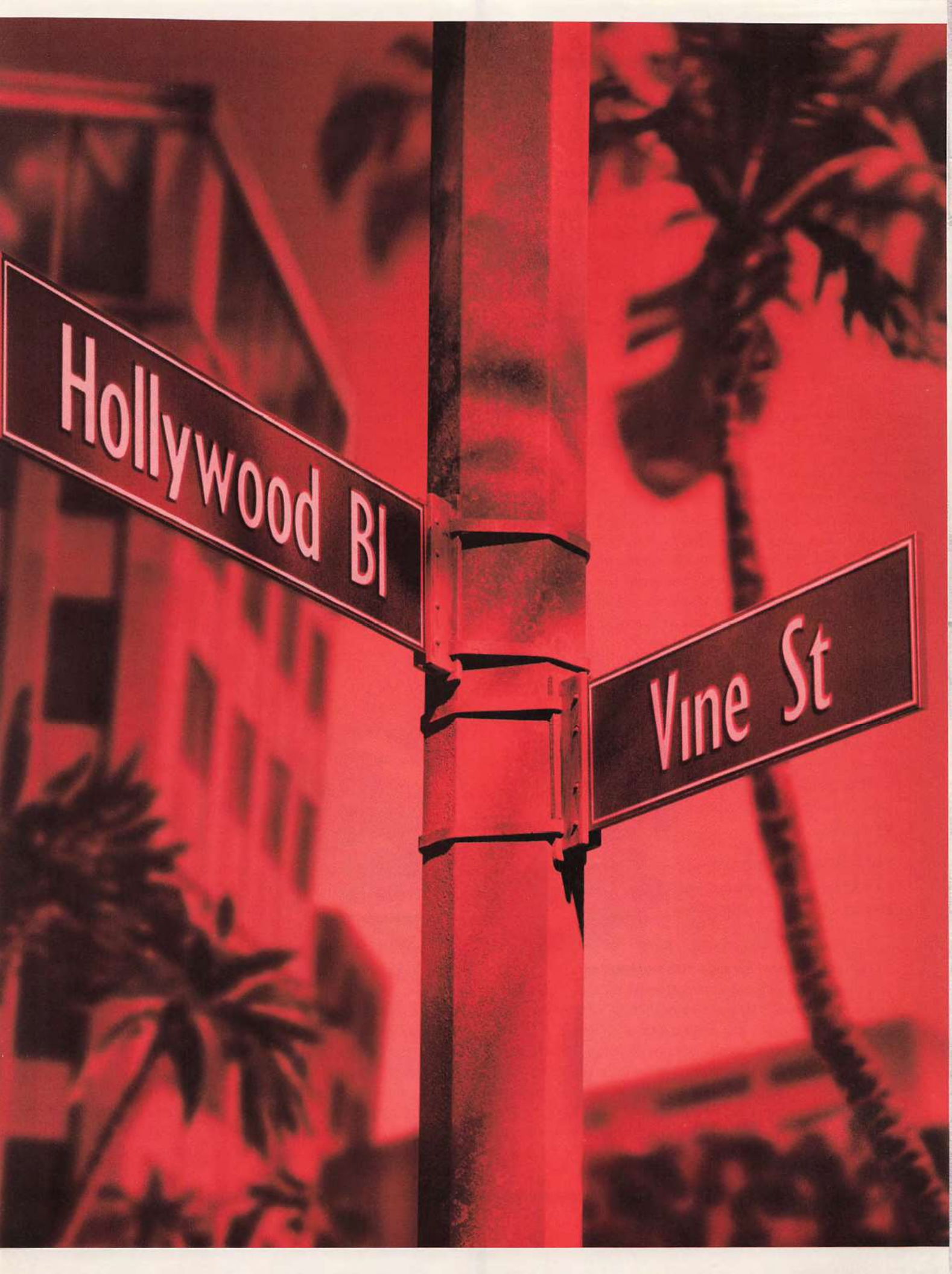
THE SCREENWRITER This Academy member watched an eye-glazing 125 feature films last year—mostly on videotape. "For me, big screen or small screen, it makes no difference," he says. "It's like listening to a song. It doesn't matter whether it's on a record, a CD, or in a concert hall." He's confident that fellow members put considerable thought into marking their ballots, but he believes most members aren't qualified to judge the technical categories. "I probably saw 30 movies over the Christmas holidays, and I have zero memory of how well any of them were edited or how good the music was," he explains. "They all sound like Hans Zimmer did the score. Most voters in those categories tend to vote for the film they liked the best." The exception: the sound awards. "I vote for the loudest movie," he says. While he doesn't believe that trade-ad campaigns have any impact, he does feel that members are influenced by the various guild awards. "The fact that *Patriot* cinematographer Caleb Deschanel was awarded best cinematography by his trade group before the Academy ballots were mailed out will cause a lot of people to vote for him," our writer says. Here's a look at his ballot:

• **Best Picture** *Traffic*. "The Best Picture should be astonishing, and it should be able to stand the test of time," he says. "*Traffic* was an enjoyable, entertaining movie that stood out from the others because it was different." Among the other nominees, he calls *Gladiator* "a well-done sandals movie from the '50s," and though he found *Crouching Tiger* refreshing, he complains it "wasn't about anything."

• **Best Director** Steven Soderbergh, *Traffic*. "It's hard to separate Best Picture and Best Director," he says. "I can see how people would split their vote if two pictures are close in their feelings, or if they wanted to honor *Shakespeare in Love* and Steven Spielberg for *Saving Private Ryan* in the same year. I wouldn't be surprised to see *Gladiator* win and Soderbergh win for *Traffic*, or *Traffic* win and Ridley Scott win for *Gladiator*, but personally, I'd never split my vote."

• **Best Adapted Screenplay** *Traffic*, by Stephen Gaghan. "I always vote for a package deal on picture, director, and screenplay," he explains, adding that unlike some of his peers, he felt no animus toward the Coen brothers, whose *O Brother, Where Art Thou?* was nominated in the adapted screenplay category (it's loosely based on Homer's *The Odyssey*). "I just didn't like the film that much," he says.

◆ **Best Original Screenplay** *You Can Count on Me*, by Kenneth Lonergan. "The winner is usually something that comes out of left field, like *The Usual Suspects*," he says. "It's a way to honor new writers. *You Can Count on Me* felt original and real, and feeling real is the most important aspect of an original screenplay." He criticizes *Almost Famous* as too soft: "It was like a shrine to growing up in the '70s. I didn't learn anything from it." And the thematic similarity of *Gladiator* to *Ben-Hur*, and *Erin Brockovich* to *Silkwood*, eliminated those films. *Billy Elliot* was barely a consideration: "I fell asleep during *Billy Elliot*." ■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VETERANS' DAY

They're no strangers to nominations, but will Oscar finally shine for these three craftsmen?

●● MUCH OF THIS YEAR'S Academy buzz seems to surround relative newcomers named Benicio, Kate, and Javier. But also notable among the celebrated are a few seasoned masters who have never won an Oscar but whose brilliant behind-the-scenes contributions are nominated once again. Reintroducing...

DEDE ALLEN It wasn't her age—77—that almost ended Dede Allen's film-editing career. It certainly wasn't her credits, which include 1975's *Dog Day Afternoon* and 1981's *Reds* (for which she received Oscar nominations), as well as *Bonnie and Clyde*, *The Hustler*, *Serpico*, and *The Addams Family*. It was that after 25 movies and a seven-year stint as a Warner Bros. production executive, Allen had refused to learn to type. Says the woman who got her break when most of Columbia Pictures' sound department went off to World War II, "I never wanted to be seen as a secretary."

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A CUTTER ABOVE THE REST Such movies as (1) *Bonnie and Clyde*, (2) *The Addams Family*, and (3) *Dog Day Afternoon* were touched by the hand of (4) Allen

She can probably relax now. This year Allen is nominated for her third Oscar, for *Wonder Boys*, a project she landed only after agreeing to director Curtis Hanson's demand that she learn to use a keyboard and edit on an Avid, the computer system that has largely replaced the Moviola. "I gave up on winning an Oscar a long time ago," says Allen. Besides, she adds, "Everyone thinks I won one already."

She's certainly won her director's respect. "Dede is a performance editor," says Hanson, "and that's why I wanted her." Adds director Arthur Penn, who worked with Allen on six films, "Dede can spot the moment in an actor's performance that is the exquisite moment. [And] she works until a lot of other people would have dropped."

"I missed a lot of parties because of work," concurs Allen, who has two children with her husband of 55 years, writer Stephen Fleischman, "and it came at a great cost to my family." But oh, the stories she can tell. On *Bonnie and Clyde*: "[Studio head] Jack Warner thought the movie was the biggest piece of s--- he'd ever seen.... I got thrown off the picture, and Warren Beatty picked me up out of his own pocket." On *The Breakfast Club*: "[One executive] hated the picture. He called it *The Group Therapy Session*."

When asked to explain how she has been able to charge through a male-dominated field, Allen says, "As a woman, you always threaten men, but people liked working with me.

"Or maybe," she adds with a laugh, "I just wore them out." —*Rebecca Ascher-Walsh*

ENNIO MORRICONE Ennio Morricone has created more memorable strains of movie music than just about any working composer, but the strain he's feeling these days isn't musical. Despite writing some 400 scores in 40 years (that's an average of *10 a year*), despite searing the sounds of the Clint Eastwood–

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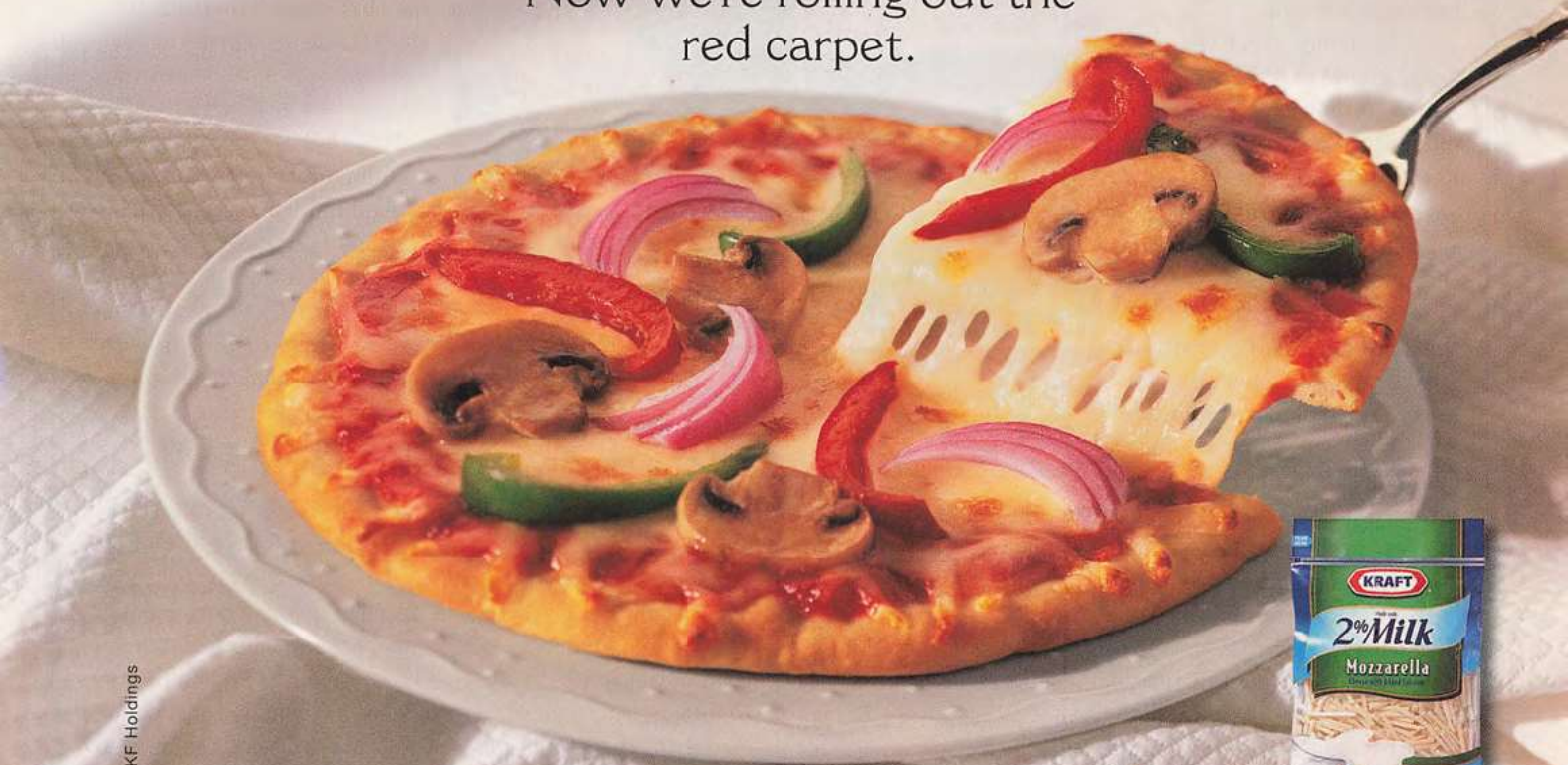

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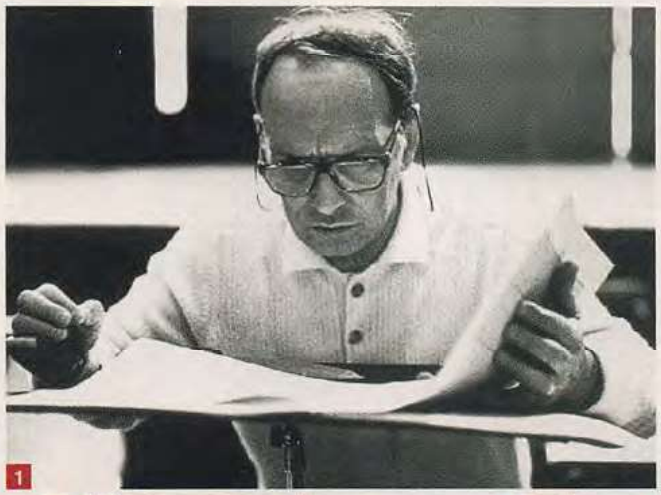
Sergio Leone spaghetti Westerns into the greater pop consciousness, and despite winning Golden Globes and British film awards and countless other glitzy doorstops, the man has yet to bag an Oscar. He's been nominated five times—for *Days of Heaven* (1978), *The Mission* (1986), *The Untouchables* (1987), *Bugsy* (1991), and now for the moving score that flows through and around Giuseppe Tornatore's swoony melodrama *Malena*.

Do these defeats rankle the courtly, classy 72-year-old composer? Well, of course—even if it only bugs the completist in him. "It's one of the few honors that is missing for me," acknowledges Morricone, speaking through a translator from his lifelong hometown of Rome. "And it's an important recognition for the morality of the profession." By which he is saying, in his polite fashion, that even other composers are embarrassed that he hasn't won yet.

He probably won't win this year, either: Odds are that Academy voters will opt for the meat-and-potatoes ancient Rome of Hans Zimmer's *Gladiator* score (how ironic) or the symphonic star power of Tan Dun and Yo-Yo Ma's *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*. Not that the classically trained Morricone is a concert-stage slouch: He's composed some 80 non-film pieces, some of which he conducted at a recent, well-received performance in London. And his habit, rare in the movie-scoring world, of handling all his own arranging and orchestrating chores, bespeaks a man who sees himself as part of a tradition that measures itself in centuries rather than decades. "The great composers of the past," says Morricone, "they alone did their arrangements and orchestrations, and one must always take their example."

Fair enough—and remember, Bach never got an Oscar either. —*Ty Burr*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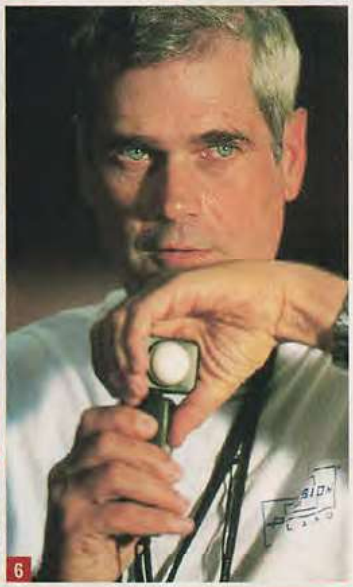
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REEL GENIUSES (1) Morricone scored big time with the music for (2) *The Untouchables* and (3) *The Good, the Bad and the Ugly*; (4) *The Natural* and (5) *The Right Stuff* were lensed by (6) Deschanel

CALEB DESCHANEL The dusk sky was almost blue-black when cinematographer Caleb Deschanel set up an extraordinary battle for *The Patriot*: a skirmish between British and American soldiers on the front lawn of a Southern mansion circa 1776. What he wanted was to light the scene primarily with flashes of gunpowder exploding like so many strobe lights.

"I kept telling Roland [Emmerich, the director], I don't think we're getting anything on film," Deschanel recalls. "It was so dark, and the flashes so bright. Too contrasty. But I figured, let's keep shooting anyway and see what happens."

The experiment worked beautifully. And that bent for creative envelope-pushing has helped land the 59-year-old Deschanel his fourth Oscar nomination, following *The Right Stuff* (1983), *The Natural* (1984), and *Fly Away Home* (1996). "It's particularly gratifying to be recognized for *The Patriot*," he says. "Columbia [Pictures] really did almost nothing to promote it in the usual way, which is ads in *Variety*."

Not that Deschanel is one to demand tribute. Director Philip Kaufman (*Quills*) attests that his *Right Stuff* lensman, whose first major screen credit was the John Cassavetes drama *A Woman Under the Influence* (1974), is the soul of self-effacement off the set. But don't try crossing him *on* set when he's focused on getting a certain effect. Kaufman recalls one morning when Deschanel arrived at a desert area outside Edwards Air Force Base to find that some joyriding driver had ignored umpteen "Keep Off" signs and was imprinting tire tracks all over what had been scouted as a pristine sand vista. "Caleb jumped out of our car onto the hood of this guy's vehicle, and began jumping up and down," Kaufman says. "He was determined to stop him from ruining our [shot]. It was both mad and incredibly heroic. You want to work with people who care to that extreme."—*Steve Daly*

2, 3, 4: PHOTOFEST; 5: EVERETT COLLECTION; 6: ANDREW COOPER

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THE EW.COM BALLOT

Who ought to win and who got dissed, according to our online poll BY SCOTT BROWN

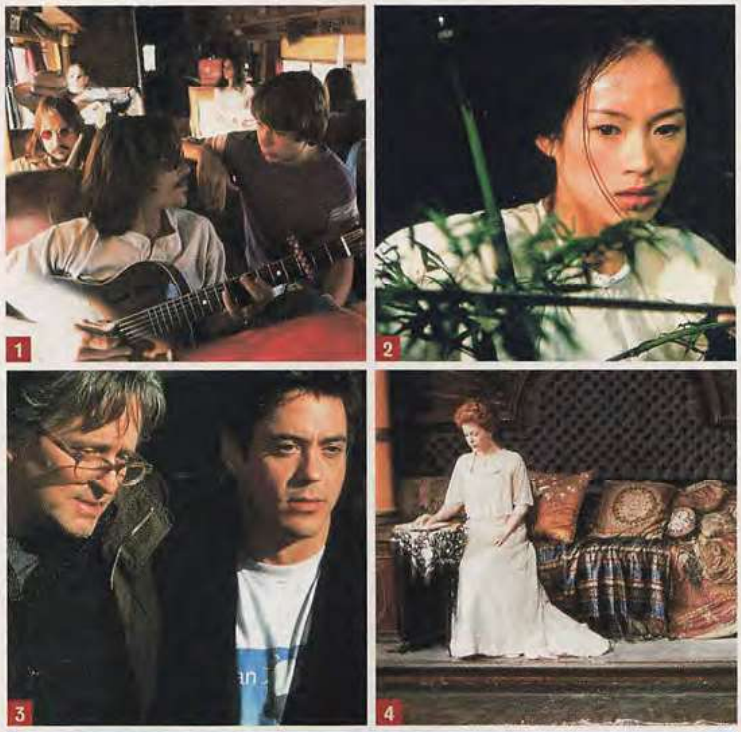
●● THERE'S AT LEAST ONE thing that movie fans, Academy voters, and Al Gore can agree on: Recount jokes just aren't funny. So we'll leave that to Steve Martin, and skip straight to the popular vote, where visitors to EW.com (5,196 of them at press time) picked their winners from this year's Oscar pack—and also weighed in on the almost nominated, those worthy pics and players that were snubbed by the Academy. The envelope, please...

Gladiator eked out a victory with 37.6% of the Best Picture votes, and star **Russell Crowe** laid siege to a 40.9% share of the Best Actor ballots. But ***Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*** wasn't far behind, kicking up 27.4%, while everybody else got the scraps (***Traffic***: 19.1%; ***Erin Brockovich***: 13.5%; ***Chocolat***: 2.4%).

The Best Actor category made for a similar squeaker: Nipping at Crowe's feet was *Cast Away*'s perennial contender, **Tom Hanks** (35.2%). **Ed Harris** picked up a splattering of ballots (11.2%) for his work in *Pollock*, while the men of letters—*Before Night Falls*' **Javier Bardem** and *Quills*' **Geoffrey Rush**—jotted down 7.4% and 5.4%, respectively.

But if it's landslides you love, look no further than **Julia Roberts**' devastating 70.5% assault on the Best Actress category: The ultra-popular *Erin Brockovich* star destroyed nearest competitor **Ellen Burstyn** (*Requiem for a Dream*), who landed just 10.7%. You could only count on **Laura Linney** for 8.8%, and, at a mere 4.8%, **Joan Allen** had even less support than the embattled vice-presidential appointee she played in *The Contender*. *Chocolat*'s **Juliette Binoche** also fell victim to voter apathy, with 5.3%.

Look! Up in the trees! It's...*Crouching Tiger*'s **Ang Lee**, soaring on 38.9% approval for Best Director, edging out double nominee **Steven Soderbergh** (24.6% for *Traffic*, 11.9% for *Erin Brockovich*), who might have suffered from a voter split. *Gladiator*'s **Ridley Scott** got the thumbs-up from 22.2%, while **Stephen Daldry** danced up a dainty 2.5% for his *Billy Elliot*.



THEY SHOULDA BEEN CONTENDERS Did Oscar overlook (1) *Almost Famous*, (2) Zhang, (3) Douglas and Downey, and (4) Anderson? Our readers thought so.

In the Best Supporting Actor category, *Traffic*'s **Benicio Del Toro** copped 47.9% of the vote, well ahead of *Gladiator*'s **Joaquin Phoenix** (21.5%), and *Shadow of the Vampire*'s **Willem Dafoe** (12%) couldn't quite stay neck and neck with *Erin Brockovich*'s **Albert Finney** (15.2%). *The Contender*'s lame duck, **Jeff Bridges**, brought up the rear with 3.4%.

Almost Famous groupie **Kate Hudson** apparently has her own groupies now, if her 60% share of the Best Supporting Actress votes is any indication. Her closest competitor was costar **Frances McDormand** (12.8%), followed by *Chocolat*'s **Judi Dench** (12.1%), *Billy Elliot*'s **Julie Walters** (9%), and *Pollock*'s **Marcia Gay Harden** (6.1%).

Enough about reality—let's enter the world of might-have-been via our Snub Poll, where readers selected from our list of the criminally overlooked: **Cameron Crowe** (for Best Director) and ***Almost Famous*** (for Best Picture) rocked to the tune of 52.1% and 40.4%, respectively, while *Wonder Boys* costars **Michael Douglas** (30.2%) and **Robert Downey Jr.** (32.5%) won the pot for Best Actor and Best Supporting Actor. And who's laughing now, Julia? That would be *The House of Mirth*'s **Gillian Anderson**, the people's pick for Best Actress (29.5%); *Crouching Tiger*'s **Michelle Yeoh** stalked her with 26.3%. *Traffic*'s Best Supporting Actress winner **Catherine Zeta-Jones** (35.6%) also had the *Tiger* by the tail, barely beating warrior **Zhang Ziyi**'s 34.2%.

While the cyberpundits may have spoken, the races aren't necessarily over yet. Our online polls will stay open until Oscar night—and visitors to EW.com are invited to fill out ballots until then. So, in the spirit of nominee Tom Hanks, you're welcome to cast away. ■

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BALLOT

A COMPLETE GUIDE TO THE OSCAR-NIGHT RACES

ACTOR: 'CAST AWAY'

SUPPORTING ACTOR: 'GLADIATOR'

▲ THIRD TIME'S THE HARM? Not so fast, Mr. Hanks: Spencer Tracy's back-to-back wins in 1937 and 1938 presaged an Oscar drought that never ended, despite six more nominations.

COSTUME DESIGN: '102 DALMATIANS'

FILM EDITING: 'WONDER BOYS'

▶ THE CANDY CAN'T, MAN *Chocolat* is the fourth film with a chocolaty title to be saluted by Oscar. The others—1941's *The Chocolate Soldier* (cinematography, music, sound recording), 1971's *Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory* (music), and 1993's *Strawberry and Chocolate* (foreign film)—were all denied sweet victory.

SUPPORTING ACTRESS: 'CHOCOLAT'

PICTURE

- *Chocolat*
- *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*
- *Erin Brockovich*
- *Gladiator*
- *Traffic*

DIRECTOR

- Stephen Daldry, *Billy Elliot*
- Ang Lee, *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*
- Steven Soderbergh, *Erin Brockovich*
- Steven Soderbergh, *Traffic*
- Ridley Scott, *Gladiator*

ACTOR

- Javier Bardem, *Before Night Falls*
- Russell Crowe, *Gladiator*
- Tom Hanks, *Cast Away*
- Ed Harris, *Pollock*
- Geoffrey Rush, *Quills*

ACTRESS

- Joan Allen, *The Contender*
- Juliette Binoche, *Chocolat*
- Ellen Burstyn, *Requiem for a Dream*
- Laura Linney, *You Can Count on Me*
- Julia Roberts, *Erin Brockovich*

SUPPORTING ACTOR

- Jeff Bridges, *The Contender*
- Willem Dafoe, *Shadow of the Vampire*
- Benicio Del Toro, *Traffic*
- Albert Finney, *Erin Brockovich*
- Joaquin Phoenix, *Gladiator*

SUPPORTING ACTRESS

- Judi Dench, *Chocolat*
- Marcia Gay Harden, *Pollock*
- Kate Hudson, *Almost Famous*
- Frances McDormand, *Almost Famous*
- Julie Walters, *Billy Elliot*

CINEMATOGRAPHY

- Peter Pau, *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*
- John Mathieson, *Gladiator*
- Lajos Koltai, *Malena*
- Roger Deakins, *O Brother, Where Art Thou?*
- Caleb Deschanel, *The Patriot*

VISUAL EFFECTS

- *Gladiator*
- *Hollow Man*
- *The Perfect Storm*

FILM EDITING

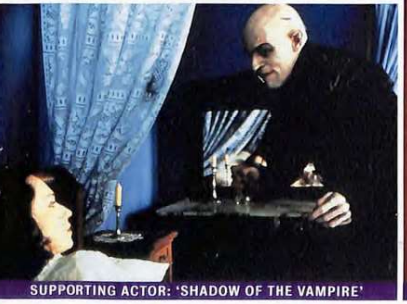
- *Almost Famous*
- *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*
- *Gladiator*
- *Traffic*
- *Wonder Boys*

DOCUMENTARY SHORT SUBJECT

- *Big Mama*
- *Curtain Call*
- *Dolphins*
- *The Man on Lincoln's Nose*
- *On Tiptoe: Gentle Steps to Freedom*

ACTRESS: 'REQUIEM FOR A DREAM'

▲ HIGHLY RATED PERFORMANCES Ellen Burstyn's Best Actress nomination for the unrated *Requiem for a Dream* was no small feat. It's been 32 years since *Midnight Cowboy* (the only X-rated Best Picture winner) propelled Jon Voight and Dustin Hoffman to Best Actor nominations, and Sylvia Miles to a Supporting Actress nod; those are the only other performing noms for a picture considered too harsh for an R. The actors lost to John Wayne and Goldie Hawn, respectively.



SUPPORTING ACTOR: 'SHADOW OF THE VAMPIRE'

▼ BRIDESMAID REVISITED *Meet the Parents* songwriter Randy Newman and *The Patriot* soundman Kevin O'Connell are two of Oscar's biggest losers. They've each received 14 nominations and have yet to take home a statue.

ORIGINAL SONG: 'MEET THE PARENTS'

PICTURE: 'ERIN BROCKOVICH'

DIRECTOR: 'TRAFFIC'

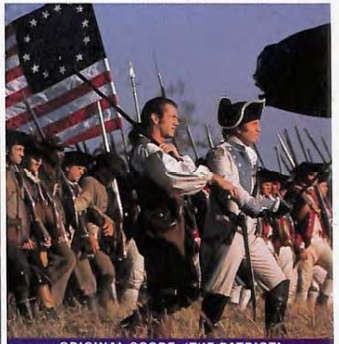
◄ ET TUBE, OSCAR? *Traffic* (adapted from a BBC miniseries) isn't the first Oscar nominee spawned by European TV; 1981's *Das Boot* was edited down from a German miniseries. It received six nominations (including screenplay adaptation and director, as did *Traffic*), but won no awards.

MAKEUP: 'THE CELL'

VISUAL EFFECTS: 'HOLLOW MAN'

▶ MARRIED...WITH OSCARS Joel Coen (along with brother Ethan) is nominated for writing *O Brother, Where Art Thou?* His wife, Frances McDormand (1996 Best Actress winner for the Coens' *Fargo*) is nominated for *Almost Famous*. The last time a couple was honored in the same year for two separate movies was in 1963, when Rex Harrison got a Best Actor nod for *Cleopatra* and Rachel Roberts was nominated for *This Sporting Life*. Neither husband nor wife won.

SUPPORTING ACTRESS: 'POLLOCK'



ORIGINAL SCORE: 'THE PATRIOT'

SCREENPLAY (ADAPTATION): 'O BROTHER, WHERE ART THOU?'

DOCUMENTARY FEATURE

- *Into the Arms of Strangers: Stories of the Kindertransport*
- *Legacy*
- *Long Night's Journey Into Day*
- *Scottsboro: An American Tragedy*
- *Sound and Fury*

LIVE-ACTION SHORT FILM

- *By Courier*
- *One Day Crossing*
- *Quiero Ser (I Want to Be...)*
- *Seraglio*
- *A Soccer Story (Una Historia de Futebol)*

FOREIGN-LANGUAGE FILM

- *Amores Perros*, Mexico
- *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*, Taiwan
- *Divided We Fall*, Czech Republic
- *Everybody Famous!*, Belgium
- *The Taste of Others*, France

ANIMATED SHORT FILM

- *Father and Daughter*
- *The Periwig-Maker*
- *Rejected*

SCREENPLAY (ADAPTATION)

- Robert Nelson Jacobs, *Chocolat*
- Wang Hui Ling, James Schamus, and Tsai Kuo Jung, *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*
- Ethan Coen and Joel Coen, *O Brother, Where Art Thou?*
- Stephen Gaghan, *Traffic*
- Steve Kloves, *Wonder Boys*

SCREENPLAY (ORIGINAL)

- Cameron Crowe, *Almost Famous*
- Lee Hall, *Billy Elliot*
- Susannah Grant, *Erin Brockovich*
- David Franzoni, John Logan, and William Nicholson, *Gladiator*
- Kenneth Lonergan, *You Can Count on Me*

SOUND EDITING

- *Space Cowboys*
- *U-571*

SOUND

- *Cast Away*
- *Gladiator*
- *The Patriot*
- *The Perfect Storm*
- *U-571*

ORIGINAL SCORE

- *Chocolat*, Rachel Portman
- *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*, Tan Dun
- *Gladiator*, Hans Zimmer
- *Malena*, Ennio Morricone
- *The Patriot*, John Williams

ART DIRECTION

- *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*, Tim Yip, art direction
- *Dr. Seuss' How the Grinch Stole Christmas*, Michael Corenblith, art direction; Merideth Boswell, set decoration
- *Gladiator*, Arthur Max, art direction; Crispian Sallis, set decoration
- *Quills*, Martin Childs, art direction; Jill Quertier, set decoration
- *Vatel*, Jean Rabasse, art direction; Françoise Benoit-Fresco, set decoration

COSTUME DESIGN

- Tim Yip, *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*
- Rita Ryack, *Dr. Seuss' How the Grinch Stole Christmas*
- Janty Yates, *Gladiator*
- Anthony Powell, *102 Dalmatians*
- Jacqueline West, *Quills*

MAKEUP

- *The Cell*
- *Dr. Seuss' How the Grinch Stole Christmas*
- *Shadow of the Vampire*

ORIGINAL SONG

- "A Fool in Love," music and lyrics by Randy Newman, *Meet the Parents*
- "I've Seen It All," music by Björk, lyrics by Lars von Trier and Sjón Sigurdsson, *Dancer in the Dark*
- "A Love Before Time," music by Jorge Calandrelli and Tan Dun, lyrics by James Schamus, *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*
- "My Funny Friend and Me," music by Sting and David Hartley, lyrics by Sting, *The Emperor's New Groove*
- "Things Have Changed," music and lyrics by Bob Dylan, *Wonder Boys*

CAST AWAY: ZADE ROSENTHAL; GLADIATOR: JASP RIJTENBUK; REQUIEM FOR A DREAM: JOHN BAER; MEET THE PARENTS: PHILLIP V. CARUSO; TRAFFIC, ERIN BROCKOVICH: BOB MARSHAK; POLLOCK: DEMMIE TODD; THE PATRIOT: ANDREW COOPER; 102 DALMATIONS: CLIVE COOTE; WONDER BOYS: FRANK CONNOR; CHOCOLAT: DAVID APPLEBY; SHADOW OF THE VAMPIRE: JEAN-PAUL KIEFFER; THE CELL: L. SEBASTIAN

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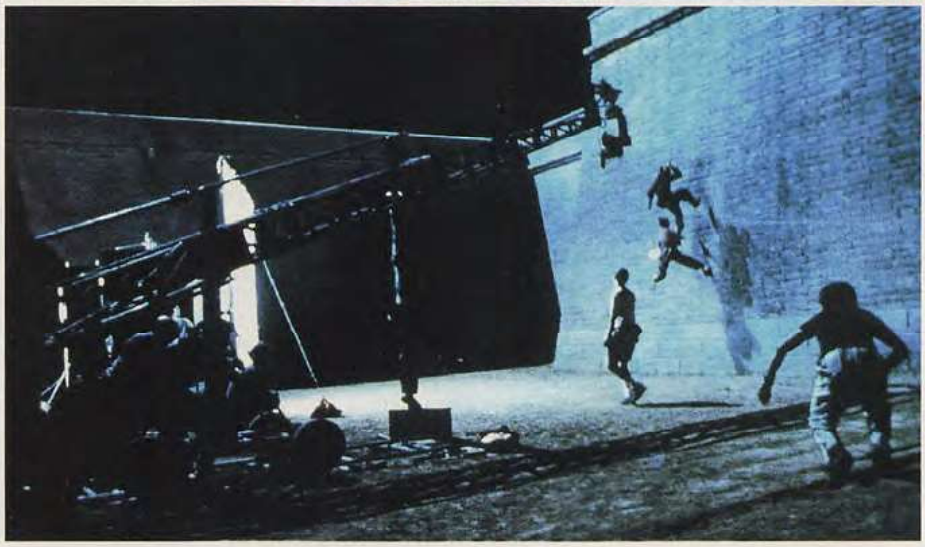
FLIGHT SCHOOL

The secrets behind Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon's soaring stunts BY JEFF JENSEN

•• *I'LL BELIEVE IT WHEN I SEE IT.* • THAT WAS YUEN WO-Ping's reaction when director Ang Lee asked the renowned action choreographer in 1997 to collaborate on a movie still two years off. "In Hong Kong, we talk about projects six months ahead of time," says Yuen, who was then working on a film that would set the stage for fantastic feats to come: *The Matrix*. "I thought, 'Two years? This may not happen.'" • But it did. And four years and 10 Oscar nods later, *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon* is the year's see-it-to-believe-it spectacle. • Here, Yuen and cinematographer Peter Pau reveal how they conjured those flying fights.

▶ **WALL OF FAME** In the movie, legendary warriors Li Mu Bai (Chow Yun-Fat) and Yu Shu Lien (Michelle Yeoh, right) and tempestuous young Jen Yu (Zhang Ziyi) owe the supersize spring in their steps to a mystical martial art. In reality, to fly from spot to spot the actors were dangled from cables strung between two cranes, then pulled from the ground by Yuen's 15-member team. Other times, a single crane was used not just for hanging and hoisting, but for moving as well. "Very tricky," says Pau, who adds that Yuen's crew tested each stunt at least five times before shooting. This kind of wire work is common in Hong Kong action films, yet Yuen says *Tiger* takes one bold leap forward. "We tried to use long shots to shoot the flying scenes. In the past, we would use just very fast cutting," he says, pointing to the movie's first set piece, a long, moonlit chase up walls and over rooftops (below right), which had Pau's cameras chasing after the actors on cranes of their own. Why the long shots? "I thought it would be much more challenging and much more beautiful." Yuen's pursuit of heaven was hell on the cast. He says he had the fight scenes choreographed about a month before shooting but his intricate kung-fu ballets weren't usually taught to the actors—who learned only fundamental movements during preproduction—until the day of shooting. "We did not have any storyboards. We went along with day-by-day planning," says Pau, though he adds that his previous experience on HK action films had prepared him for as much. Not so lucky was Chow, who had never done wire work before: His first time strung up took 18 takes to satisfy Lee. "Afterward," says Pau, "Chow would laugh and joke, 'Ang f---ed me 18 times my first time!'"

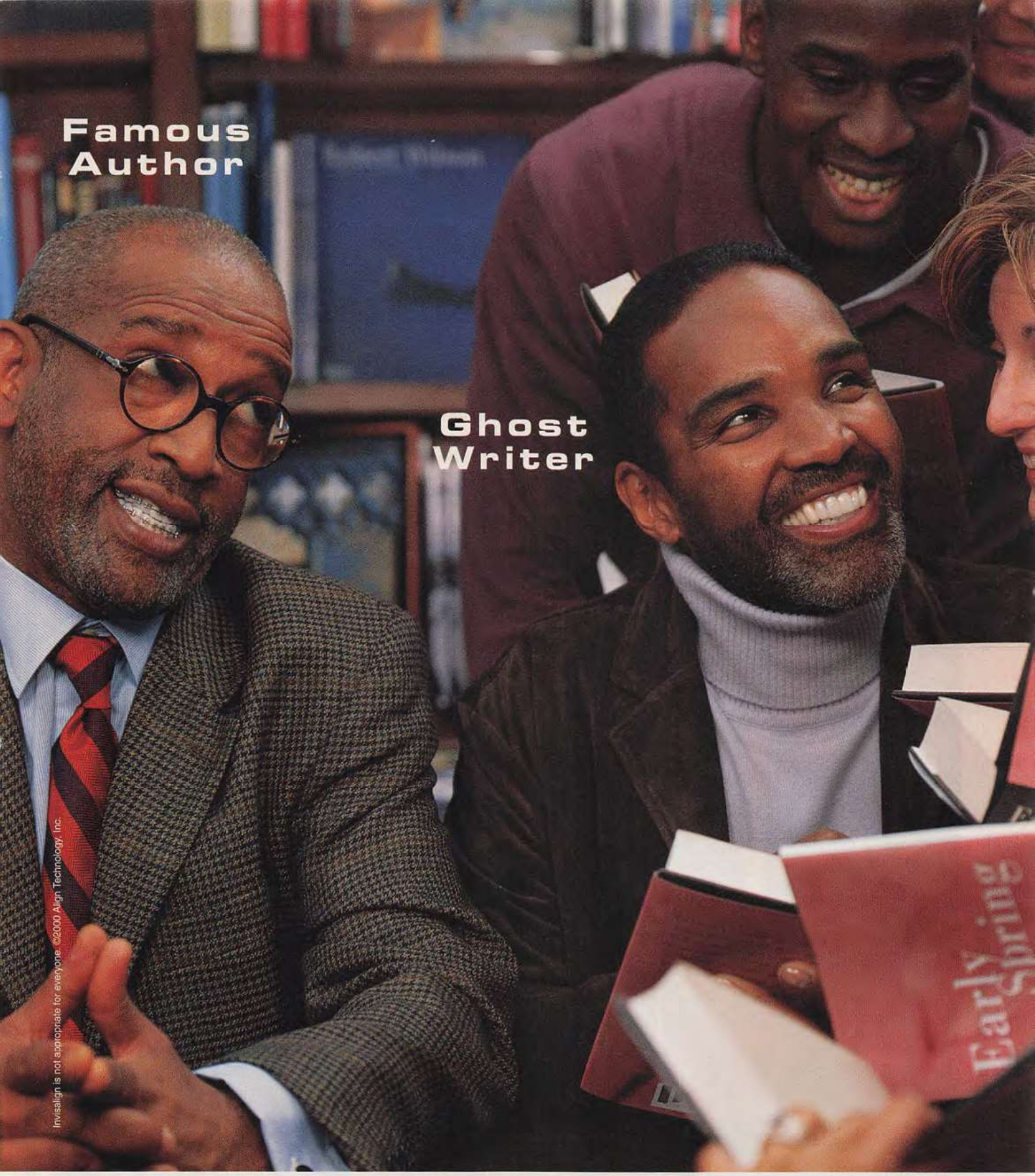


CHAN KAM CHUEN (2)

▲ **DIP COVER** Jen Yu and Li Mu Bai's treetop tussle comes to an astonishing climax as they leap from the limbs and skip across a lake to nearby rocks—in one take. "It was one of Ang's dream shots," says Pau, "showing his poetic style and taste for action." Yet it was one of the few that couldn't be created in the camera. In theory, Lee wanted Zhang to barely toe the water's placid surface; in execution, she dipped too deeply and couldn't safely land. Enter Manex Visual Effects, the U.S. outfit behind *The Matrix*, which merged eight takes and embellished them with digital animation. Manex worked on some 60 other shots, while HK-based Asia Cine Digital erased wires and cranes (left) from 300—the bamboo sequence alone took two months. Still, as Pau notes, "*Crouching Tiger* is not a 'visual-effects' film. We wanted to use human hands to create our magic, rather than send everything to digital effects."

▶ **TREE'S COMPANY** It's *Crouching Tiger*'s most jaw-dropping scene: Jen Yu sprints up a bamboo tree about 100 feet high to square off against Li Mu Bai, coolly swaying on the tip of a bowed branch. Shot over 12 rainy days on the outskirts of a dense forest in Anji, China, the sequence required five cranes—tall enough to clear the tree line—for Pau and Yuen's cameras and wires. And yes, they really did put Zhang and Chow on top of that tree. "Everything was real," says Pau—with the exception of some medium shots and close-ups, which were done on a 30-by-30-foot platform. "It was very hard for us to hang those wires, so there were times when we only got one shot a day," says Yuen. "But the result was so much better than I imagined. Our actors were able to balance themselves while maintaining the very romantic gestures."

CHAN KAM CHUEN (3)



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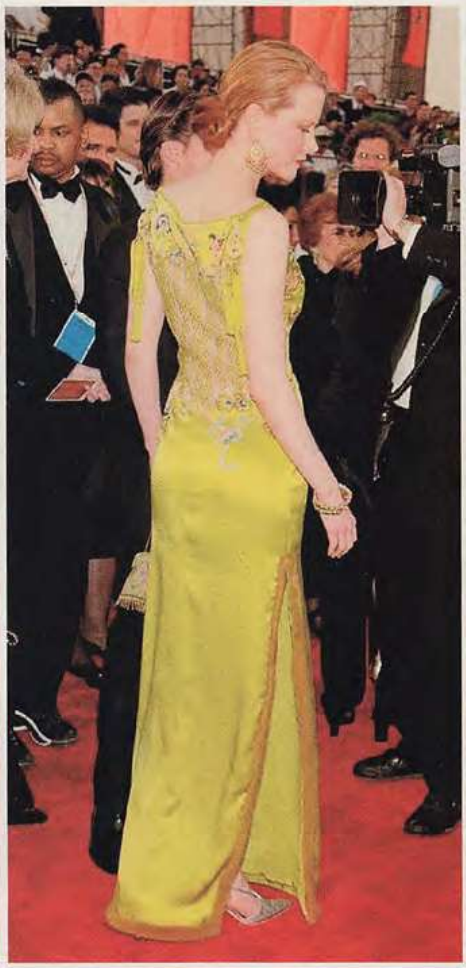
O DRESSER, WHERE ART THOU?

On the red carpet, fashion-conscious stars lean on stylists and designers BY CLARISSA CRUZ

••YOU'D THINK THE CONSUMMATE CONTENDER WOULD have an easier time than this. "I was home alone, and I put my Polaroid on a self-timer," says Best Actress nominee Joan Allen, describing her frenzied gown selection process before this year's Golden Globes. "I pushed the button, put the dress on, and ran around to have it snapped. I had about 12 dresses in my apartment, and I was always going to different designers. Now I see why people work with stylists—because it was a full-time job."

Though Allen eventually settled on (and won raves for) a stunning turquoise confection designed by Michael Kors for Celine, her rueful cry for fashion assistance was echoed by many actresses at the Globes, foreshadowing the fashion hullabaloo that culminates on Oscar night. "I probably wouldn't be wearing this great Marc Jacobs dress," said Jessica Alba, with her beaming stylist, former magazine editor Vincent Boucher, 40, at her side. "I'd probably be wearing some fugly, off-the-rack something." Added Reese Witherspoon (clad in a black Chanel dress courtesy of her longtime friend and stylist Sophie Carbonell): "I have a 17-month-old at home, so I know a lot about Baby Gap, but I don't know very much about designers. It's endlessly helpful to have someone so smart and savvy helping you out."

CRASH KORS Allen's DIY Globes primping was "pretty much an all-day sort of thing"



A-DIOR-ATION Self-styling Kidman (in 1997) frequently collaborates with designer Galliano

LACROIX, DARLING Stylist Parsia put together Zeta-Jones' traffic-stopping Globes look

ALLEN: TAMMIE ARROYO/RETNA; KIDMAN: FRANK TRAPPER/CORBIS SYGMA; ZETA-JONES: FITZROY BARRETT/GLOBE PHOTOS

Ah, the celebrity stylist. Now as indispensable to an actor's entourage as the manager, the agent, the personal trainer, and the publicist, the personal services of an in-house fashionista are no longer considered a luxury, but an image-making—or breaking—necessity. (Don't believe us? Think back to Oscar night 1999 and Celine Dion's dreadful white Dior suit.) "Fame and fortune don't give you style," says Tameka Foster-Glover, 30, who has worked with Lauren Hill and masterminded Toni Braxton's barely there Richard Tyler at last month's Grammys. "You can have all the money in the world and not know what to do with it."

Only a handful of actresses do know how to look good no matter what. That's why Gwyneth Paltrow, Julia Roberts, and Nicole Kidman are among the few who've often bypassed the celebrity dresser in favor of their own relationships with designers like Ralph Lauren, Giorgio Armani, and John Galliano for Christian Dior, respectively. (Each may be hoping to re-create Audrey Hepburn's hugely influential partnership with French designer Hubert de Givenchy, who defined the star's classic look.)

But most celebs won't get anywhere near a red carpet unless they have a stylist in tow. Charlize Theron and the L.A.-based Cindy Evans, 35, placed first in last year's Oscar fashion derby thanks to Evans' selection of a tangerine Vera Wang for Theron. Catherine Zeta-Jones' premiere strategy includes Fati Parsia, 36, a marketing exec–turned–fashion guru who advised the actress to stop traffic in a turquoise and black lace Christian Lacroix gown at the Globes. And Jennifer Lopez covers her assets thanks to help from the L.A.-based Andrea Lieberman, 33, who put the actress in a sleek, single-shouldered Valentino at the GGs, not to mention the headline-grabbing Versace ensemble at the 2000 Grammys.

This era of the high-profile celebrity dresser began in the early '90s, when designers like Nino Cerruti and Armani realized that the red carpet was the world's biggest catwalk and began campaigning harder to get their clothes seen on Oscar night. "Ten years ago, our goal was twofold: One was to return glamour to Hollywood," says Patty Fox, fashion director of this year's Academy Awards. "The next was to make the viewing public interested in what the stars were wearing. Now it's hard to believe that we even have to think about this."

Or that it's become such big business. Stylists like 37-year-old Arianne Phillips (who advises Madonna), the ubiquitous Phillip Bloch (Courtney Love, Salma Hayek, Halle Berry), and former stylist's assistant Jessica Paster (Minnie Driver, Hilary Swank, Cate Blanchett) can pull in more than $4,000 a day offering up their fashion do's and don'ts. Some have even become stars in their own right: With his frequent TV appearances, his own jewelry line on QVC, a book, and a fledgling acting career (*Return to*

PRETTY EXPENSIVE

Looking like a million costs a bundle

BEAUTY IS ONLY SKIN DEEP. WAIT, STRIKE THAT. FOR ACTRESSES, it's as deep as the pockets of the movie studio she's working for. One of Oscar's little secrets is how much movie studios must shell out to makeup artists and hairstylists to make sure their stars look picture-perfect on the big night.

Consider the tab for the 1999 ceremonies: When Gwyneth Paltrow wore a bubble-gum pink Ralph Lauren gown and boo-hooed over her Golden Boy for *Shakespeare in Love*, Miramax shelled out about $10,000 for Orlando Pita and *Face Forward* author Kevyn Aucoin to do her hair and makeup, respectively.

Last year, Aucoin, 39, was so eager to glorify the lashes and lips of the night's big favorite and ultimate winner, *Boys Don't Cry* actress Hilary Swank, he cut his $6,000-a-day fee because the budget-conscious Fox Searchlight couldn't afford it, but the studio did pick up his first-class airfare from New York City and accommodations at the Four Seasons (totaling about $4,000). "Hilary was in a very important political film," says Aucoin. "I did it as a gift to Hilary. And I was just hoping that I could add some kind of magic to help her even though she didn't need my help." Add the cost of her coif by Ray Allington and, according to an inside source, the total still came in at around $6,000.

That's a lot of moola for makeup, but many believe it can help clinch the top prize. "Actors benefit from portraying extreme characters only to reveal during their Oscar campaign that they are quite the opposite," says a campaign strategist. After playing a woman who passes as a man, it was important to emphasize Swank's femininity to help prove her astonishing transformation as an actress. "Hilary Swank is nothing like the character she played," he says.

Okay, but what about Julia Roberts? She's already a huge and beguiling star. That's just the point when it comes to paying top dollar. She regularly works with NYC-based hairstylist Serge Normant—sources say he's in the $6,000–8,000-per-day range—and makeup artist Genevieve. "When you're a two-ton elephant, you go where you want and everybody lets you because you're the attraction," offers the Oscar strategist. "I doubt if there's any resentment since she makes [the studios] money." Adds makeup artist and hairstylist Efrat, who will embellish Judi Dench for this year's Academy Awards and has worked with Oscar winner Helen Hunt and Elisabeth Shue: "We're talking about the most famous people in the world and there's a lot of pressure to create a look that people will talk about." Who knew curling irons and blush brushes could cause such a fuss?

—Tricia Johnson

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ERIC PANKE

Babylon, due this fall), Bloch, 38, who started as a model and clothing designer, is as much a fashion industry fixture as *Vogue* editor Anna Wintour.

So what exactly does a stylist do? Bloch sees himself as the producer of an awards-night image. "We did Lauren Holly for the 1997 Oscars and she wore this Valentino dress with flowers on it, and my whole thing was she should look like the White Rock nymphet," he recalls. "It's always a team effort between the celebrities, the hair and makeup, the designers, and myself—anybody that thinks it's not, that's where they go wrong. They do things like, '*Darling*, it's gotta be Gucci,' as opposed to '*Darling*, it's gotta be the White Rock nymphet.'" Whatever the fashion emergency, with scores of aspiring dressers competing for the same pool of hot celebs, customer service is key. Says Rachel Zoe Rosenzweig, whose clients include the Backstreet Boys and Jada Pinkett Smith: "The day of the Oscars the celebrity needs to be catered to. Everything from making sure everything's buttoned right, to de-linting them, to cutting seams if they ate too much. The stylist really needs to be there to buckle their *shoe*." And if that service happens to involve some crafty maneuvering, stylists say it comes with the sartorial territory.

"Usually there's only one sample of each dress—and sometimes it gets a little hairy when a celebrity is holding on to a number of [them]," admits Boucher. "[But] I have a great relationship with a lot of people and can say, 'Can I take this dress for two hours and get it back to you?'"

It's not always so congenial. Bloch shudders, recalling a particularly unscrupulous dresser at a past Oscar ceremony. According to Bloch, the stylist held on to a pile of coveted frocks, keeping others from getting a peek. "It was such a commotion and a disaster. Things happen, like stylists calling in dresses and copying them. Or other stylists who'll do 15 people for an awards show and half of them look like s---."

Then there's the threat of star clients leaving for someone else. "[Bloch] has one client that I want—Halle Berry. He needs to give her up," giggles Foster-Glover. "I heard that she had [another stylist] and he sent her a garment and offered to work for free and that was how he kind of got her." (Sniffs Bloch: "I've stayed with my clients, my clients have stayed with me. No one has a bad thing to say professionally about me—I think you hear a lot more drama...[about others].")

1

2

3

WHAT THE FROCK? (1) Holly's 1997 high-concept getup as envisioned by Bloch; sans stylists, (2) Carson and (3) Blethyn met their match at the Golden Globes

And what about avoiding—*quelle horreur!*—two stars showing up to a soiree in the same frock? Shouldn't happen, says Rosenzweig, because the designers' "PR people—they will make sure, come hell or high water, that *nobody* else could possibly be in that outfit." However, she adds, "When you're dressing someone for awards, *never* put them in anything you buy in a store because you run the risk of someone showing up in it." But double vision still happens, as it did with Brenda Blethyn and Lisa Nicole Carson, who appeared at the Globes in the same pastel Escada gown. "Maybe they both bought it retail because neither are a sample size exactly," muses Boucher.

Catty clothing catfights aside, stylists' duties involve a lot more than shopping. "A celebrity really has to feel good about what they're wearing, otherwise they won't wear it well," says Rosenzweig, who dressed Toni Collette for last year's Oscars. "Everybody has insecurities about their body—and anybody who says they don't is *lying*." Stylists have their own insecurities too. "My nightmare would be when a client is on the worst-dressed list," says Rosenzweig. "I have nightmares about that day, if it ever comes."

Fortunately, these days it seems as if there are fewer and fewer fashion faux pas like Demi Moore's biker-shorted gown at 1989's Academy Awards. For this year's show, the stylists are once again predicting more elegance. Says Foster-Glover: "Having your belly out is *out*. I'm really feeling classic stuff." Rosenzweig agrees. "There's gonna be a lot more simplicity, but with a lot more drama—low backs, draping, a lot of chiffon." Boucher believes black will be back, but notes "the power of color at the Oscars can really set you apart from the crowd."

As for Joan Allen, despite her sartorially splendid Golden Globes moment, she's chucking the Polaroid for stylist Jessica Paster. Says the actress, "The Golden Globes taught me a lesson: I couldn't do it on my own." ■ *(Additional reporting by Tricia Johnson)*

1: MIRANDA SHEN/CELEBRITY PHOTO; 2: FITZROY BARRETT/GLOBE PHOTOS; 3: KEVIN MAZUR

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ALEX BAILEY

Jude Awakening

Based on the actual heroics of a Russian sniper, *Enemy at the Gates* doesn't live up to its talented cast. by Lisa Schwarzbaum

THERE'S FRENCH, BRITish, German, and Irish production money invested in the European battlefield pic **Enemy at the Gates**, and why not: On a bookstore shelf, the spine of this muddy epic would read *Saving Private Ryan for Dummies: A World War II Movie for the Rest of Us*. It's not audience-friendly, of course, to pin Greatest Generation medals on the lapels of soldiers who fought for the triumph of Nazis, and it's iffy to cheer for Russians, whose status changed from allies to Commies. But the American story has been pretty thoroughly co-opted in recent years by Spielberg, Hanks, Tom Brokaw, et al., so what's a showman with an eye towards the international market to do?

French filmmaker Jean-Jacques Annaud, who most recently skirted pesky fascism in *Seven Years in Tibet*, hit on an interesting solution: His *Enemy at the Gates*, cowritten with Alain Godard, is a war movie in which the Nazi-dom of the Germans and the Commie-dom of the Russians is barely noted—a World War II movie deracinated from history and politics. (Not enough, apparently, for local residents who sat glumly through this picture when it was the inexplicable selection to open last month's Berlin Film Festival.)

Enemy acknowledges the cinematic importance of hideous bullet wounds, smashed bodies, and graphic images of death—*Ryan* has forever raised the stakes on depicting the suffering of grunts—but at its dumbly effective romantic heart, the movie is a simplified "happy" hero's story, based on the fame of a real Russian army recruit, Vassili Zaitsev, and immeasurably amped by the grubby beauty of Jude Law in the role.

Enemy at the Gates
STARRING
Jude Law
Ed Harris
PARAMOUNT
RATED R
131 MINUTES

COMMIE BOOK HERO Law is up in arms in *Enemy at the Gates*

Zaitsev was indeed an actual national hero, a shepherd from the Urals whose hunting skills were put to patriotic use during the cataclysmic Battle of Stalingrad. In 1942 and 1943, his bull's-eye aim helped rally the desperate, decimated Red Army and demoralize the Nazis who had until then been unstoppable. And Zaitsev is indeed alleged to have faced a showdown with an equally talented Nazi shooter, here turned into German nobleman Major Konig (Ed Harris, playing the part with precisely the kind of modulated rectitude he had no use for in portraying Jackson Pollock). For that matter, Zaitsev is said to have had a love affair with a female soldier, here named Tania and played by Rachel Weisz.

But surely not so schmaltzily. Not backed by an unrelentingly swelling score meted out by *Titanic* music composer James Horner; not with battles invoking *Gladiator*; *Gone With the Wind*, and paintings by J.M.W. Turner; and not with such panoply staged for the sake of filling the frame. The entire Battle of Stalingrad, in which some 800,000 Axis troops and over a million Soviet soldiers died, ultimately, comes down to a class struggle between two handsome men with rifles?

Annaud and cinematographer Robert Fraisse (who also shot *Tibet*) take great pains with their panoramic, meticulously plotted combat scenes, including an opening sequence with a familiar feel, in which terrified Red conscripts are mowed down as they enter Stalingrad. But the greatest pains are taken over lighting the gold-flecked eyes of Law, the burning blue peepers of Harris and, for good measure, the chocolatey brown orbs of Joseph Fiennes, cast in the prop role of Danilov, a political officer in unheroic wire-rimmed glasses.

Without Danilov, there'd be no movie-style competition for Tania's affections. Without him, there'd also be no efficient way to establish Zaitsev's reputation. "What we need are heroes," Danilov tells then general Nikita Khrushchev (Bob Hoskins with nifty prosthetic makeup), then goes about promoting the modest country boy through the newspaper articles he writes. (The intellectually snobby, politically active schemer and Khrushchev yes-man, who the script quite randomly and quite specifically points out as Jewish, may not handle a big gun, but he's got a mighty pen.)

Fiennes is done no great service by being handed such an all-purpose mop of a character with which to clean up such inconvenient odds and ends as, say, *politics and religion*, and he acquits himself, almost as well as his brother Ralph did spanning the history of Nazism and Communism last year in *Sunshine*. Harris is handed no prize in Major Konig, either, since most of his evil involves sitting gracefully silent in a wardrobe of precisely cut jackets, waiting for his prey to appear. (As for Weisz, her big reward is a sex scene cunningly obscured by grime and raggedy blankets.)

The one valuable prize for audiences in this warpic Cracker Jack box is Jude Law. Once again the talented Mr. Law makes more of a role than most movies know what to do with. (*The Talented Mr. Ripley* rose to his occasion.) And in that regard, at least, the financiers of *Enemy at the Gates* are right: International audiences may not want to hear too much about Nazis, but nobody is above the Law. **C+**

ReelWorld

News from Hollywood BY REBECCA ASCHER-WALSH

THOMPSON

DEPP

» MAIL BOXING Two months ago, author **Hunter S. Thompson** wrote a letter to Shooting Gallery president of production **Holly Sorensen**, expressing dismay that the development process for *The Rum Diary*, based on Thompson's first novel, was taking so long. "Okay, you lazy bitch," it began, a relatively warm salutation compared to the rest of the expletive-laced memo. "I have rounded up [**Johnny**] **Depp**," who will star and produce, "**Benicio Del Toro**, **Brad Pitt**, **Nick Nolte** & a fine screenwriter from England named **Michael Thomas**.... What the hell do you think making a movie is all about? Nobody needs to hear any more... about yr. new Mercedes & yr. ski trips," the gonzo legend fumed in one of the few passages we can quote.

"I'm feeling a little bit better," Thompson says now, explaining, "No one seems to have been grabbing the reins, so it might as well be me." Adds Sorensen, who is currently negotiating with a screenwriter and hopes that *Diary* can begin filming next winter, "We're friends. When you're in a relationship with Hunter, this is like meeting for a cup of coffee at Starbucks." As for Sorensen's claim that she's received other similar letters, Thompson responds, "Oh, I don't know about that. They're not nearly as finely crafted as this one."

» FURTHERMORE If you're looking for a good-luck charm, you don't have to shell out $20 million for **Julia Roberts**. Just hire cinematographer **John Mathieson**, who worked on the gigantic hits *Gladiator* (for which he's received an Oscar nomination) and *Hannibal*. Success aside, Mathieson, who is currently filming *K-PAX*, starring **Kevin Spacey**, has no desire to step out from behind the cameras. "Directing actors," he says, "is just not for me." *(Rebecca Ascher-Walsh can be reached at* reel_world@ew.com*)*

HUNTER CLUB Del Toro may reunite with Thompson

THOMPSON: WALTER WEISSMAN/GLOBE PHOTOS; DEPP: FITZROY BARRETT/GLOBE PHOTOS; DEL TORO: TAMMIE ARROYO/RETNA

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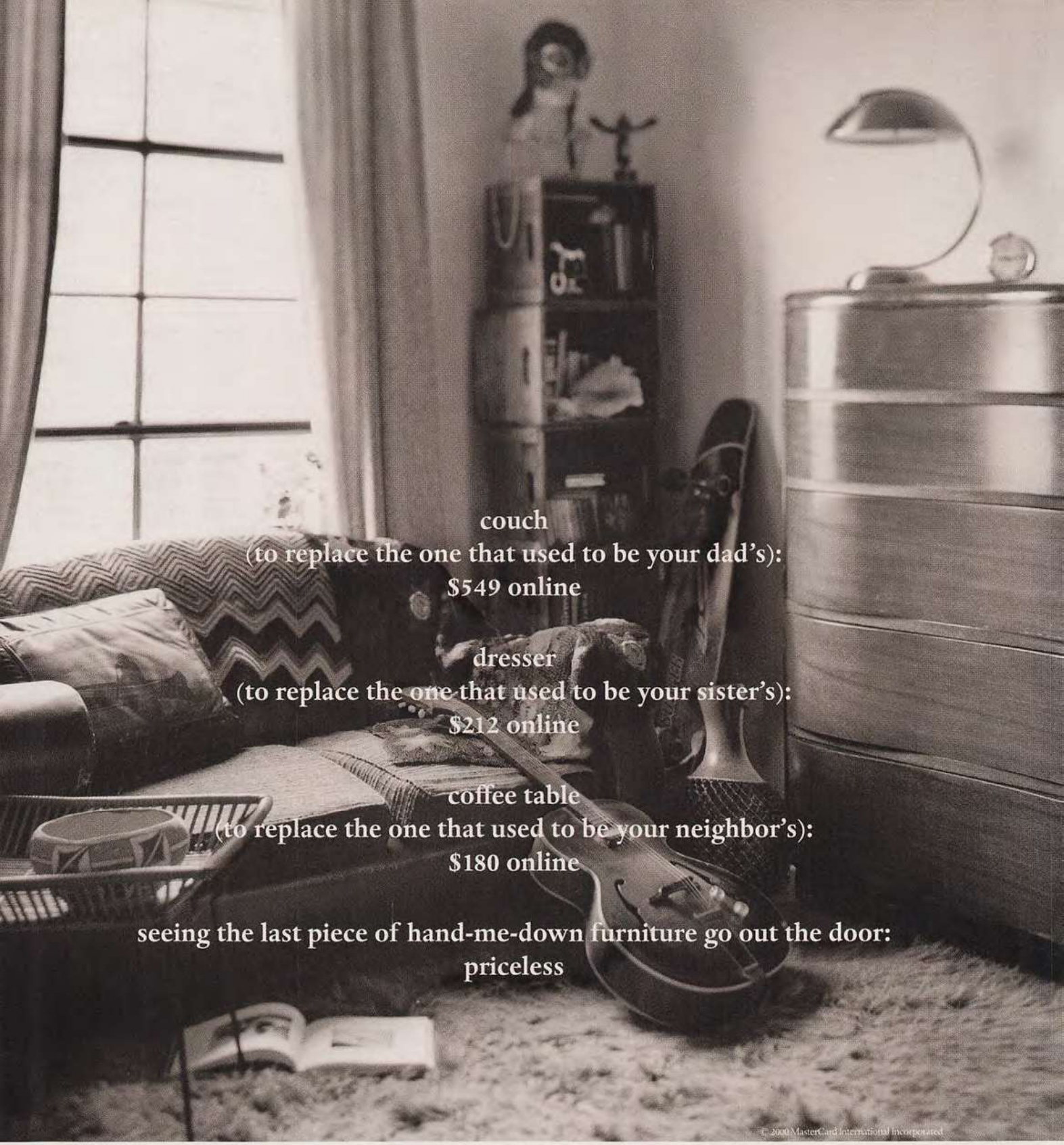
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BODY OF EVIDENCE Pearce and Moss search for clues in *Memento*

Fuhgeddaboudit

Guy Pearce turns in a memorable performance as a short-term amnesiac in the mind-bending *Memento*

Memento, CHRISTOPHER Nolan's obsessive and hypnotic thriller, unspools the dizzy, fractured tale of a man caught in his own private time warp. Leonard (Guy Pearce), frantic and disheveled, dressed in a bone white suit that looks as if he's been sleeping in it for a week, is locked in a mission of blind vengeance, a hunt for the mysterious psycho who raped and murdered his wife. In his attempt to stop the assailant, Leonard got his head smashed against a bathroom mirror, and the violent cataclysm has left him without any short-term memory. Unable to retain new information for longer than a few minutes (he can recall everything right up until the moment of the crime), he lives in a kind of perpetual present tense, his mind rewinding, over and over, in an endless loop, leaping from now to then and back again, a movement reflected in the audacious architecture of the movie itself, which is literally structured backward.

Memento, which may be the ultimate existential thriller, has a spooky repetitive urgency that takes on the clarity of a dream; it's like an Oliver Sacks case study played as luridly malevolent film noir. Leonard tracks his investigation—and, indeed, his very existence—through a series of Polaroid photographs adorned with hastily scribbled captions that attain a nearly totemic significance ("Don't believe his lies"), and by adorning his body with elaborate black ink tattoos of "facts" and clues that add up to an enigmatic map of the killer's profile.

Attempting to wrap his mind around the question mark of his own identity, Leonard may be cut off from his immediate past, but his present, as a result, exerts a singular fearsome grip. The film keeps overlapping back on the same fractured events, the same ambiguous characters—the weaselly "friend" named Teddy (Joe Pantoliano) who could be a drug dealer or a cop, the femme fatale-ish Natalie (Carrie-Anne Moss), who may have manipulated Leonard into committing a murder on her behalf. *Memento* has the uniquely disorienting quality of a puzzle that reveals its design the fewer pieces there are in place. It's the rare mystery in which every moment lives.

Memento
STARRING
Guy Pearce
Carrie-Anne Moss
NEWMARKET
RATED R
113 MINUTES

Nolan is a moody craftsman of dazzling vision and skill. *Memento* has scenes that command you with their cleverness, like the one in which we learn how Natalie got her bashed lip, or the moment when Leonard finds himself in the middle of a chase and can't remember whether he's the pursuer or the pursued. There's a suggestion that he may be a sociopathic addict, unconsciously hooked on vengeance, yet Pearce's extraordinary performance lends even the smallest events the aura of a life-or-death search, a *quest* for meaning. The actor draws on the quicksilver intelligence he displayed in *L.A. Confidential*, only here it's mixed with a perilous vulnerability. Leonard, who has to trust nearly everything he's told, is jaded yet as innocent as a child. *Memento* remains ambiguous to the end, and that feels shiveringly right. We're left with the disquieting sensation that memory itself is a kind of private inner flashback—and that, like Leonard, none of us can ever fully see the movie of our lives. **A** —*Owen Gleiberman*

DANNY ROTHENBERG

CRITICAL MASS

Here's how a sampling of critics and movie audiences from across the country grade 10 current releases.

	EW READERS www.ew.com/criticsalmass	JAMI BERNARD Knight-Ridder Syndicate	MIKE CLARK USA Today	JOANNA CONNORS Cleveland Plain Dealer	ROGER EBERT Chicago Sun-Times	RITA KEMPLEY The Washington Post	LIAM LACEY Toronto Globe and Mail	TODD McCARTHY Variety	CARRIE RICKEY Philadelphia Inquirer	RENE RODRIGUEZ The Miami Herald	ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY	CRITICS' AVERAGE
The Caveman's Valentine	—	B-	D-	B-	B	B-	—	C-	B	C	B-	C+
Down to Earth	C+	C+	D+	C	D+	C-	C	C-	C+	C	B-	C
15 Minutes	B-	D	D-	D	B	—	B-	C-	C	D	D	C-
Hannibal	B-	C+	D+	C-	C+	F	C	B-	C+	B+	B+	C
The Mexican	C+	C	C-	B+	B	B	C	B-	C	B	C+	B-
Monkeybone	C	—	D-	B-	D	C	C-	—	C	C	B+	C
Pollock	B	A-	B-	A-	A	B	—	B	B	B	B	B+
See Spot Run	C	D	—	C+	D-	C	C	—	B-	—	F	C-
Series 7	—	A-	—	B+	C	B+	—	B	—	—	B	B
3000 Miles to Graceland	C+	D	C	C-	D+	D+	F	C	D	C-	C	D+

Critical Mass Movie Poll: Grade the movies yourself at www.ew.com (AOL Keyword: EW)

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HAND MADE Filmmaker Varda reaches out in *The Gleaners and I*

Collective Soul

With the intimate documentary *The Gleaners and I* director Agnès Varda turns the camera on herself

IN THE LATE HARVEST OF her long career, 72-year-old Agnès Varda, the diminutive old girl of the French New Wave, has produced surprising new bounty. Inspired by Jean-François Millet's famous 19th-century painting of women stooping in a wheat field to gather leftovers, **The Gleaners and I** is Varda's liberating, personal documentary assemblage of scavengers, collectors, and denizens of life's margins around Paris and around countryside France. Some of them scrounge for food, others for reasons more mysterious, inspired, artistic, and personal: A hard-luck man in a gypsy caravan, his life crumbled from drink, picks up potatoes; others specialize in apples, oysters, or grapes. Some strip copper from discarded television sets, others find what they're looking for in abandoned chairs and refrigerators. One person's junk, Varda understands with equanimity and humor, is another person's treasure.

The Gleaners and I
STARRING
Agnès Varda
ZEITGEIST
UNRATED
82 MINUTES

Gleaners feels delightfully organic, eccentrically rambling, the found artistic collage of a woman who herself loves to collect. Her voice-over narration treats every man, woman, potato, and refrigerator with the kind of respect and interest that encourages even the wariest human subject to open up. (The refrigerators she opens herself; she also bites into sexy figs she picks from post-harvest trees.) Yet the casual serendipity of the project, how Varda happens to meet up with this person or that, is in fact its own soft, autobiographical lesson in wisdom gleaned from age.

Experimenting with a small digital camera that delights her, Varda shoots the white roots of her own dyed hair, examines her wrinkled fingers with astonishment, and spends happy minutes in a car trying to "catch" a truck in her hand as she passes. She's also just as amazed at a dangling lens cap that makes its way into the frame, an accident she celebrates by seizing the mistake as an opportunity. *Gleaners* persuasively encourages us to embrace chance with similar enthusiasm. **A–** —*LS*

It's Been Dunst

The teen love triangle *Get Over It* has a song in its heart, but the derivative story is tone deaf

TOMMY O'HAVER, THE DIrector of **Get Over It**, knows next to nothing about how to stage a conventional dramatic scene, but he does have one gift: He should immediately go out and make a lip-synched pop musical. In his hands, it could be a triumph—a Dennis Potter fantasia reborn as ecstatic cabaret.

Get Over It
STARRING
Kirsten Dunst
Ben Foster
MIRAMAX
RATED PG-13
84 MINUTES

O'Haver, whose first film was the 1998 gay indie mini-hit *Billy's Hollywood Screen Kiss*, relishes the whooshing extravagance of top 40 camp that crests into ironic sincerity. In the opening-credits sequence of *Get Over It*, Berke (Ben Foster), who has just been dumped by his girlfriend, skulks down a suburban street carrying the box of belongings she has just handed to him. As the camera rolls in front of him, in an unbroken shot, he's followed by the willowy pop singer Vitamin C, who mouths along to the Captain & Tennille's "Love Will Keep Us Together," as well as by a shifting, prancing cornucopia of dancers—a baton twirler, hulky carpenters—who move in and out of the frame. O'Haver clearly loves the pure bouncing beauty of this kitsch. The closing credits are nearly as good, as Sisqó performs his rendition of Earth, Wind & Fire's great "September" surrounded by animated psychedelic flowers and the entire dancing cast. The sequence has the winsome bubblegum passion, the sheer *belief*, that music videos have long lost.

But that's about all the movie has to believe in. *Get Over It* is mostly an amateur-hour fiasco. Between bouts of rancid slapstick that make *Saving Silverman* look competent, the film delivers a pastel version of a fifth-rate John Hughes love triangle. "Why do you hang out with me?" says the dour Ben Foster to Kirsten Dunst, who plays his platonic friend, and Dunst, who manages to look shiny and bored at the same time, never comes close to convincing us that there's even one reason she's hanging out with this glum, charmless, sub–Jon Cryer putz. The only performer I enjoyed watching was Martin Short, who plays a bitch-dandy music teacher with a smile so fake that the comedian seems to be acting with his gums. **D** —*OG*

BOSOM BUDDY *Get Over It*'s Dunst

GET OVER IT: KERRY HAYES

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Winner is solely responsible for all other expenses not specifically set forth herein, including (as applicable), gratuities and other incidentals. Major prizes will be awarded approximately 4-8 weeks after winner verification. For Grand and First Prize, travel is subject to availability and must be completed within one year of award date. Winner and guest are solely responsible for obtaining necessary travel documents. Winner must provide at least 21-day advance notice prior to date of departure. Winner and guest must travel together. Grand and First Prize winners will be required to sign an Affidavit of Eligibility, Liability Release, and a Publicity Release (where legal), to be returned within 14 days of receipt of prize notification. Guest of winner must execute and return a Release of Liability and a Publicity Release (where legal) prior to issuance of travel documents. In the event of noncompliance with these requirements, prize may be forfeited and an alternate winner selected. If prize/prize notification is returned as undeliverable, such prize will be forfeited and an alternate winner selected. If guest is a minor, guest's parent or legal guardian must sign release for guest. 1 prize per person/family/household/e-mail address. Prizes are not transferable. No prize substitution or cash equivalent of prize except at sole discretion of Sponsor, for a prize of equal or greater value, due to unavailability of prize for any reason. Taxes on prize are solely the responsibility of winner. In the event, in the sole judgment of Sponsor, the Internet portion of the Sweepstakes is compromised by virus, bug, non-authorized human intervention, or other cause beyond the control of Sponsor such that the Internet portion of the Sweepstakes cannot be conducted as originally planned, Sponsor reserves the right, at its sole discretion, to cancel, modify or suspend the Internet portion of the Sweepstakes. 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The following categories of persons are not eligible to enter or win: employees and their immediate families of Nabisco, Inc., (parents, children, siblings, spouse) of Nabisco, Inc., its advertising and promotion agencies, Gage Marketing Group, their respective parent companies, affiliates, retailers, subsidiaries, sales representatives and distributors, and their immediate families (parents, children, siblings, spouse) and those living in the same household (whether related or not) as such individuals. **WINNERS LIST/RULES REQUESTS.** For names of major prize winners, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope by April 30, 2001 to Creme Savers Sweepstakes – Winner's List, P.O. Box 8896W, Maple Plain, MN 55593-8896. For a copy of the official rules, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope by April 30, 2001 to: Creme Savers Sweepstakes Rules Request, P.O. Box 8895, Maple Plain, MN 55593-8896. **SPONSOR:** Nabisco, Inc., 7 Sylvan Way, Parsippany, NJ 07054.

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OUTBACK SPACE Tom Long plays an Australian witness to the Apollo 11 landing in *The Dish*

Shoot the Moon

Gently humorous and genuinely moving, *The Dish* depicts a group of Aussies who enabled us all to witness one giant leap for mankind

AUSTRALIANS ARE AS BALLSY AND friendly and forthright as Americans, only upside down. They live on a great ranch of a continent, as we do, and speak their mind, and love to laugh—only what they seem to laugh at most, to judge from recent strenuously daft and campy comedies like *Welcome to Woop Woop* and *The Castle*, are chaps making blinkered boobs of themselves lest they be voted off their own island for taking life too seriously.

The Dish
STARRING
Sam Neill
Patrick Warburton
WARNER BROS.
RATED PG-13
104 MINUTES

It's a great relief, then, to report that **The Dish**, from director Rob Sitch and the team who built *The Castle* (a huge hit Down Under, a pile of rubble here) is funny, not silly. Better than that, really: It's a lovely, original, Australian take on a climactic moment usually thought of as all-American—when astronauts from Apollo 11 walked on the moon, on July 20, 1969. This is a comedy that knows when to cut up and when to shut up and share hemisphere-uniting awe. It's the comedy Tom Hanks might produce if he were an Ozzie. In fact, it opens with a Spielbergian image: An old man makes a pilgrimage to a hallowed place, gazes in reverence, and remembers...

In this case, the shrine is a radio-telescope dish, the old man (Sam Neill in latex wrinkles) used to run the place, and Sitch builds his plot on a foundation of truth: The dish in the outback town of Parkes, Australia—then the largest of its kind in the Southern Hemisphere—really *was* employed to relay televised pictures of Neil Armstrong's small steps to the entire world, and it *was* operated by a handful of local techies joined by a man from NASA. Flashing back to that amazing summer, Sitch gently amplifies and magnifies the differences between the "no worries" casual manner of the humble Parkes crew (with dignified Neill as a cardigan-wearing, pipe-puffing Mr. Rogers sort) and the hyperefficient, horn-rimmed visiting Yank (positioned sweetly by *Seinfeld*'s Patrick Warburton as a guy who runs a tight ship but *isn't* a tight caricature).

The town, of course, has its requisite comedic personages, from the affable, excitable mayor (Roy Billing) to the tippling, visiting prime minister (home-favorite character actor Bille Brown). But Sitch knows that the moment of the breathtaking moon walk itself, the sheer hopefulness and bravery of it, is meant for tears of reverence, not jokes. This is a comedy that rises out of elation, rather than mere wacky gas. **A–** —*LS*

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You Can Trace the Origins of Maximus and Brockovich to the Same Unlikely Source

AN OFFICE GIRL AND A GLADIATOR

IF TOM HANKS TAKES HOME THE Academy Award for *Cast Away*, it's destined to be a ho-hum moment, and not just because it's his third win. Hanks' performance, fine as it is, doesn't reflect anything in the zeitgeist; he's just showing us another angle on his Hanks-ness, his wisecracking-Joe decency. The actor of the moment, the one whose performance this year tapped most deeply into what people are thinking and feeling, is Russell Crowe. In *Gladiator*, he projects a dream of heroic nihilism: His indomitable surly cool is the attitude of someone utterly at ease with the notion that he would rather die on the spot than spend a single second ingratiating himself. This, the movie says, is what a *man* is—and what too many men these days probably fear they aren't. Playing Maximus as a kind of ruthless thug royalty, an idealized Nietzschean cutthroat for corporate times, Crowe is Dirty Harry with even more sex appeal—the gruffest, most masculine romantic screen presence in a generation, and maybe since Bogart and Gable.

Julia Roberts could be Crowe's female counterpart. Her performance in *Erin Brockovich* is superb, but the fact that she delivered it while wearing all of those sexy-trashy, bosom-flaunting urban-Daisy Mae outfits—her Erin was a heroic tart—seals Roberts' status as the first true Hollywood demigoddess of the IN STYLE era. In their dual Oscar coronation (assuming that the awards go that way), Crowe and Roberts represent the culmination of something that has been returning to the culture for two decades: the Olympian omnipotence of sex roles.

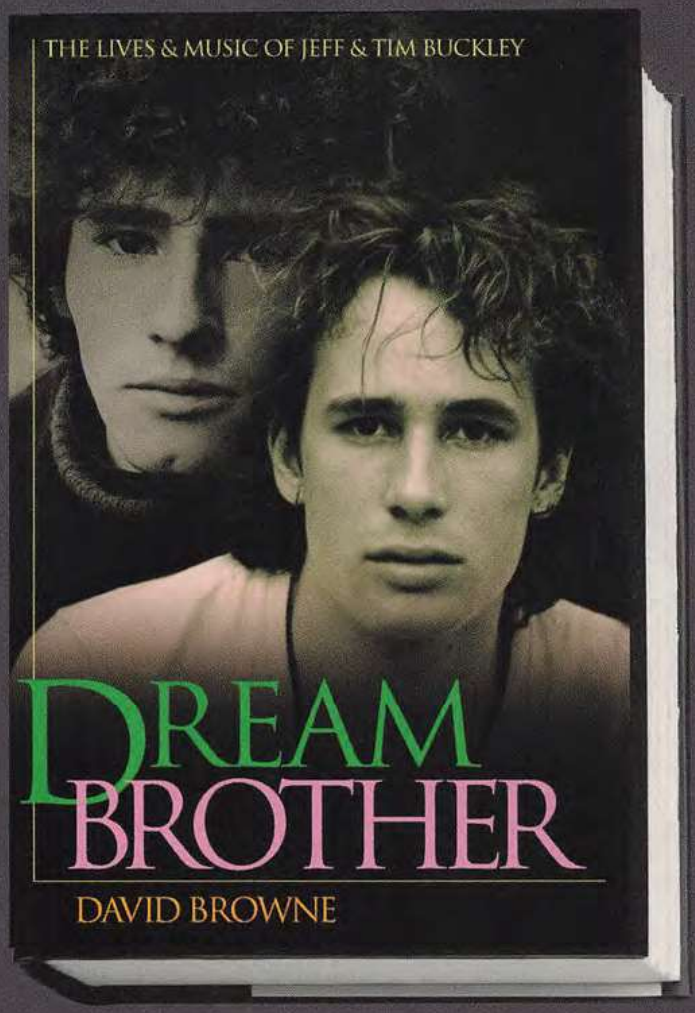
It's not that they ever went away, of course. But if you think back to the late '70s, our movies, even the blockbusters, featured such quirky matinee idols as Richard Dreyfuss, Dustin Hoffman, Robert De Niro, Mark Hamill, and Woody Allen. Sylvester Stallone in *Rocky*, John Travolta in *Saturday Night Fever*, and Harrison Ford in *Raiders of the Lost Ark* may have marked a return of traditional male bravado, but they weren't matched in those films by female costars of comparable resonance; TV's *Charlie's Angels* and, a few years later, the rise of Madonna may have spurred the fashion-chic revolution of girl power, but they, too, were out there on their own. In 1982, though, there was one movie that put it all together, that launched a popular regenesis of classical his-and-hers identity, of sex role as destiny, of romance as retro storybook fable. The real birth of the Julia Roberts–Russell Crowe era was *An Officer and a Gentleman*.

HOLLYWOOD SQUARED Crowe in *Gladiator* (top right) and Roberts in *Erin Brockovich* find their roots in the old-fashioned stance of *An Officer and a Gentleman*'s Gere and Winger

I watched it again the other day, and it's still terrific—a marvelous middlebrow weeper. Legend has it that Richard Gere and Debra Winger didn't get along on the set, but that may be part of why, on screen, they possess that rare hidden element of great chemistry, a sensual and temperamental *difference*, with Winger's soulful, randy-girl-next-door ardor—her need to be loved as powerfully as she loves—played off against Gere's cock-of-the-walk narcissism. *Officer* was the original post-feminist chick flick, as Winger's working-class "Puget deb" pines to be carried away like Cinderella by Gere's officer-in-training, but only after he shakes off his selfishness to treat her with the devotion she deserves.

What's more apparent now is that the whole vintage-Hollywood basic-training plot, which pits Gere's Zack Mayo against Louis Gossett Jr.'s tough-love paternal drill sergeant, isn't just the vehicle by which Mayo learns to care. In hindsight, it signifies the way that he—and, by implication, the audience—has to come back around, after wading through the spiritual ozone of the '60s and '70s, to embrace the ancient glories of chivalry, as well as the idealized male and female images that those glories represent. The final scene is a princess-fantasy epiphany, as Gere literally sweeps Winger off her feet, lifting both of them up, per Joe Cocker and Jennifer Warnes, "where we belong." It's no wonder we haven't come down since. —*OG*

AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN: PARAMOUNT/KOBAL COLLECTION; GLADIATOR: JAAP BUITENDIJK; ERIN BROCKOVICH: BOB MARSHAK



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The Week

Reviews by OWEN GLEIBERMAN and LISA SCHWARZBAUM

» In Theaters

BLOW DRY ◆ *(90 mins., R)* A kitschy comedy about the power of a hairdressing competition to invigorate a drab English town whose inhabitants apparently never heard of the healing properties of chocolate or male stripping. There's lots of twinkly pixie dust scattered on the principals, including Alan Rickman as a stylist, Phil; Natasha Richardson as his ex-wife, Shelly; Rachel Griffiths as her girlfriend; and Josh Hartnett as Phil and Shelly's kid caught in the middle. The part of Dame Judi Dench is played by Rosemary Harris. **C** (#587, March 16) —*LS*

THE CAVEMAN'S VALENTINE ◆ *(105 mins., R)* Like the salt-and-pepper dreadlocks Samuel L. Jackson swings so commandingly in the title role, this roiling, neo-gothic thriller is both jumbled and refined, yet there is pleasure in giving oneself up to the gusty swirls of the film's imagery. Jackson plays a gifted musician, amateur detective, and paranoid schizophrenic who follows his instincts to find the killer of a young male drifter. Colm Feore plays a trendy art photographer who had used the victim as a model. **B–** (#587, March 16) —*LS*

COMPANY MAN ◆ *(81 mins., PG-13)* If Kevin Spacey had a gangly nerd cousin who did an impersonation of Jack Lemmon at his most hyper-fastidious, he might come off something like Douglas McGrath, the cowriter, codirector, and star of *Company Man*. McGrath's Allen Quimp is a prissy, harmless geek—a grammar teacher who somehow becomes a CIA operative, then ends up in Cuba on the eve of the Castro revolution. If you've always longed to see a Cold War satire done in the hit-'em-over-the-head frantic-camp mode of *Love, American Style*, then *Company Man* is the movie for you. **D+** (#587, March 16) —*OG*

CROUCHING TIGER, HIDDEN DRAGON ◆ *(119 mins., PG-13)* The fight sequences in Ang Lee's triumphant Hong Kong-style martial-arts flick are guaranteed to elicit applause. Chow Yun-Fat and Michelle Yeoh are warriors who share an unspoken love. **A** (#572, Dec. 8) —*LS*

DOWN TO EARTH ◆ *(88 mins., PG-13)* It's fun to see Chris Rock play a struggling, not-so-great comedian who, having been dispatched to heaven before his time, gets a reprieve on earth in the best available body at the moment—that of an old, pale plutocrat. The riffs are predictably taut, enhanced by the notion that although we see him as slim, black Rock, those around him see a lardy white guy who digs DMX's "Ruff Ryders' Anthem." **B–** (#585, March 2) —*LS*

15 MINUTES ◆ *(120 mins., R)* The stealthy homicide cop (Robert De Niro) isn't just an ace detective,

REALITY BITES Glenn Fitzgerald has the broadcast blues in *Series 7*

he's a bona fide celebrity. The evil foreign hooligans are jovial freaks who videotape themselves committing a pair of grisly murders and then come up with the scheme of hawking one of the snuff videos to a tabloid TV show. How American! How Warholian! How completely and utterly... unbelievable. With its fake-relevant media satire, its mismatched actors going through the motions of yet another tough-buddy romance, *15 Minutes* is stacked with situations that are hyped yet numb, focus-grouped rather than felt. De Niro may never have walked through a role quite this joylessly, and he's matched for sheer dullness by the handsome but miserable-looking Edward Burns. **D** (#587, March 16) —*OG*

HANNIBAL ◆ *(131 mins., R)* Ridley Scott's gruesomely engrossing sequel lacks the rounded emotional elegance of *The Silence of the Lambs*, but, at its best, it casts a grisly fairy-tale spell. Dr. Hannibal Lecter (Anthony Hopkins) is now living in Florence under a courtly alias. He and Clarice Starling (Julianne Moore) spend the film tracking each other's moves, and the result is a kind of *Silence in Seattle*. **B+** (#582, Feb. 16) —*OG*

THE MEXICAN ◆ *(120 mins., R)* This would-be Peckinpah, wannabe-Tarantino story stars Brad Pitt as a conflicted Mob bagman sent south of the border to retrieve an antique pistol and Julia Roberts as his high-strung girlfriend, who is kidnapped by James Gandolfini as a complex, anti-ironic hitman out to ensure the gun's safe return. It would have been a perfectly okay, B-size product, a business meeting of Hollywood royalty, but for Gandolfini's A-level performance, which ups our hope for a story with true grit. **C+** (#586, March 9) —*LS*

MONKEYBONE ◆ *(87 mins., PG-13)* There's unwieldy mess but also unruly brilliance to this dark and fun-

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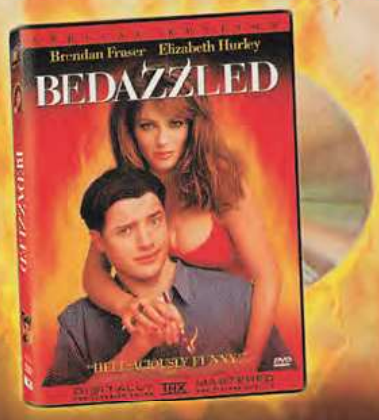

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WINNER OF THE WEEK

'Traffic'

High-octane Oscar buzz fuels the star-studded ensemble drug-biz film toward the magical $100 million milestone.

LOSERS OF THE WEEK

Old Theaters

America's struggling movie exhibitors are currently shuttering screens at a rate of about 200 per month.

ny story about the havoc that ensues when a man's id is allowed the run of the place. Brendan Fraser, an actor in touch with his inner ape, is a cartoonist who comes undone while in a coma. This overloaded, wildly creative film is the signature work of Henry Selick (*The Nightmare Before Christmas*). **B+** (#586, March 9) —*LS*

POLLOCK ◆ *(117 mins., R)* The casting of Ed Harris as Jackson Pollock is so right as to seem inevitable. The painting scenes are everything you hope for, and there are juicy insider glimpses of the New York art world. But once Pollock settles into the war between creativity and alcohol that would destroy him, his demons remain not so much enigmatic as blankly out of reach. **B** (#583/584, Feb. 23) —*OG*

RECESS: SCHOOL'S OUT ◆ *(82 mins., G)* The familiar resourceful kids and dunderheaded adults of the popular children's TV cartoon *Disney's Recess* play their assigned roles in this dinner-theater-quality feature-length animation. **C** (#583/584, Feb. 23) —*LS*

SEE SPOT RUN ◆ *(95 mins., PG)* A sub-Adam Sandler "family" caper movie in which David Arquette, grinning like a smarmy stoned idiot, is teamed with Spot, a.k.a. Agent Eleven, a bull mastiff who's a drug-sniffing FBI "agent." Trapped in a slip-sliding duel with doggie doo, Arquette cries out, "I'm covered in caca!" He certainly is; it's called *See Spot Run*. **F** (#586, March 9) —*OG*

SERIES 7 ◆ *(86 mins., R)* At first, the joke looks too obvious for words. A cool-blooded parody of reality TV, Daniel Minahan's film follows six contestants on a popular television series called *The Contenders* as they stalk each other in parks, homes, and shopping malls. The underlying gag is that their action-news savagery is the ultimate in packaged, conformist behavior. As Dawn, the show's eight-months-pregnant champion, Brooke Smith hurls her bulky body around the wintry avenues of Newbury, Conn., with a willful ferocity even scarier than the harm she inflicts on her fellow contestants. **B–** (#586, March 9) —*OG*

3000 MILES TO GRACELAND *(121 mins., R)* Kurt Russell and Kevin Costner team up in a numbingly violent, sub-Tarantino potboiler—the studio version of an indie variation on kinetic studio trash. **C** (#585, March 2) —*OG*

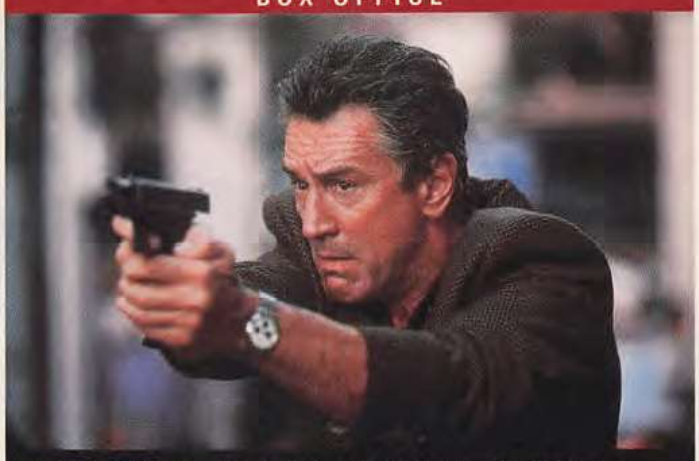
TRAFFIC ◆ *(147 mins., R)* Steven Soderbergh's epic drug-war drama has a tingly panoramic excitement. **A** (#576, Jan. 5) —*OG*

WHEN BRENDAN MET TRUDY *(94 mins., unrated)* A light, charming romantic comedy, from a script by rollicking Dublin bard Roddy Doyle, about a film geek (Peter McDonald) unprepared for the passion offered by a devil-may-care lass (Flora Montgomery) who's a burglar by profession. The movie maneuvers between cinemaphiliac homage, tweak, and a gleeful send-up of middle- and highbrow sensibilities. **B+**(#587, March 16) —*LS*

More reviews at www.ew.com (AOL Keyword: EW)

ILLUSTRATION BY DREW FRIEDMAN; *15 MINUTES*: P.V. CARUSO

BOX OFFICE



ET TWO, BRUTE? De Niro fails to rob *The Mexican* for *15 Minutes*

ALMOST FAMOUS

AH, FLEETING FAME. *15 MINUTES* MUST HAVE FELT LIKE a lifetime to New Line suits, who were reportedly expecting a $15 million-plus opening and instead watched *The Mexican* mariachi all over their Robert De Niro thriller. Indeed, Brad and Julia remained *en fuego*, hauling in 12 million-plus additional pesos to secure the No. 1 spot for the second week in a row. With relatively modest production costs of about $40 million, the movie's 10-day total of $38.4 million is looking NAFTA-lutely fabulous. In the three spot, *See Spot Run* refused to heel, play dead, or even sit, burying $6.6 million in the backyard for a bone-worthy $18 million cume. Lower down, *Down to Earth* floated past $50 million and Kirsten Dunst's *Get Over It* failed to get over the $5 million mark.

TOP 20

		WEEKEND GROSS*	NO. OF SITES†	WEEKEND PER-SITE AVERAGE	WEEKS IN RELEASE	GROSS TO DATE
1	**THE MEXICAN** *DreamWorks*	$12.2	2,959	$4,138	2	$38.4
2	**15 MINUTES** *New Line*	$10.5	2,337	$4,503	1	$10.5
3	**SEE SPOT RUN** *Warner Bros.*	$6.6	2,656	$2,490	2	$18.0
4	**HANNIBAL** *MGM*	$5.8	2,947	$1,984	5	$151.5
5	**DOWN TO EARTH** *Paramount*	$5.6	2,521	$2,216	4	$51.1
6	**CROUCHING TIGER, HIDDEN DRAGON** *Sony Pictures Classics*	$4.3	1,756	$2,424	14	$94.5
7	**GET OVER IT** *Miramax*	$4.1	1,742	$2,374	1	$4.1
8	**TRAFFIC** *USA Films*	$3.9	1,678	$2,347	11	$97.5
9	**CHOCOLAT** *Miramax*	$3.8	1,928	$1,994	13	$51.0
10	**RECESS: SCHOOL'S OUT** *Walt Disney*	$2.3	2,339	$987	4	$30.6
11	**O BROTHER, WHERE ART THOU?** *Touchstone*	$1.7	826	$2,065	12	$33.1
12	**CAST AWAY** *20th Century Fox*	$1.6	1,289	$1,206	12	$225.9
13	**THE WEDDING PLANNER** *Columbia*	$1.4	1,223	$1,151	7	$57.3
14	**3000 MILES TO GRACELAND** *Warner Bros.*	$1.2	1,933	$634	3	$14.5
15	**SWEET NOVEMBER** *Warner Bros.*	$1.2	1,624	$752	4	$23.4
16	**SAVE THE LAST DANCE** *Paramount*	$1.1	1,023	$1,052	9	$86.0
17	**POLLOCK** *Sony Pictures Classics*	$.8	155	$4,948	13††	$2.7
18	**CARMAN: THE CHAMPION** *8X Entertainment*	$.4	223	$1,931	2	$1.3
19	**FINDING FORRESTER** *Columbia*	$.4	363	$1,104	12	$50.6
20	**WHAT WOMEN WANT** *Paramount*	$.4	395	$945	13	$180.2

SOURCE: ACNIELSEN EDI, INC. WEEKEND OF MARCH 9–11, *WEEKEND GROSS AND GROSS-TO-DATE FIGURES IN MILLIONS
†INCLUDES SOME MULTISCREEN THEATERS AND PRINTS SHIPPED AS WELL AS INDIVIDUAL SCREENS
††TRACKING BEGAN WITH BRIEF 2000 OSCAR-ELIGIBILITY RELEASE

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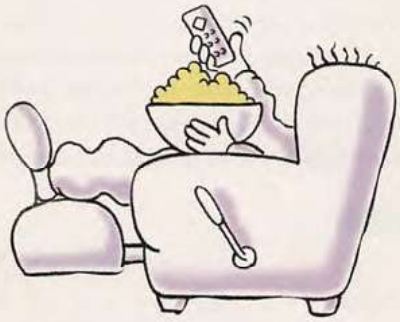

4. Locate remote. Allow body to fall backwards.

5. Pop fluffy kernel into mouth. Repeat. Repeat. Repeat.

6. Move over. You've got company.

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VIDEO What to Watch

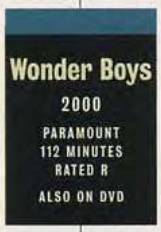
A comprehensive guide to what's new on tape and DVD—blockbusters, classic picks, genre flicks, and much more

DUDE, WHERE'S MY DONUTS? Maguire and Douglas steal a moment

Hot for Teacher

Michael Douglas excels as a college professor at the end of his rope in *Wonder Boys*. by Michael Sauter

TRANSFORMED BY SHAGGY hair and some dorky tortoise shell specs, Michael Douglas is comically woeful as **Wonder Boys**' Grady Tripp, a once-celebrated author/professor free-falling through a midlife crisis. Contending with his brilliant but morbid star student (Tobey Maguire), his compulsively horny book editor (Robert Downey Jr.) and his married, pregnant mistress (Frances McDormand)—whose husband also happens to be his boss—the beleaguered Tripp endures a series of social mishaps that can best be described as painfully funny. Maybe you'll laugh at his all-too-human condition. Most likely, you'll also wince.



And maybe that level of discomfort explains why this sleeper—director Curtis Hanson's first effort since *L.A. Confidential*—failed to find a wide audience, despite critics' kudos and Golden Globe nods (not to mention last fall's limited theatrical rerelease). Poor Professor Tripp's many tribulations just don't lend themselves to mindless chuckles between mouthfuls of multiplex popcorn; they resonate too deeply for that. They represent a troubled hero's comeuppance, his wake-up call, and ultimately, his redemption. **B+**

WHAT WE SAID THEN: "*Wonder Boys* is never less than affectionate, yet it's also rather lackluster." **C+** (#527, Feb. 25, 2000) —*Owen Gleiberman*

WONDER BOYS: FRANK CONNOR; ABSOLUTELY FABULOUS: BBC ENTERPRISES

NEW TO DVD

ABSOLUTELY FABULOUS ◆ *(1994, BBC, 670 mins., unrated, $99.98 for boxed set)* This is the kind of love triangle people usually don't think about. Spoiled and needy Edina (*AbFab* cocreator and writer Jennifer Saunders), loco for Lacroix and living off the largesse of her two ex-husbands, adores her best friend, the perpetually soused party girl Patsy (Joanna Lumley), and relies on her sensible, long-suffering daughter, Saffron (Julia Sawalha). Naturally, Patsy and Saffron detest each other. As viewers of this hugely popular Britcom (which first aired in the U.S. in 1994 and has been a Comedy Central staple ever since) will recall, Patsy almost always prevails—and now, with the DVD release of this three-season, 18-episode, four-disc collection, you can revisit Eddie and Patsy as their constant quest for expensive fun (preferably with the aid of sex, drugs, and shopping bags) takes them from Knightsbridge, England, to New York, France, and even Morocco.

In fact, the episodes themselves hold up so well that everything else in this set comes off as comparatively tame. Each season's six-show disc contains some mildly amusing outtakes, a somewhat dull assortment of stills, and a BBC America commercial. The best offering on the fourth, bonus disc is the nascent Edina's first TV appearance, in a sketch called "Modern Mother and Daughter" that Saunders and partner Dawn French performed on their BBC variety show in 1990. A primer about the show's locations is useful, as is the brief audio guide to regulars and guest stars, including Helena Bonham Carter, Miranda Richardson, and—yes—Lulu! (Best bit of trivia: Lumley was a Bond girl in 1969's *On Her Majesty's Secret Service.*) Rather more disappointing are the tedious behind-the-scenes tour and "*AbFab* Moments," a mockumentary full of warmed-over excerpts. Nevertheless, even if it's not absolutely fabulous (you knew that was coming), this collection is still pretty darn good. **B** —*Caren Weiner Campbell*

DRAMA

REMEMBER THE TITANS
Denzel Washington, Will Patton *(2000, Walt Disney, 114 mins., PG, also on DVD)* As subtle as a nose tackle, this "we *can* all get along" true story plays like a symphony composed entirely of high notes: Stirring, yes, but one longs for the lulls that make the music soar. Of course, there is something incredibly moving about how black football coach Herman Boone (Washington, righteously indignant as always) triumphantly integrates a high school squad. Sports movies have a way of reducing complex themes to easily digestible emotional hooks. That's their power, and the gridiron scenes here don't disappoint. Problem is, race relations can't be simmered down into a team conflict. Ironically, it's just not as simple as black and white. **B** —*Marc Bernardin*

'REMEMBER THE TITANS'

'DANCER IN THE DARK'

DANCER IN THE DARK ◆ **Björk, Catherine Deneuve** *(2000, New Line, 141 mins., R, also on DVD)* The pop star Björk, sweet as a sugarcube, plays a factory worker suffering from the encroachment of hereditary blindess, and suffering further by toiling to pay for eye surgery for her 12-year-old son. Her only succor is music, mainly in the form of escapist daydreams that erupt, on screen, into dance numbers. Director Lars von Trier seems unashamed of horsewhipping his audience with mawkishness—exploitative emotional bombast that spoils the subtleties of honest feeling. His talent for wrapping us up in sadness is profound, which makes it all the sadder that this wrenching movie is a failed masterpiece. **B–** —*Troy Patterson*

MADE-FOR-TV

TUESDAYS WITH MORRIE
Jack Lemmon, Hank Azaria *(2000, Touchstone, 89 mins., PG)* Produced by Oprah Winfrey (natch), this Emmy-winning adaptation of Mitch Albom's best-seller manages to skirt violin-drenched sentimentality—yet still hit you right in the tear ducts. As dying professor Morrie Schwartz, Lemmon teeters between hamminess and profundity; meanwhile, Azaria, as Albom, conveys remarkable depth with a minimum of fuss. Serious actors, serious issues (fear, death, love)...be ready for serious conversations when the tape ends. **B+** —*Caren Weiner Campbell*

'TUESDAYS WITH MORRIE'

FOREIGN LANGUAGE

MADADAYO ◆ **Tatsuo Matsumura, Kyoko Kagawa** *(1992, Fox Lorber, 134 mins., unrated, subtitled, also on DVD)* Akira Kurosawa's final project is an intimate affair—a fond fictional portrait of a real-life artist that opens with the writer Hyakken Uchida (Matsumura) announcing his retirement from teaching to his beloved students. Skipping through Uchida's life, the director sketches a tale about friendship, devoting his famed intensity to a swan song that's quietly passionate about life and gently philosophical about death. **B** —*TP*

BOXED SET OF THE WEEK

IRISH EYES ARE ROCKIN'

FROM A WHISPER TO A SCREAM ***(2001, Fox Lorber, 155 mins., unrated, 3 vols., also on DVD)*** **Even Van Morrison, the godfather of Irish rock, believes U2 launched Ireland's music industry, but this spirited journey through the misty history of rock on the Emerald Isle shows it took a village to achieve orbit. Producer-director David Heffernan's jam-packed documentary revels in the artists who both forged the way for and followed the internationally famous foursome (big names like Thin "The Boys are Back in Town" Lizzy, Clannad, and the Cranberries as well as lesser-knowns like Rory Gallagher, Stiff Little Fingers, and Ash). Archival material, live footage, and a broad range of interviews with locals like journalist Niall Stokes, *In the Name of the Father* director Jim Sheridan, Bono, and Boomtown Rats frontman/Live Aid organizer Bob Geldof help keep the detailed musical tour apace. And while the real story behind the music may not be as rosy as Heffernan suggests (the country's complex politics get lost in the mix), it proves Bono spoke for more than his band when he declared "We're Irish and we're going to be back." A– —*Erin Richter***

'FROM A WHISPER TO A SCREAM'

KIRSTEN DUNST

LOVER'S PRAYER ◆ **Kirsten Dunst, Nick Stahl** *(2001, First Look, 106 mins., PG-13)* In pre-Crimean War Russia, pretty boy naïf Vladimir (*Disturbing Behavior*'s Stahl) has a major jones for flaxen-tressed princess Zinaida (Dunst), a demoiselle whose winsome ways and coquettish manner thinly mask a sordid secret. This adaptation, which merges stories by Chekhov and Turgenev, reduces costar (and current Oscar nominee) Julie Walters to a screeching harpy and is burdened with lumbering narration ("All of a sudden, I liked me"), making this period piece so appalling and self-absorbed that it evokes the title of a current Dunst film: *Get Over It.* **C–** —*Allyssa Lee*

THE CROW: SALVATION ◆ **Eric Mabius, Kirsten Dunst** *(2001, Dimension, 102 mins., R, also on DVD)* Once again, two lovers are separated by murder and the male half comes back from the dead to mete out justice. And once again, there's a lot of fire, darkly lit streets, and ominous fowl. Dunst plays the sister of the murdered girl, and she has to cope with the fact that her nefarious daddy did a bad, bad thing. Whatever. The Goth-fi franchise that Brandon Lee launched continues in this third installment, but sadly, it feels about as fresh as dead flowers. **C–** —*MB*

REMEMBER THE TITANS: TRACY BENNETT; *TUESDAYS WITH MORRIE*: EVERETT COLLECTION; U2: TOM SHEEHAN/LFI

WORST IDEA EVER OF THE WEEK

Vampire Cows On The Runway

New Line promoted the vid premiere of *The Little Vampire* with a "Vampire Cow Fashion Show," where "trained cattle [modeled] vampire clothing." Mad cow disease strikes again!

COMEDY

THE TAO OF STEVE • **Donal Logue, Greer Goodman** *(2000, Columbia TriStar, 90 mins., R, also on DVD)* A genial slacker comedy about an unlikely Don Juan (Logue), whose ease with the ladies is challenged by an old college conquest. Clever dialogue—including smarty-pants disquisitions on the titular how-to-score philosophy—an indie-attractive cast (Goodman shares writing credit; her sister directed), and a pitch-perfect soundtrack make for a film as charming as its roly-poly hero. **B** —*Alice King*

LUCKY NUMBERS • **John Travolta, Lisa Kudrow** *(2000, Paramount, 105 mins., R, also on DVD)* As far as Travolta flicks go, *The General's Daughter* had more laughs. The star smirks his way through Nora Ephron's witless fiasco as a cash-strapped weatherman who conspires with a local lottery girl (a shockingly unlikable Kudrow) to rig the Pennsylvania sweepstakes. The title couldn't be less apt: This cynical sour ball brings nothing but bad luck to everyone involved—especially the audience. **D–** —*Bruce Fretts*

THE SPECIALS • **Thomas Haden Church, Rob Lowe** *(2000, Pioneer, 82 mins., R, also on DVD)* A superhero spoof marginally more amusing than *Mystery Men*, *The Specials* is the name of a dufus supergroup led by the pompous Strobe (Church). With jokes on the level of "How 'bout the time we captured and drained The Amazing Blister?" *The Specials*' funniest moment may be a cameo by *Sabrina, the Teenage Witch*'s Melissa Joan Hart as Sunlight Grrrl, a feminist superheroine whose costume features sunflower petals framing her face. **C** —*Ken Tucker*

'LUCKY NUMBERS'

THEATER

JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR **Glenn Carter, Jerome Pradon** *(2001, Universal, 112 mins., unrated, also on DVD)* The anguished, rock god of Andrew Lloyd Webber and Tim Rice's hippie-chic pop opera has died...and been resurrected as a smug Buddy Christ in this *Rent*-stabilized revival. Filmed at Britain's Pinewood Studios between its London and NYC runs, the video highlights the musical's overwrought staging and over-dramatic performances. Among the sinners is Carter, the only one of the vid's lead players who appeared in the U.K. and Broadway productions. His beatific son of God proves no vocal match for Judas (Pradon), nor does this incarnation compare to Norman Jewison's much more powerful 1973 film version. **C–** —*ER*

ILLUSTRATION BY DREW FRIEDMAN; *LUCKY NUMBERS*: RICHARD FOREMAN; *MEET THE PARENTS*: PHILLIP V. CARUSO

THE CHARTS

FRESH 'MEET'

'MEET THE PARENTS'

PROSPECTIVE SONS-IN-law may lie, but the numbers sure don't. After a lucrative theatrical run, *Meet the Parents* milked an impressive 5 million rentals in its first week of release, putting it safely in the top spot. That's good news for Robert De Niro, who needed the boost after the squirrelly No. 29 debut of *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle*. And speaking of contenders: *The Contender* had to settle for No. 3, despite Oscar nods for stars Joan Allen and Jeff Bridges.

TAPE RENTALS

LAST WEEK			GROSS TO DATE	WEEKS ON CHART	EW VIDEO GRADE
1	—	**MEET THE PARENTS** Robert De Niro	$166.0	1	C
2	1	**BEDAZZLED** Brendan Fraser	$37.9	2	C
3	—	**THE CONTENDER** Joan Allen	$17.8	1	B+
4	3	**NURSE BETTY** Renée Zellweger	$25.2	2	C–
5	2	**WHAT LIES BENEATH** Michelle Pfeiffer	$155.4	6	B+
6	4	**BRING IT ON** Kirsten Dunst	$68.4	4	B
7	5	**THE ORIGINAL KINGS OF COMEDY** Steve Harvey	$38.2	2	B–
8	6	**THE WATCHER** James Spader	$28.9	3	C–
9	7	**BLESS THE CHILD** Kim Basinger	$29.4	4	D
10	9	**ME, MYSELF & IRENE** Jim Carrey	$90.6	9	C
11	8	**LOST SOULS** Winona Ryder	$16.8	2	D
12	10	**GET CARTER** Sylvester Stallone	$15.0	4	C
13	12	**COYOTE UGLY** Piper Perabo	$60.8	8	C–
14	13	**DR. T & THE WOMEN** Richard Gere	$13.1	5	D
15	14	**LADY AND THE TRAMP II...** Animated	—	2	B
16	11	**DISNEY'S THE KID** Bruce Willis	$69.7	7	B+
17	15	**GLADIATOR** Russell Crowe	$186.6	16	A
18	18	**GONE IN 60 SECONDS** Nicolas Cage	$101.7	14	D
19	17	**HOLLOW MAN** Kevin Bacon	$73.2	10	B–
20	16	**BOOK OF SHADOWS: BLAIR...** Kim Director	$26.4	3	D–

SOURCE: *VIDEO BUSINESS* FOR THE WEEK ENDING MARCH 11, 2001
BOX OFFICE GROSS-TO-DATE FIGURES IN MILLIONS. SOURCE: ACNIELSEN EDI, INC., AND EXHIBITOR RELATIONS CO, INC.

EW RECOMMENDS

	EW VIDEO GRADE
ALMOST FAMOUS Billy Crudup *(DreamWorks, R)* Cameron Crowe's coming-of-age story is as sappily and wonderfully poetic as an Elton John ballad.	A–
THE LEGEND OF DRUNKEN MASTER Jackie Chan *(Dimension, R)* Forget Chris Tucker—Jackie Chan's best sidekick ever was a bottle of booze.	A
THE TIC CODE Gregory Hines *(Universal, R)* A sleeper drama that bravely avoids *Afterschool Special*-style lessons about Tourette's syndrome.	B+

COMING UP

CHARLIE'S ANGELS *(Columbia TriStar, PG-13)* Drew, Cameron, and Lucy prove they can indeed get down like that in the big-screen version of the '70s series.

GIRLFIGHT *(Columbia TriStar, R)* Boxing neophyte Michelle Rodriguez shows that all a feisty Brooklyn gal needs to be happy is a ring.

ONCE IN THE LIFE *(Trimark, R)* Laurence Fishburne goes all David Mamet and directs the film version of his drug-deal-gone-sour play.

RED PLANET *(Warner, PG-13)* Marooned on the red planet, Val Kilmer discovers the origin of human life—wait, that was a different mission to Mars.

RUGRATS IN PARIS—THE MOVIE *(Paramount, G)* Armed with their overactive imaginations, these animated tykes bring the French to their knees.

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BRIGITTE LACOMBE

Wit
9 PM
MARCH 24
HBO

Poetic Justice

Can Emma Thompson's turn as a dying professor in HBO's sharp *Wit* breathe life into the ailing TV-movie genre? **by Ken Tucker**

THE MADE-FOR-TELEvision movie is in peril right now. This, despite the fact that HBO has produced a couple of corkers, such as its recent, extraordinarily directed civil rights saga *Boycott* and, premiering this week, **Wit**, starring Emma Thompson as an English professor dying of cancer.

But the broadcast networks are at a loss as to how to deploy this genre. The era of the multipart miniseries seems, for the moment, to be a dying relic. The two-hour TV movie is endangered both by repetition (too many diseases-of-the-week weepies) and competition: Cable outlets such as TBS and Lifetime Television crank out everything from Westerns to up-with-women melodramas, some with fair ratings, few of great quality.

For a while, NBC could rely upon producer Robert Halmi Sr.'s largely European-made extravaganzas (such as the highly entertaining *Merlin*) to attract big crowds, but recent Halmis, such as the flabby epic *The 10th Kingdom*, were the sort of thing you wish *Mystery Science Theater 3000* was still around to make fun of. The guys doing the canniest TV-movie work for the networks are the producers Craig Zadan and Neil Meron, who've tapped into one area that's a novelty for TV viewers: the musical. Zadan and Meron's productions of everything from *Life With Judy Garland: Me and My Shadows* to previous seasons' *Cinderella* and *Annie*, all highly rated, are well cast and briskly paced, sprinkled with music numbers for a generation that doesn't regularly set foot in a Broadway, or even a neighborhood, theater.

Still, the most interesting TV movies have been ceded to premium cable channels who deploy their no-commercials content freedom for grown-up fare. Certainly *Wit*, based on Margaret Edson's Pulitzer Prize-winning play, wouldn't be touched by CBS, NBC, or ABC: How could they wedge flashy promotions for the agonizing death of a professor of metaphysical poetry between spots for *Becker* or *Ed*? *Wit* is the anti-*Survivor*.

Or at least it is on its surface. British literary scholar Vivian Bearing (Thompson), who specializes in the 17th-century sonnets of John Donne, is diagnosed with advanced metastatic ovarian cancer. Her physicians are Dr. Kelekian, a self-important researcher played with a perfect mixture of self-absorption and false

concern by *Taxi*'s Christopher Lloyd, as well as a younger but equally chilly doctor, Jason Posner (Jonathan M. Woodward), who by coincidence took Bearing's Donne class in college. These medicine men invariably greet Bearing with, "How are you feeling today?" and yet never wait for an answer—bedside courtesy that provides Bearing with grim amusement.

Edson's play, adapted for the screen by Thompson and this movie's director, Mike Nichols, hinges upon the extent to which Bearing acknowledges the ironic similarities between the unfeeling clinicians and her own cold, imperious style as a teacher. She admires their professional rigor when confronting the mysteries of cancer because she treasures the same clinical precision Donne brought to the mysteries of the soul. Bearing looks straight at the camera (but Nichols never allows the ploy to be hokey) and makes constant, rueful comparisons as she—once a teacher who commanded students' attention—is now studied as an ailing artifact by the young doctors under Dr. Kelekian's tutelage: "Once I did the teaching," she says. "Now I am taught."

I saw the original Off Broadway production of *Wit*, which starred Kathleen Chalfant in a heroically unsympathetic performance that Thompson has softened. Don't get me wrong—Thompson is excellent—but in reshaping Edson's play, she and Nichols emphasize the element that bothers me about *Wit*. It's the play's central deviousness: While filled with admiration for Donne's poetry, *Wit* ultimately says that well-reasoned, ferociously disciplined scholarship is inferior to what one character calls "the meaning-of-life garbage"—that is to say, that Professor Bearing's life would have been less lonely, more full, if she had loved her students as much as her subject. To which I say: Oh, phooey. The character of Bearing's nurse is played here by Audra McDonald with transcendent skill, which proves necessary, since the part is terribly underwritten. (Bearing never asks Nurse Susie one thing about her own life.)

The legendary playwright Harold Pinter, in a tiny role as Bearing's gruff father, shows once again what a subtle actor he is. Thompson, her head shaved, recites Donne with admirable clarity and, yes, wit. If *Wit* ultimately panders to its audience—telling us, in effect, it's okay if you don't understand 17th-century rhetoric, you're still a *good person*—it's undeniably better than a year's worth of *Hallmark Hall of Fame* flicks. **B+**

Billy Ray Cyrus Is Not a Doctor, But He Plays One on TV

COUNTRY 'DOC'

SUFFERING FROM AN ACHY breaky heart—or anything else achy for that matter? Well, the doctor is officially in when Billy Ray Cyrus, the auteur behind the 1992 country crossover hit, straps on scrubs as a Big Apple–bound country medic in *Doc*, PAX's new Sunday night drama. We asked the music superstar-turned-actor to two-step his way through a few stupid questions, and hair's the results. —*Dalton Ross*

• So, you're a doctor. Maybe you can settle a little debate we've been having: Do you believe patients with type 1 diabetes mellitus and microalbuminuria should receive angiotensin-converting enzyme inhibitors? Depends on whom you ask, me or the HMO. The HMO would probably tell 'em to take a couple of aspirin.

• In the two-hour movie kicking off the series, your character lassoed a mugger. That's not really a question, but I just thought it was pretty funny. Yeah, I like that part.

• Do you think New York City cops should maybe look into packing lassos? I think that's a good idea, and that might keep 'em out of court more than using a club.

• I know this is tough, but which was a bigger professional thrill, recording a song with the legendary Jordanaires or with Alvin and the Chipmunks? No doubt the Jordanaires. Alvin smelled like marijuana to me. I think he was on the wacky tobaccy.

• What exactly were the steps to the achy breaky dance anyway? I've never actually done the dance. I kinda helped invent the dance, but I'm not a dancer myself.

• Do you ever listen to the music of gangsta rappers like C-Murder and think to yourself, what the heck are these guys talking about? What's that? I haven't heard any of it. [But] I have a little controversial song out right now called "Burn Down the Trailer Park." It got banned in a couple of places!

• I see the series is being shot in Canada. Are you familiar with the term hockey hair? Uh, no.

• It's sort of like the short-in-front, long-in-back look... Oh, they call that the mullet. I've heard that, but I like hockey hair better. I think when I get done with this series I'll go back to some good hockey hair.

• Okay, the whole country is dying to know one thing: What type of shampoo do you use? Whatever's in the hotel.

• But doesn't that lead to some bad hair days? I would have to say every day is a bad hair day for me.

BEFORE *GLADIATOR*, THERE WAS *BEN-HUR*

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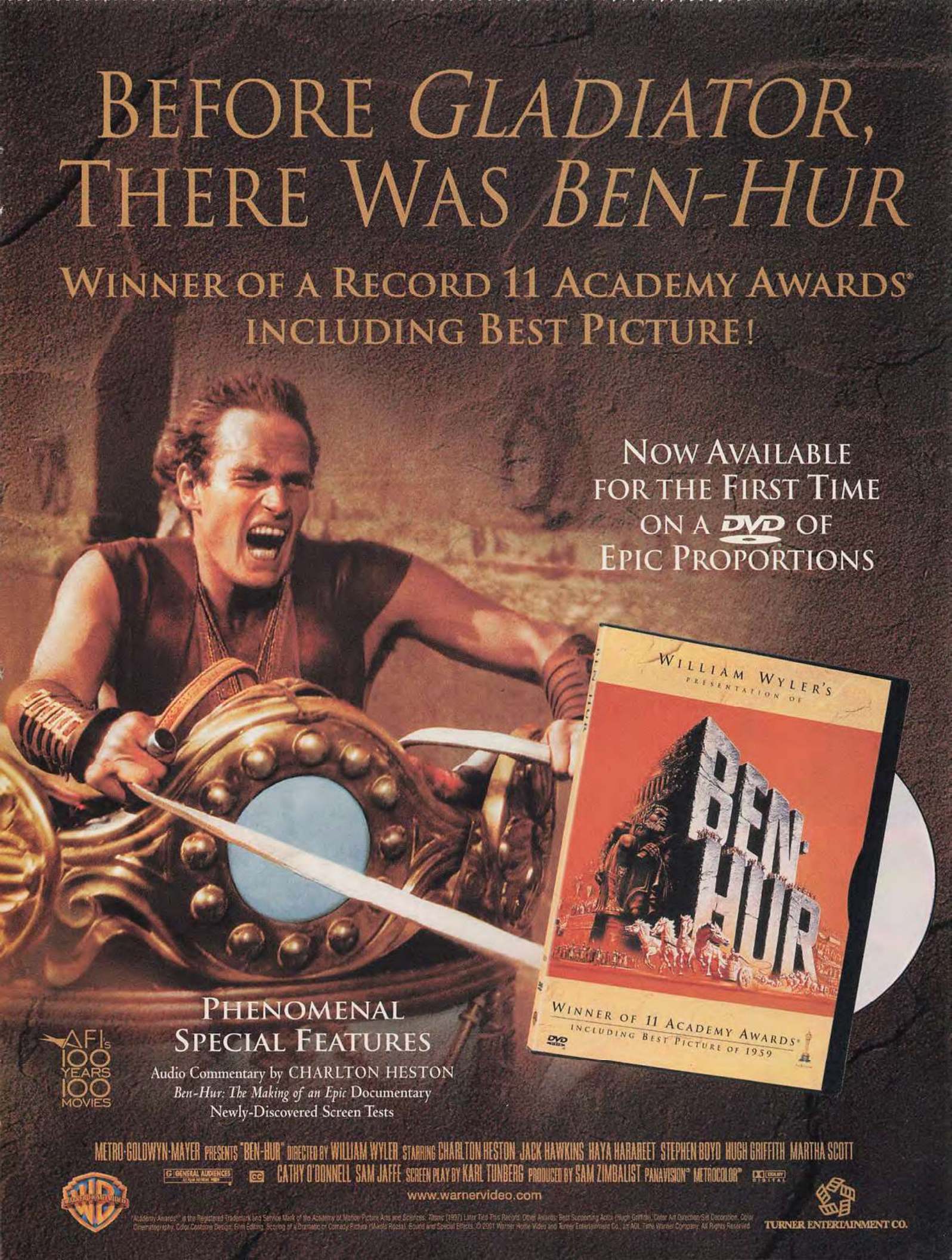

AFI's 100 YEARS 100 MOVIES

PHENOMENAL SPECIAL FEATURES

Audio Commentary by CHARLTON HESTON
Ben-Hur: The Making of an Epic Documentary
Newly-Discovered Screen Tests

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PRESENTS "BEN-HUR" DIRECTED BY WILLIAM WYLER STARRING CHARLTON HESTON JACK HAWKINS HAYA HARAREET STEPHEN BOYD HUGH GRIFFITH MARTHA SCOTT CATHY O'DONNELL SAM JAFFE SCREEN PLAY BY KARL TUNBERG PRODUCED BY SAM ZIMBALIST PANAVISION® METROCOLOR®

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TURNER ENTERTAINMENT CO.

On the Air

The latest news from the TV beat BY LYNETTE RICE

NBC's 'Survivor' Guilt

As if the Friends don't have enough competition from *Survivor*, now CBS' Down Under hit is becoming a veritable staple on NBC's *Today* show. Like the rest of the country, **Matt Lauer** and **Katie Couric** seem fixated on the Kucha-Ogakor-Barramundi battles: So far they've done a before-they-were-Survivors segment, and they've reported on the *Survivor* vs. *Friends* match-up, as well as the excesses of reality shows (with contestant **Michael Skupin**'s stint as a pig killer serving as an example). "I truly believe they are covering it like they would a national news story. We respect that," says CBS spokesman Chris Ender (he couldn't, however, oblige *Today*'s requests for castaways **Maralyn "Mad Dog" Hershey** and Skupin because of "scheduling conflicts"). Reasons *Today* acting executive producer Michael Bass: "[NBC entertainment president] Jeff Zucker and I talk all the time. He probably would prefer we would never mention *Survivor*, but he did it when he was executive producer here. He knows it is an important thing for *Today* to periodically pay attention to. I think we cover everything people are interested in. What if *Survivor* were on NBC? We'd certainly do a lot more." You think?

OZ FEST Couric and Lauer talk CBS' *Survivor*

'Days' of Thunder

One of the stars of UPN's *7 Days* may have found the perfect way to boost the sci-fi show's ratings: Add a little controversy. Insiders on the drama say **Justina Vail**, who plays Olga on the Paramount-produced series, walked off the Vancouver set three weeks ago over what some have speculated was a strained relationship between Vail and star **Jonathan LaPaglia** (a Paramount spokesperson declined to comment). At press time, negotiations were under way to work out Vail's possible return, but producers aren't letting a little absenteeism get in the way of making UPN's second-most-watched drama (behind *Star Trek: Voyager*). "They are filming around her and making it work," says one source. Vail or no, *7 Days*, which finishes its third season April 4, is expected to return next fall.

How to get close to stars:

A) Dress up in a toga and pretend you're part of the *Gladiator* cast
B) Design a tasteful evening bag that will hold a 13" statuette
C) Tune in to E! Sunday, March 25th @ 3pm pt

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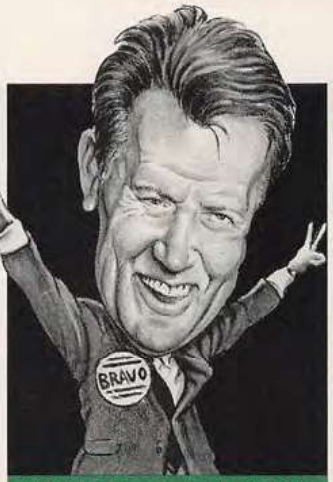
ILLUSTRATION BY DREW FRIEDMAN; DAVID SPADE: CHRIS HASTON; *THE FIGHTING FITZGERALDS*: PAUL ERINKWATER

AND SO ON... We'll have to wait for the next TV show from mega-selling author **Michael Crichton**. The *ER* creator was to develop a drama for Fox this season but he never delivered a script. No word on whether the project has flatlined.... CBS is developing a TV movie on the **Robert Philip Hanssen** spy story. Lawrence Schiller (*Perfect Murder, Perfect Town*) and Norman Mailer are attached to exec-produce.... And you thought the *Temptation Island* couples wouldn't stay together: Earlier this month, Fox's bawdy beach bunch (minus Mandy) was seen in the audience while NBC's *Just Shoot Me* filmed its 100th episode. Quipped *Shoot's* **David Spade** of one buff islander: "I asked Kaya if it was mandatory to wear T-shirts from Baby Gap. Can't he wear one from regular Gap?" *(Additional reporting by Dan Snierson)*

SPADE

More reviews at www.ew.com (AOL Keyword: EW)



WINNER OF THE WEEK

Bravo

The cable net pulled off a major coup by outbidding the competition for rerun rights to NBC's *The West Wing*, paying $1.2 million per episode.

LOSER OF THE WEEK

'The Lost Empire'

Proving mythical miniseries are now officially a lost cause, part 1 of producer Robert Halmi Sr.'s latest NBC F/X-travaganza drew a paltry 7.1 million viewers.

SOUND BITES

"You'll be fine, Silkwood." Grissom (WILLIAM PETERSEN), reassuring Nick (GEORGE EADS) after he was exposed to traces of uranium, on *CSI*

"Sporty Spice told the Reuters news agency that she's done with the Spice Girls, making her just two years behind everybody else." JIMMY FALLON on *SNL*

"Lois, that boy needs a father figure, and I really think it should be me." Hal (BRYAN CRANSTON) to his wife (JANE KACZMAREK), about their son Reese (JUSTIN BERFIELD), on *Malcolm in the Middle*

"The KKK adopts a highway. Joke's on them: It's black." JON STEWART on *The Daily Show*

"She's the Alexis Carrington of Ogakor." Survivor JEFF VARNER talking about scheming competitor JERRI MANTHEY, on *The Rosie O'Donnell Show*

THE RATINGS

LUCK O' THE IRISH

IT CERTAINLY DIDN'T hurt to be hammocked between two episodes of *Frasier* (8th and 22nd), but the premiere of Brian Dennehy's new NBC sitcom *The Fighting Fitzgeralds* came out swinging in 18th place. The Irish-American clan shouldn't get too comfy yet, as other midseason series dipped in their second outings. Ed O'Neill's CBS cop drama *Big Apple* (37th) lost more than a million viewers from its debut, despite airing opposite a rerun of NBC's *ER* (16th), and more than 4 million viewers abandoned Fox's *X-Files* spin-off *The Lone Gunmen* (59th). The exception is Mary Stuart Masterson's CBS drama *Kate Brasher* (49th), which held steady. Meanwhile, there was no audience affection for The WB's sitcom *For Your Love*; the series returned with a pair of episodes that landed at 100th and 106th.

'FIGHT' CLUB Dennehy and Jon Patrick Walker enjoy a beefy debut

TOP 30

	VIEWERS*		LAST WEEK
1	28.7	**SURVIVOR: THE AUSTRALIAN OUTBACK** CBS, *Thursday, 8 p.m.*	1
2	23.0	**CSI** CBS, *Thursday, 9 p.m.*	3
3	21.2	**WHO WANTS TO BE A MILLIONAIRE** ABC, *Wednesday, 8 p.m.*	—
4	19.1	**THE PRACTICE** ABC, *Sunday, 10 p.m.*	—
5	18.7	**WHO WANTS TO BE A MILLIONAIRE** ABC, *Tuesday, 8 p.m.*	—
6	18.5	**WHO WANTS TO BE A MILLIONAIRE** ABC, *Sunday, 9 p.m.*	—
7	18.0	**EVERYBODY LOVES RAYMOND (R)** CBS, *Monday, 9 p.m.*	7
8	17.7	**FRASIER** NBC, *Tuesday, 9 p.m.*	31
9	17.6	**WHO WANTS TO BE A MILLIONAIRE** ABC, *Thursday, 9 p.m.*	10
10	16.1	**THE SIMPSONS** Fox, *Sunday, 8 p.m.*	9
11	15.9	**BECKER** CBS, *Monday, 9:30 p.m.*	19
12	15.3	**WHO WANTS TO BE A MILLIONAIRE** ABC, *Friday, 9 p.m.*	13
13	15.0	**60 MINUTES** CBS, *Sunday, 7 p.m.*	16
14	14.9	**MALCOLM IN THE MIDDLE** Fox, *Sunday, 8:30 p.m.*	12
	14.9	**LAW & ORDER (R)** NBC, *Wednesday, 10 p.m.*	6
16	14.1	**ER (R)** NBC, *Thursday, 10 p.m.*	2
17	13.7	**NYPD BLUE** ABC, *Tuesday, 10 p.m.*	41
18	13.6	**THE FIGHTING FITZGERALDS** NBC, *Tuesday, 8:30 p.m.*	—
19	13.5	**THE WEST WING (R)** NBC, *Wednesday, 9 p.m.*	7
20	13.4	**THREE SISTERS** NBC, *Tuesday, 9:30 p.m.*	48
21	13.1	**THE DISTRICT** CBS, *Saturday, 10 p.m.*	35
22	13.0	**FRIENDS (R)** NBC, *Thursday, 8 p.m.*	20
	13.0	**FRASIER (R)** NBC, *Tuesday, 8 p.m.*	—
24	12.9	**MOVIE: SECOND HONEYMOON** CBS, *Sunday, 9 p.m.*	—
25	12.8	**THE KING OF QUEENS (R)** CBS, *Monday, 8 p.m.*	23
	12.8	**THE DREW CAREY SHOW (R)** ABC, *Wednesday, 9 p.m.*	45
27	12.7	**PRIMETIME THURSDAY** ABC, *Thursday, 10 p.m.*	48
	12.7	**48 HOURS** CBS, *Monday, 10 p.m.*	—
29	12.4	**20/20** ABC, *Friday, 10 p.m.*	40
30	12.3	**TOUCHED BY AN ANGEL** CBS, *Sunday, 8 p.m.*	43

*IN MILLIONS WEEK OF MARCH 5–11, 2001
SOURCE: NIELSEN MEDIA RESEARCH

WhattoWatch

A day-to-day guide to notable programs. Times are Eastern standard and are subject to change. BY DALTON ROSS

The Guest List

Look Who's on The Couch This Week
(SUBJECT TO CHANGE)

DENIS LEARY

DAVID LETTERMAN **Monday** *Survivor: The Australian Outback* castoff, musical guest Nick Cave **Tuesday** Kate Hudson, musical guest Paul Simon **Wednesday** Jerry Seinfeld, musical guests Aerosmith **Thursday** Sean Penn, author Lauren Kessler (R) **Friday** Jack Black, musical guest Aimee Mann (R)

JAY LENO **Monday** Ashley Judd, Steven Weber, musical guest Merle Haggard **Tuesday** Sigourney Weaver, Colin Hanks, musical guests Richard Marx and Alison Krauss **Wednesday** Steven Seagal, D.L. Hughley **Friday** Pierce Brosnan, musical guests Tantric

CONAN O'BRIEN **Monday** Heather Graham, Julie Warner, musical guest Dido (R) **Tuesday** Denis Leary, Brooke Smith, musical guests the Living End **Wednesday** Harry Connick Jr., Carla Gugino **Thursday** Jennifer Love Hewitt, Eddie Cibrian (*Third Watch*) **Friday** Antonio Banderas

LIVE WITH REGIS AND KELLY **Monday** Shemar Moore **Tuesday** Kate Hudson, Craig Bierko (*The Music Man*) **Wednesday** Joan Rivers, Carla Gugino **Thursday** Antonio Banderas **Friday** Barbara Walters, Jennifer Love Hewitt

THE VIEW **Monday** Mel Gibson (R) **Tuesday** Kevin Costner, Noah Wyle (R) **Wednesday** Jon Bon Jovi and Richie Sambora (R) **Thursday** Tom Hanks (R) **Friday** Wesley Snipes and Sanaa Lathan (R)

MONDAY March 19

8–9PM
MONSTERS OF THE SEA (History Channel, TV-G) You mean, like, Sigmund?

9–11PM
SECRETS OF SAN SIMEON WITH PATRICIA HEARST (Travel Channel, TV-PG) William Randolph's granddaughter gives an exclusive tour of the colossal Hearst Castle.

9–9:30PM
EVERYBODY LOVES RAYMOND (CBS, TV-G) A vacuum cleaner is a very dangerous thing in the hands of a lunatic (a.k.a. Debra).

UNSKINNY BOP ALERT!

10–11PM
THE CHRIS ISAAK SHOW (Showtime, TV-MA) If you were wondering what Poison frontman Bret Michaels has been up to of late, check him out here picking up roadside trash.

10–11PM
MURDEROUS MOTHER, DEADLY SON (Court TV, TV-14) Ah, Sante and Kenneth Kimes: They murdered the elderly, enslaved the hired help, and Kenneth even took a Court TV reporter hostage for a few hours.

9–10PM
FIRST YEARS (NBC, TV-PG) Silly us. We thought lawyers did stuff like actually, you know, litigate. According to this new series, all they do is have sex, talk about having sex, and then have sex some more! Oh yeah, they also cook up kooky schemes to serve subpoenas, like choking on food in a trendy restaurant. As the senior partner in a law firm full of young model types, Eric Schaeffer (center) sleepwalks his way through this inane drama. Next time, we'll do the same. C–

SERIES DEBUT

TUESDAY March 20

11–11:30AM*
TELETUBBIES (PBS, TV-G) If your kid's a little Laa-Laa-lazy, have her check out this special fitness ep.
*CHECK LOCAL LISTINGS

8–8:30PM
THE FIGHTING FITZGERALDS (NBC, TV-PG) Two widows fight for the company of papa Fitzgerald. Obviously, they haven't seen his TV show.

8–10PM
GALAXY QUEST (Cinemax, TV-PG) Tim Allen does his part for interstellar relations by mooning a group of aliens.

10–11PM
JUDGING AMY (CBS, TV-PG) A couple abuses their own daughter, so why's Amy actually considering letting them keep her?

10–11PM
NYPD BLUE (ABC, TV-14-DLV) Sipowicz shoots first and then has to ask—and answer—lots of questions later.

10–10:30PM
SON OF THE BEACH (FX, TV-14) Walter Koenig (Scotty) goes where no Star Trekker has gone before, getting tied up by the buxom Jaime Bergman.

DROP ANCHOR

9–11PM
AFTER THE STORM (USA, TV-14-DV) Poor Benjamin Bratt (left). This botched adaptation of an Ernest Hemingway story marks the *Law & Order* vet's second made-for-USA feature this year (after *The Last Producer*). As a 1930s treasure hunter in the Bahamas, Bratt's about as expressive as a hunk of driftwood. Then again, the guy does date Julia Roberts, so don't pity him too much. C– —*Bruce Fretts*

FIRST YEARS: CHRIS HASTON; AFTER THE STORM: RICHARD FOREMAN

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID COWLES

WEDNESDAY March 21

8–9PM
ED (NBC, TV-PG) Helping someone come out of the closet is not so easy when they go and die on you. (R)

8–9PM
SURVIVOR: THE AUSTRALIAN OUTBACK (CBS) Dragging out a hit reality series with a recap special is lame enough at the end of the run, much less smack dab in the middle. (Of course, you know we'll be watching, and taping.)

8:30–9PM
GROUNDED FOR LIFE (Fox, TV-PG) Sean tells son Jimmy, "Hey, ho, let's go...see the Ramones."

9:30–10PM
THE JOB (ABC, TV-14-DLV) Cops find something they like even better than donuts—stalker victim Elizabeth Hurley.

11PM–MIDNIGHT
ON THE RECORD WITH BOB COSTAS (HBO, TV-PG) Sports films director Ron Shelton (*Tin Cup*, *Bull Durham*) stops by to talk about, well, sports films.

WALK THIS WAY (INTO HISTORY)

9–11:30PM
ROCK AND ROLL HALL OF FAME INDUCTION CEREMONY & CONCERT CLASS OF 2001 (VH1, TV-PG) You have to wait 25 years from the release of your first album to be considered for inclusion in the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame. Just think, that means M.C. Hammer is almost halfway home! Among the 2-legit-2-quit acts being honored tonight: Aerosmith (above), Michael Jackson, and Steely Dan.

THURSDAY March 22

7:15–9PM
AMERICAN ANTHEM (HBO, TV-PG-13) Faithful readers of this column (anyone?) know any movie starring a onetime member of the U.S. gymnastics team (in this case, Mitch Gaylord) is a shoo-in to be listed here.

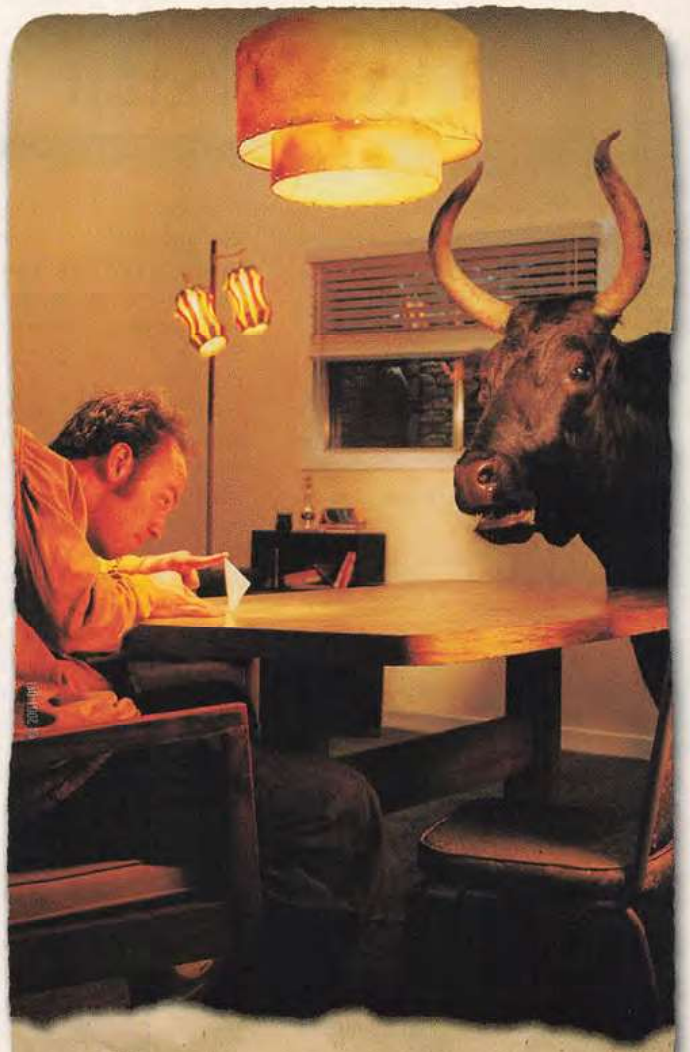
8–8:30PM
JOURNEY WOMEN OFF THE MAP (WE, TV-PG) An 85-year-old widow haggles for goods in Turkey, and if anyone tries to rip her off, they have to answer to us, dammit!

9–9:30PM
WILL & GRACE (NBC, TV-PG) Grace dates a guy with six toes on one foot, which certainly adds a new wrinkle to "This Little Piggy."

OUT OF FAVOR

11:30PM–MIDNIGHT
THE OUT AT THE MOVIES FABULOUS BIG 'O' SPECIAL (Comedy Central, TV-14) Frank DeCaro is gay. We mention this only because that's what this Oscar special basically seems to be all about. When not queening it up in a particularly labored *Cast Away* (or *Cast Agay*) spoof, the *Daily Show* movie critic delivers his own personal Academy picks. However, outside of a few clever comments (including his "anti-gravity" issues with *Crouching Tiger*), the host seems to think the real humor lies in his predictable come-ons to stud-muffin celebs. Yeah, Russell Crowe's hot. We got it. C+

ROCK AND ROLL HALL OF FAME: AMY SANCETTA/AP/WIDE WORLD; *OUT AT THE MOVIES*: FRANK VERONSKY



LIFE
IS BETTER
WITH ANIMALS

Animal Planet
discovery.com

WhattoWatch

FRIDAY March 23

8–10PM
HIGH ART (Bravo, TV-14) Just your typical lesbians-on-heroin flick, and with Ally Sheedy to boot.

9–10:30PM
SPRING BREAK LAWYER (MTV, TV-14) He's a wannabe lawyer. He's on spring break. He's a Spring Break Lawyer!

9–10:15PM
NEW YORK IN THE FIFTIES (Sundance, TV-PG) Robert Redford, William F. Buckley Jr., and others talk about the big city in the fabulous fifties.

SEASON PREMIERE

9–10PM
X-CHROMOSOME (Oxygen) It's the sequel everyone's been waiting for: *Pretty Woman II: Runaway Hooker Bride*! Also in this animation compilation, our *Avenue Amy* protagonist loses all her friends to Apathy—the band.

9–10PM
THE LONE GUNMEN (Fox, TV-PG) It's three conspiracy nuts and a baby when the Gunmen find an abandoned little laddie.

9–10PM
FARSCAPE (Sci Fi, TV-14-DL) When D'Argo learns his girlfriend and son have been getting it on, he does what any right-minded Luxan would do—he gets wasted.

10–10:30PM
CASINO DIARIES (Discovery Channel, TV-G) Casino entrepreneur Michael Gaughan is described as a "mover and shaker." Is he *asking* to get punched?

10–11PM
THE OUTER LIMITS (Sci Fi, TV-PG) Someone from the future travels back in time to off the person responsible for releasing a deadly plague. Sounds to us like somebody's been renting a little *12 Monkeys*.

IT SAYS WE'RE SUPPOSED TO POINT HERE

9–11PM
THE SIGN OF FOUR (Odyssey, TV-PG) You don't have to be Sherlock Holmes to deduce that before long, every actor in existence will get to play Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's oft-dramatized detective. The evidence: This take on one of the more mundane Holmes mysteries stars none other than Matt Frewer, a.k.a. Max Headroom. As Holmes and Dr. Watson (the admirable Kenneth Welsh, above right with Frewer) untangle a web of stolen treasure, betrayal, and murder, non-Brit Frewer portrays the eccentric sleuth with cheeky aplomb, complete with an interminably cocked eyebrow. It's a campy good time all right, but buttressed by bargain-basement production values, the show looks like a grade-school play filmed for cable. Elementary, indeed. C —*Joshua Rich*

SATURDAY March 24

SO, YOU COME HERE OFTEN?

9–10PM
THE MAN WHO WALKS WITH BEARS (Animal Planet) Bruin biologist Dr. Lynn Rogers (above left) uses his vast wealth of research and insights to offer this all-access pass (narrated by Mark Hamill) into the lives of our ursine friends in their natural environment. After gaining the trust of two sister black bears, Whiteheart and Blackheart, Rogers tracks them through hibernation, hunting season, and cub birth in the dense forests of northern Minnesota. With a Colonel Sanders look and an aw-shucks demeanor, Rogers hopes to shed light on these gentle, mostly herbivorous creatures and, ultimately, to dispel "Hollywood fears" while improving relations with trigger-happy shoot-for-sport types. It's pure honey for bear lovers, but for everyone else, the slow pacing at times can be un-bear-ably boring. B– —*Allyssa Lee*

2–9PM
HOMICIDE MINI-MARATHON (Court TV, TV-14) This collection of "all-star episodes" features guest-starring stints from Robin Williams, Chris Rock, and...Howie Mandel?

5–7:30PM
THE IFP/WEST INDEPENDENT SPIRIT AWARDS (IFC) "Hosting the Independent Spirit Awards makes me feel like a combination of Buddy Hackett and Satyajit Ray," says John Waters. Anyone have any idea what the hell he's talking about?

7–9PM
STREET FIGHTER (Sci Fi, TV-PG-V) It's kinda sad that Raul Julia's last piece of cinema had to be a videogame adaptation costarring Jean-Claude Van Damme and Australian pop princess Kylie Minogue.

8–10PM
HIGH FIDELITY (Starz!, TV-R) A must-see movie for any person who's spent more time alphabetizing their seven-inch singles collection than they'd care to readily admit—not that we know anyone like that or anything.

8–9PM
TOTALLY OUTRAGEOUS—LOVE (ABC, TV-PG) Or: *World's Wackiest Wedding Proposals*. If only ABC would divorce itself from these lame specials.

MACKENZIE PHILLIPS ALERT!

9–10PM
KATE BRASHER (CBS, TV-14-DL) The former *One Day at a Time* star guests as a young woman trying to get her life back together after a series of missteps. There's a stretch.

10–11PM
THE DISTRICT (CBS, TV-PG-LV) It could be a case of not-so-friendly fire when a white officer shoots a black undercover cop, but you'll just have to watch to find out.

(fox family original series)

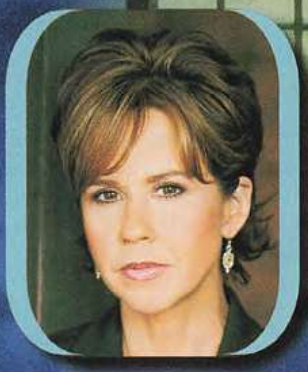
SCARIEST

PLACES ON EARTH

ghostly graveyards

spine tingling tombs

haunted castles



hosted by **Linda Blair**

Daring families to go where they've never gone before.

march 26 through march 30, 9 pm e/p
new episodes every friday starting may 5

fox family™

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WhattoWatch

SUNDAY

March 25

NOON–6PM
COUNTDOWN TO THE RED CARPET: THE 2001 ACADEMY AWARDS (E!) And you thought Super Bowl pregame shows were excessive.

5:15–7PM
REAL GENIUS (HBO, TV-PG) Along with *Better Off Dead*, one of the '80s overlooked masterpieces.

7–10PM
TRUE LIES (Fox, TV-14-V) The best part about this James Cameron spy thriller? Star Jamie Lee Curtis isn't trying to peddle you a freakin' cell phone.

7–8PM
THE BARBARA WALTERS SPECIAL (ABC) Okay, who's she gonna make cry this time around? (We got our money on country star Faith Hill.)

7–8:30PM
DEATH WISH (USA, TV-14-V) You'd be mad too if your wife was murdered by Jeff Goldblum.

7:30–8PM
THE PJS (The WB, TV-PG-L) Given the choice to squat or rot, Smokey opts for the former—in Thurgood's building. (R)

8–8:30PM
TALK SOUP (E!, TV-PG-DL) Dip into an Oscar-themed episode of *Soup*.

8–9:45PM
THE BROTHERS McMULLEN (IFC, TV-R) Ed Burns' low-budget look at three Irish Catholic brothers was a sleeper hit in 1995, in case you didn't know.

8–11PM
COPS MINI-MARATHON (Court TV, TV-14-V) Three straight hours of *COPS in Las Vegas*, where the officers gamble... with their lives!

8–10PM
STAYING ALIVE (VH1, TV-PG) If your jaw doesn't drop during the final dance sequence, it must be wired shut or something.

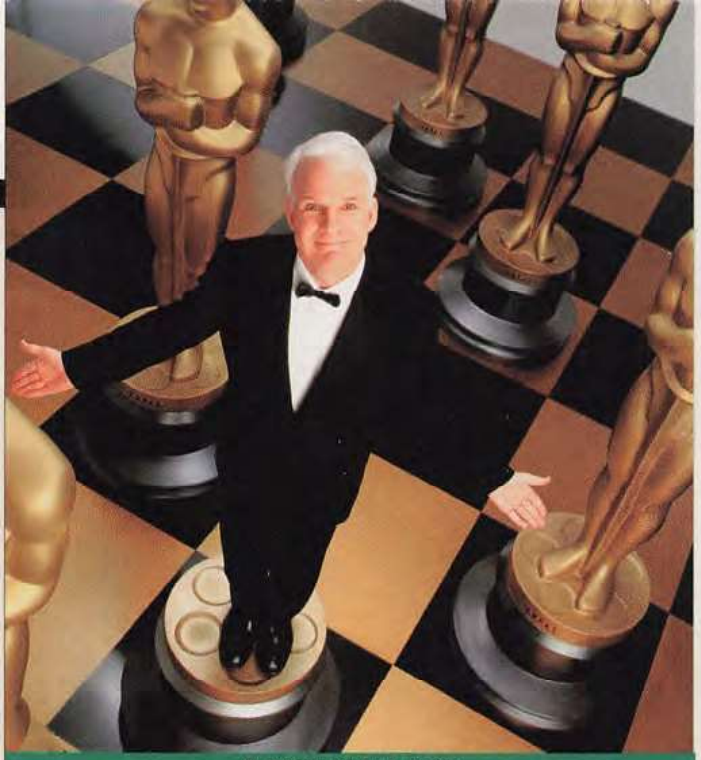
8–10PM
BOYS DON'T CRY (Cinemax, TV-R) But Hilary Swank's husband sure does.

8–8:30PM
THE STEVE HARVEY SHOW (The WB, TV-PG-D) Steve has the big 40-year-old freak-out. (R)

8–10PM
ROAD HOUSE (TNT, TV-14-LV) Pain don't hurt, this Patrick Swayze movie claims, but watching it might.

8–10PM
EXECUTIVE DECISION (CBS, TV-14-LV) For all of you who've dreamt of seeing Steven Seagal get his, this is your film.

8:30–9PM
FOR YOUR LOVE (The WB, TV-14-DL) Why watch the Oscars when you can check out the knee-slapping hilarity of a mediocre WB sitcom? (R)



A HOST SHALL RISE

8:30–11PM
THE 73RD ANNUAL ACADEMY AWARDS (ABC, TV-14) The man who became a comic. The comic who became a movie star. The movie star who became the Oscar host...and was not named Billy Crystal. No, tonight Steve Martin will be the one who asks, "Are you not entertained?" Here's hoping the answer is a resounding thumbs-up.

9–9:30PM
NIKKI (The WB, TV-14-DL) Why watch the Oscars when you can check out the knee-slapping hilarity of...oh, never mind. (R)

YO, PAULIE!

9–10PM
THE SOPRANOS (HBO, TV-MA) Burt Young shows up on the scene as a retired mobster looking to get back in on the action.

9:30–11PM
DETROIT ROCK CITY (Starz!, TV-R) It's no *Kiss Meets the Phantom of the Park*, but then again, nothing is.

10–11PM
TAXICAB CONFESSIONS 2001: ALL'S FARE IN LOVE & VEGAS (HBO, TV-MA) Drunk people happen to say the funniest things...sometimes.

10–11:40PM
BLACK AND WHITE (Cinemax, TV-R) Robert Downey Jr. gets a beat down courtesy of Iron Mike Tyson.

10–10:30PM
THE MAN SHOW (Comedy Central, TV-14) It's a best-of ep, which means lots of trampolines.

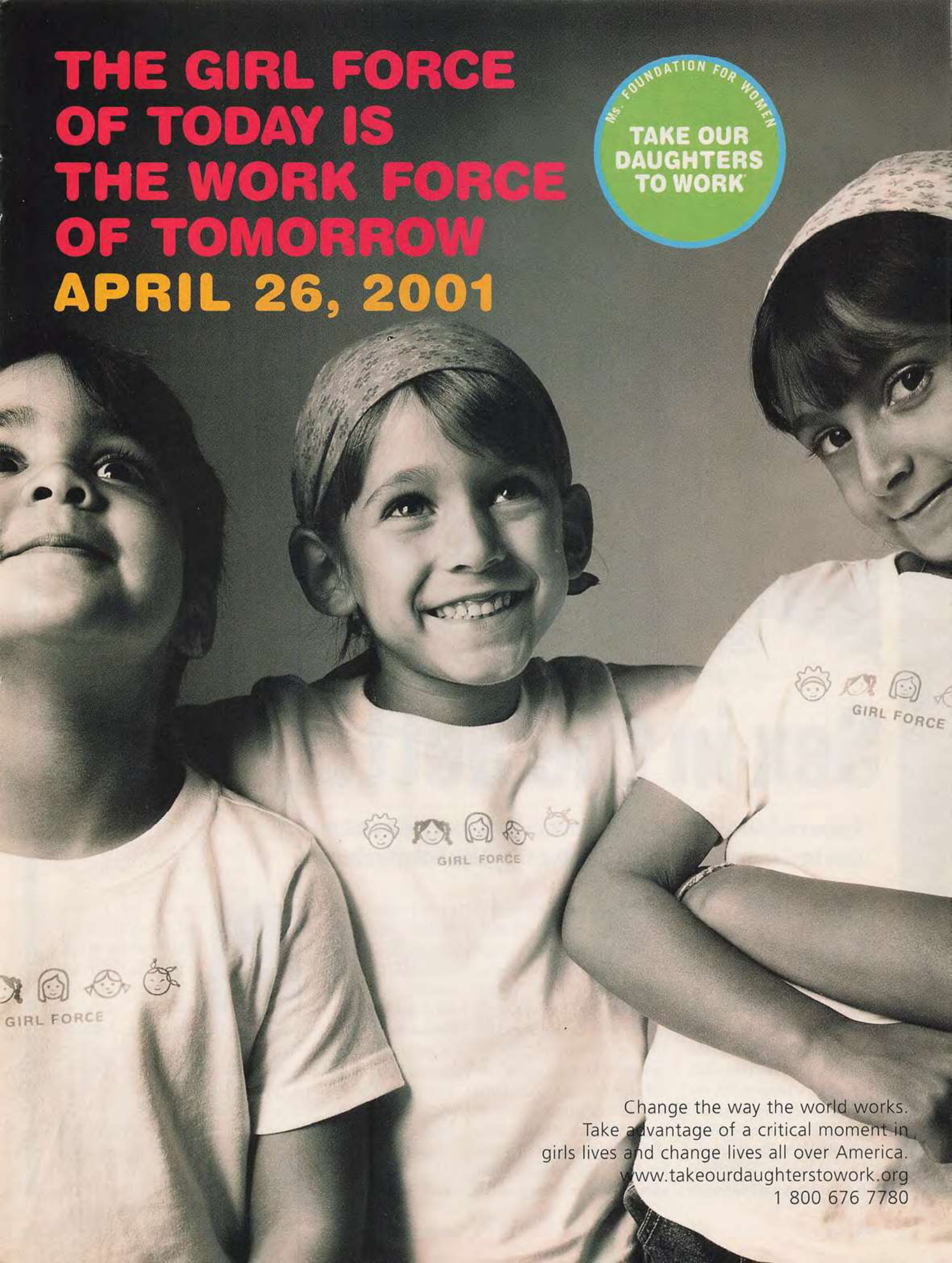
10:30–11PM
SHARK GORDON (Animal Planet) Here's the place to go and find out why hammerhead sharks have those funky-shaped noggins.

11PM–1AM
THE 2001 ACADEMY AWARDS POST-SHOW (E!) Jeez, go to bed already!

CAN WE TALK...AND TALK AND TALK?

6–8PM
LIVE FROM THE RED CARPET: THE 2001 ACADEMY AWARDS (E!) As celebrity journalists, we can assure you: *Nothing* leads to more deliciously awkward moments than an awards show red carpet crawling with jittery folks. And who more qualified to lead the ultimate three-carat-ring circus than the scrappy mother-daughter team of Joan and Melissa Rivers? In fact, the Rivers junior is already plotting her yak attacks. "Russell Crowe is going to be the big get this year," Melissa notes. "He just doesn't stop to talk." To what lengths is she willing to go? "If I physically could, I think I'd hit him right around the knees, knock him down, and say, 'Hey, how are you doing? You nervous? Who are you wearing?' " Hmm, so that's where these kidnapping threats are coming from. —*Dan Snierson*

ACADEMY AWARDS: BOB D'AMICO; *LIVE FROM THE RED CARPET*: MICHAEL CAULFIELD/AP/WIDE WORLD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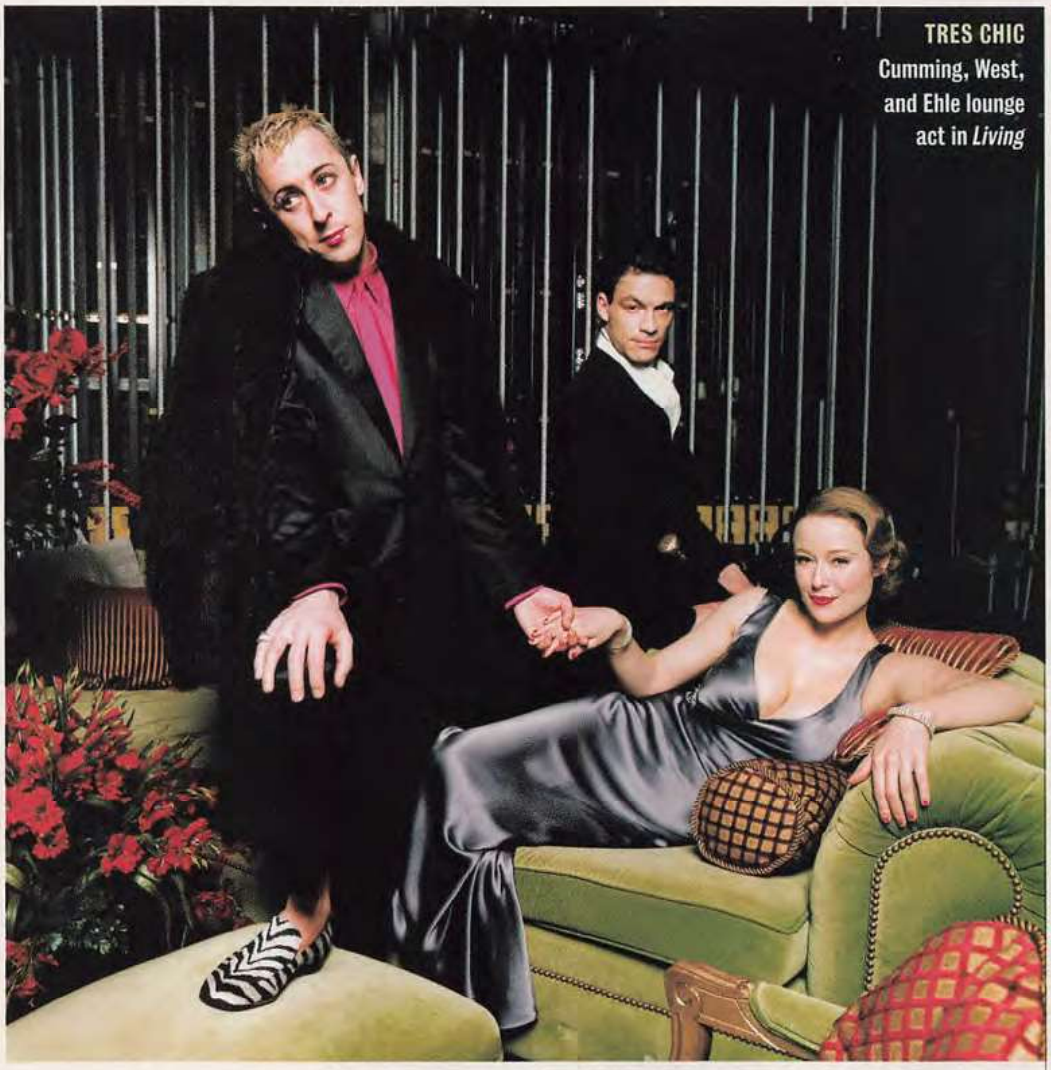


TRES CHIC
Cumming, West, and Ehle lounge act in *Living*

Sex in the Settee

A new revival of Noël Coward's *Design for Living* puts a pansexual spin on a spunky comedy of manners. by Lisa Schwarzbaum

"YOU'VE WORKED YOURself into a frenzy of sophistication," Leo tells Gilda, the pair of them two thirds of a frenzied, sophisticated trio of soigné bohemians in Noël Coward's blithe 1932 comedy *Design for Living*. The geometry goes like this: Gilda loves Otto, a painter, but she also loves Otto's best friend Leo, a playwright. Leo loves Gilda, but he also loves Otto. Otto loves Gilda, and Leo, too. Sometimes this self-congratulatory affection leads to bed, but mostly to talk about how marvelous and maddening it all is—so very *Jules and Jim* by way of *Will & Grace*.

So very Noël Coward. *Design for Living* is an eruption of suavity and subtextual sex held aloft by little more than an agreement between playwright and audience not to look down, lest we comment tediously on the lack of ground below. Leo, Gilda, and Otto (and Ernest the art dealer, the bourgeois third man Coward cavalierly alternates as moral ballast and bore), after all, frolic in a cascade of smart dialogue that goes best with cigarettes, brandy, silk dressing gowns, and a societal agreement that men do not smooch in public. (The playwright himself, an avatar of urbanity, starred as Leo in the original 1933 production, triangulating wittily with Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne.)

Design for Living
AMERICAN AIRLINES THEATRE

In 2001, by contrast, in the crisp, brightly striped new Broadway production directed by Joe Mantello, *Design for Living* looks very designed for modern sensibility, indeed: Funny, clever, Cowardly, but also touchingly...hysterical. (With a kick: Men smooch—because they *can*!) In this chicly appointed revival, Alan Cumming, Jennifer Ehle, and Dominic West play Otto, Gilda, and Leo, and a more divinely urbane cast is hard to imagine. Ehle arrives, glowing and peachy, following her Tony success as a man swapper in *The Real Thing*; the Tony-winning Cumming, who re-created the role of the emcee in the hit revival of *Cabaret*, plays Otto with his usual pansexual flirtatiousness; and the British actor West, with his Arrow Shirt Man good looks, brings to Leo the same *who is that?* energy he unleashed opposite Sandra Bullock in *28 Days*.

Don't look down, don't look down, we tell ourselves, but how can we not? Ehle cycles so regularly between tinkling laughter and high-pitched distraction that Gilda veers toward pillhood. (Gilda may be the gal all the guys love, but Coward is content to adore her sloppily as the fickle "idea" of a woman.) Cumming, meanwhile, that twinkly Pan, with his spiky bleached hair (and eyebrow ring, which might have amused the playwright), assumes the pose of a playful boy—Sean Hayes' Jack to Eric McCormack's Will, in inevitable sitcom terms. At least West plays Leo with the makings of a grown man. But in this proudly polymorphous *Design*, when the three bestest friends collapse in a tangle of laughter and fondling at final curtain, the sophisticated adults in this very sophisticated-looking production resemble nothing so much as kids in the living room on *The Real World*. (212-719-1300) **B**

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAKE CHESSUM

» Broadway

A CLASS ACT ◆ In its new Broadway incarnation, this musical about the frustrated career of Edward Kleban—the 1976 Tony-winning lyricist of *A Chorus Line*, who never got another show off the ground and died of cancer 11 years later—has more emotional moments than it did in its first go-round at Off Broadway's Manhattan Theatre Club. Still, a basic meagerness lingers. First, there's the snag of Kleban's work as a composer, premiered posthumously here and barely more memorable than most '70s sitcom theme songs. Second, the book, cowritten by Linda Kline and director Lonny Price (who also plays Kleban), never shares what drove the neurotic nebbish who, it would have us believe, was "the best lyricist since Steve Sondheim." Only the scenes with *A Chorus Line*'s Michael Bennett (David Hibbard) and Marvin Hamlisch (Jeff Blumenkrantz) come alive, offering a glimpse into Kleban's talent. Due partly to Price's droning performance, you're left feeling that an able cast has been high-kicking around a vacuum. It's hard to care about a man who cared only about his career. (TC) **B-** —*Charles Winecoff*

» Off Broadway

LOBBY HERO ◆ The same type of amiably flawed characters that inhabit Kenneth Lonergan's sleeper hit film *You Can Count on Me* populate his new play, set in the lobby of a Manhattan high-rise. There, an oily veteran cop (Tate Donovan) strands his protégée (Heather Burns) with security guard Jeff (Glenn Fitzgerald) while he visits his mistress. And there, a murder investigation—involving Jeff's straight-arrow boss (Dion Graham)—casually, inevitably, unravels. Threats are made, loyalties strained, and Jeff (among others) grapples with a miserable choice. The script is deftly shaded: Wisecracks pepper the distress of characters whose motives are realistically impure. It's capped with a pitch-perfect cast, particularly Fitzgerald's hapless but well-intentioned hero. Or is that antihero? (212-279-4200) **A-** —*Gillian Flynn*

SUTHERLAND AND MARGULIES IN 'TEN UNKNOWNS'

TEN UNKNOWNS ◆ The modern art world isn't the best place to go to teach a lesson in morals, but *Ten Unknowns* gives it a whirl. Donald Sutherland plays an aging, almost-famous artist who lives in Mexico and refuses to show his new work. The big question is who's painting it. Justin Kirk (*Jack & Jill*) is the brash assistant who has a mysterious hold over the old master, until a graduate student (*ER*'s Julianna Margulies) stumbles into their world and affects the balance between them. Former boy wonder Jon Robin Baitz (*The Substance of Fire*) has written a sharp, intriguing first act, but his second act's emotional explosions are forced. And it doesn't help that his argument—which insists on a strict ethics of authorship—is muddled and naive. (Ironically, in his early work, Baitz seemed wiser than his years.) Margulies gives an amiable performance, but it's Sutherland who really connects. At 6 foot 4, he's a phenomenally physical presence, standing tall despite the drama's shortfalls. (TC) **B-** —*Lawrence Frascella*

THE SYRINGA TREE ◆ Here's the classic story of the little play that could. A one-woman show by a relative unknown opens inauspiciously way Off Broadway, garners the support of bona fide celebs such as Mike Nichols and Jason Alexander, and, six months later, it's still packing them in. Pamela Gien plays 28 different people in this highly autobiographical account of her girlhood in Johannesburg. The willowy Gien is an amazing actress whose characters (mother, father, maid, etc.) flow through her in an almost choreographic manner, but what really counts is the way she channels her demons. Nightly, she exorcises the pain of growing up amid the violence of apartheid, rising to her own catharsis and taking the audience with her. It's a feat of wide-open sharing that generates great feeling and, apparently, great word of mouth. (TC) **B+** —*LF*

» Regional

MAMMA MIA! ◆ (Los Angeles' Shubert Theatre, through May 12) Except for the Beatles, no pop act in history had a more brilliant run of singles than ABBA—and the movie version of *Sgt. Pepper* should've scared straight anyone stoned enough to ever again concoct a story line around a hits catalog. The creators of the Broadway-bound (via London, Toronto, San Francisco, and now L.A.) *Mamma Mia!* ignored this conventional wisdom, and we're the luckier for it. The book, about a girl using her wedding as a lure to find her real father, is outranked in its flimsy dialogue only by its structural canniness in stringing together Benny and Björn's preordained show tunes. Hearing a cast of 30 belt "I Do, I Do, I Do, I Do, I Do" is as ecstatic an experience as you'll get within the limits of the law. (800-447-7400) **B+** —*Chris Willman*

How to Get TICKETS

Unless otherwise noted, tickets can be ordered (with surcharges) from Tele-Charge (TC), 800-432-7250 (or 212-239-6200 in the New York area); or from TicketMaster (TM), 800-755-4000 (or 212-307-4100).

TEN UNKNOWNS, SEUSSICAL: JOAN MARCUS

BOX OFFICE

HORTON HEARS A...HUH?

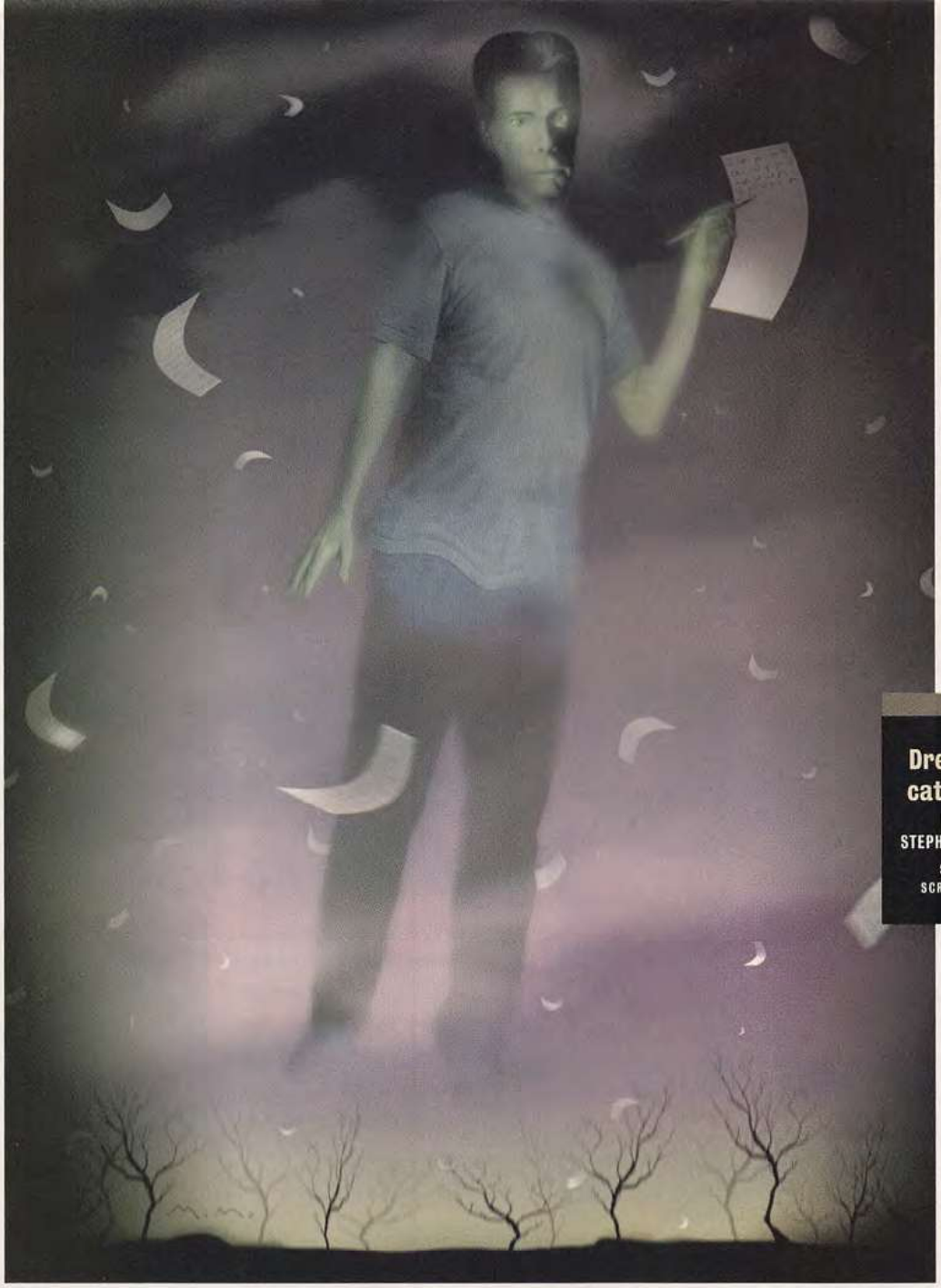
WHOS WOULD HAVE THUNK IT! The diminutive box office take for the much-hyped $10 million *Seussical* might make sense to the small-minded. But 50 percent capacity after only 109 perfs? Repeat after us: We do not like green eggs and ham!

'SEUSSICAL'

BROADWAY TOP 20

		WEEK'S NET RECEIPTS	ATTENDANCE	AVG. TICKET PRICE	PERFS. TO DATE
1	THE LION KING *(TM)*	$1,002,691	101.2%	$69	1,382
2	AIDA *(TM)*	752,117	87.1%	$64	388
3	THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA *(TC)*	602,451	86.4%	$54	5,470
4	ANNIE GET YOUR GUN *(TM)*	575,169	70.6%	$64	838
5	BEAUTY AND THE BEAST *(TM)*	560,452	92.2%	$50	2,791
6	CHICAGO *(TC)*	507,193	73.4%	$59	1,801
7	CONTACT *(TC)*	476,161	79.4%	$70	389
8	RIVERDANCE *(TM)*	462,045	65.1%	$46	405
9	KISS ME, KATE *(TC)*	461,499	71%	$57	540
10	THE FULL MONTY *(TC)*	455,206	62.1%	$62	149
11	THE MUSIC MAN *(TM)*	412,500	75.6%	$59	354
12	LES MISERABLES *(TC)*	412,237	81.5%	$45	5,759
13	CABARET *(TC)*	391,431	92.4%	$58	1,192
14	FOSSE *(TC)*	390,305	79.6%	$54	901
15	RENT *(TM)*	372,606	80.7%	$49	2,025
16	PROOF *(TC)*	306,282	81.3%	$51	152
17	THE TALE OF THE ALLERGIST'S WIFE *(TC)*	302,575	75.1%	$48	140
18	THE DINNER PARTY *(TC)*	277,706	69.9%	$48	156
19	SEUSSICAL *(TM)*	273,173	50.8%	$50	109
20	JANE EYRE *(TM)*	259,399	65.4%	$49	97

SOURCE: *VARIETY*, WEEK OF MARCH 12–18, 2001; ATTENDANCE PERCENTAGE INCLUDES STANDING-ROOM TICKET SALES



Dream-catcher
BY STEPHEN KING
$28
SCRIBNER

Forest Slump

Stephen King ventures into alien territory with *Dreamcatcher*, but sticks too close to well-traveled sci-fi paths. by Bruce Fretts

STEPHEN KING KNOWS the forest can be a scary place. He's used the tall trees of Maine as a backdrop for horror before, most recently in 1999's *The Girl Who Loved Tom Gordon*, a chillingly realistic account of a nine-year-old girl who wanders off into the wilderness. But with his latest novel, **Dreamcatcher**, it's the author who gets lost in the woods.

The setup is simple: A quartet of lifelong friends from Derry, Maine, reunite in a cabin every November for a hunting trip—only this year, everything goes terribly awry. King skillfully sketches each of the main characters: Joe "Beaver" Clarendon is a divorced drunk; Pete Moore is a lonely mope who traded in his childhood dream of becoming an astronaut for a career as a car salesman; Henry Devlin is a suicidally depressed shrink; and Gary "Jonesy" Jones is a history professor recovering from having been struck by a car. (It's no shock that King, who wrote *Dreamcatcher* after his own similar accident, provides searing personal insight into Jonesy's physical and emotional pain.)

The vacation starts to go sour when a strange hunter named Richard McCarthy takes refuge in their cabin during a blizzard, babbling about bright lights in the sky and passing noxious gas. As King describes the odor in endless, disturbing detail ("hot and rank but somehow not human... the smell of the body eating itself...an eye watering aroma of excrement and airplane glue"), he seems to be suffering from a severe case of authorial flatulence.

It turns out, of course, that Maine has been invaded by virus-carrying aliens. As our heroes battle to stem the infection, they realize their struggle is metaphysically linked to Douglas "Duddits" Cavell, a Derry resident with Down's syndrome whom the foursome befriended as kids (they rescued him from a bully who was trying to force-feed him dog feces—enough with the scatological imagery!). The flashbacks to this incident are among the book's most affecting parts. As he proved in his novella "The Body," the basis for the movie *Stand by Me*, King can expertly evoke juvenile bonding. In a refreshing mirror imaging of King's *It*, another tale of Derry pals who reunite to fight evil, the event that brought *Dreamcatcher*'s group together was merely mundane, not supernatural.

Yet Duddits is ultimately the

PHOTO ILLUSTRATION BY MATT MAHURIN

ICON ILLUSTRATION BY MARK MATCHO

NEW in Paperback

American Rhapsody Joe Eszterhas *(Vintage, $15, first published in 2000)* The screenwriter of *Basic Instinct* and *Showgirls* devotes his decidedly lurid attention to the Clinton-Lewinsky scandal.

Poor George Paula Fox *(Norton, $13, 1967)* Available for the first time since its initial publication, Fox's first novel, about a mild-mannered private-school teacher, is a wicked portrayal of American life in the 1960s.

I'm Wild Again Helen Gurley Brown *(Warner, $7.50, 2000)* A chirpy (and, at times, creepy) memoir from the erstwhile editor of *Cosmopolitan* and author of *Sex and the Single Girl*.

novel's most problematic figure. King endows him with extrasensory powers that the gang must harness in order to defeat the aliens. The book's title ostensibly refers to a spirit-trapping Indian weaving that hangs in the cabin, but long before King spells it out, we realize that Duddits is the real dreamcatcher. The character, unfortunately, comes off less a magical force than a cloying man-child. "Down's syndrome had turned him into Peter Pan," King writes in a particularly maudlin passage.

A different literary progenitor inspires *Dreamcatcher*'s human villain, Abraham Peter Kurtz, a bloodthirsty Air Force retiree brought in by the U.S. government to cover up the invasion. The allusions to *Heart of Darkness* and *Apocalypse Now* aren't subtle—one of Kurtz's subordinates even observes that his name is "simply a little too convenient." Actually, Kurtz sounds less like Marlon Brando's character than Robert Duvall's Lieutenant Colonel Kilgore ("They are cancer, praise Jesus," he says of the aliens, "and boys, we're one big hot radioactive shot of chemotherapy"). But at least he jolts along King's often excruciatingly slow 617-page narrative. Here's a hint of how long it takes the plot to get rolling: The chapter title on page 431 is "The Chase Begins."

The pop-cultural parallels, a King trademark/tic, don't end with Kurtz. *Dreamcatcher* also recalls *The X-Files*, *Alien*, *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, *Fire in the Sky*, *E.T.*, *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, *Independence Day*, and *War of the Worlds*. The fact that King directly refers to all of these earlier works in the text (one military officer observes of the invasion, "It's like *Independence Day*, only, here's the hook, in the woods!") doesn't make the book feel any less derivative.

Nor does it ever feel remotely frightening. The supposedly spooky effects of the virus—people's teeth fall out, watches run backward—all seem pretty silly. By the time we reach the novel's climax, which involves a bacon-craving alien and a mind-reading dog, the story has long ago sunk into ludicrousness. "The dreamcatcher had snared a real nightmare," King notes at one point. After slogging through this overlong muddle, you'll know the feeling. **C+**

BetweentheLines

The inside scoop on the book world

» SPY VS. SPY FBI agent—and alleged mole—**Robert Philip Hanssen** may have betrayed his country and cost the lives of U.S. operatives, but he's been nothing but good news for the book industry. Three titles have already been signed up, and two more are making the rounds. "I have been approached, and I am considering tackling this because it is the most compelling story I've come across in 18 years," says *The Washington Post*'s **David A. Vise** of rumors he is shopping a book. Meanwhile agent **Flip Brophy** is offering a proposal for *Spy Chasers* by **Brian Duffy**, who has covered the Hanssen case for *U.S. News & World Report*. Already in the works: **Adrian Havill**'s *The Spy Who Stayed Out in the Cold*, an instant hardcover from St. Martin's; Little, Brown's look at the case from TIME's **Elaine Shannon** and **Ann Blackman**; and an investigation by veteran spy-watcher **David Wise** from Random House.

» ERIN GO BOOK Just in time for the Oscars, William Morris' **Mel Berger** is shopping the life story of the real **Erin Brockovich**. Titled *I'm Erin Brockovich: My Autobiography and Spiritual Policies*, the book would be written with biographer **Marc Eliot**, and would include "dramatic details of Brockovich's remarkable life story," and "all that has happened...since the 1995 settlement" (where the movie leaves off). Can a sequel be far behind?

SPIRITUAL LIFE Brockovich plays by the book

» MADAME BUTTERFLY Speaking of inspirational bios, 23-year-old **Laila Ali**, the women's boxing star and youngest daughter of boxing great **Muhammad Ali**, is looking to write *Reach! Positive Motivational Power in My Life—and Yours*, which would tell the story of her rise from troubled teen to undefeated pugilist (8-0, with seven knockouts). "She's a woman who found boxing relatively late in her life," says her agent, Trident Media Group's **Dan Strone**. Using "boxing as a metaphor," he adds, "she wants to show women how they can achieve their goals." And kick some serious butt. —*Matthew Flamm*

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN CUNCO

The Week

» Harry Potter

FANTASTIC BEASTS & WHERE TO FIND THEM and QUIDDITCH THROUGH THE AGES • J.K. Rowling *(Scholastic, $3.99 each)* They're thin, flimsy, and cheap—and yet, for fans of boy mage Harry Potter, these limited-edition companion books, benefitting Comic Relief U.K., are indispensable. Penned by Rowling under silly pseudonyms, *Beasts* and *Quidditch* (the high-flying sport popular in Potter's enchanted world) purport to be doodle-marred texts from the Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. *Beasts* is the keeper. With its richly detailed history lessons and witty debate parsing the differences between "being" and "beast," plus a compendium of 85 magical creatures that's chockablock with Rowling's trademark wordplay ("Glumbumble" is a standout), *Beasts* adds a vital new dimension to the Potter mythology. *Quidditch* suffers from a malady common to most sports manuals: it's kinda boring. But it comes alive with its guide to the world's great teams (long-suffering Chicago Cubs fans will find the Chudley Cannons painfully familiar) and its explanation for why Quidditch hasn't caught on in the U.S.—apparently, we prefer the football-like Quodpot. Overall, what could have been castoffs pulse with Rowling's care for her creation. *Beasts*: **A** *Quidditch*: **B** *—Jeff Jensen*

» Nonfiction

LILLIAN GISH: HER LEGEND, HER LIFE • Charles Affron *(Scribner, $35)* "I just love to be subservient," said silent-movie icon Lillian Gish shortly after her only attempt at directing a "flicker" (1920's *Remodeling Her Husband*). But according to this undernourished, polite biography, the prim, ethereal actress, who became famous in mentor D.W. Griffith's *The Birth of a Nation* (1915), was actually an "iron butterfly" whose perseverance kept her career going for nearly a century. Affron casts light on Gish's acuity at spinning her own importance in cinematic history. But frustrated by the lack of evidence about the nature of her relationship with Griffith (whom she idolized; were they lovers?), Affron fails to uncover much dish, except for some mild anti-Semitism and a couple of sour love affairs. Either Gish's personal life was notably dull, or she covered her tracks like a pro. **B–** *—Charles Winecoff*

WHAT A GISH The screen beauty comes to lit in *Her Legend*.

ILL NATURE • Joy Williams *(The Lyons Press, $24.95)* "Good writing never soothes," explains Williams, and there is no succor in her blistering collection of essays about our off-kilter environmental morality. Wetlands are pumped with waste. A dog turns on the author, pulping her hand and tearing her breast. Hunters gleefully maim, and children are locusts, clicking and clawing and chewing through precious resources. *Ill Nature* courses with anxiety: We're destroying the planet...now! It's slightly shrill—one wonders how Earth First! will take the charge that "the mainstream environmental movement...has been...neutralized in less than thirty years"—but Williams (author of the superb novel *The Quick and the Dead*) makes her case with such wit and weight that her punch lands like a John Ruiz haymaker. **A** *—Daniel Fierman*

UNHOLY GHOST: WRITERS ON DEPRESSION • Nell Casey, Ed. *(William Morrow, $23)* One of the 22 writers featured in this collection offers the invitation "Welcome to my insanity." In fact, these essays address depression with notable sanity and stylistic elegance, exploring the debilitating conditions that fall under the depression umbrella more strongly than any single memoir could. The many accounts of unmitigated sadness, self-criticism, and despair ("I didn't believe I deserved a life of my own," says novelist Darcey Steinke) create a group portrait in which both newcomers and heavy hitters (from Susanna Kaysen to William Styron) have something trenchant to offer. **A** *—Andrea Gollin*

» Fiction

EMERALD GERMS OF IRELAND
Patrick McCabe *(HarperCollins, $25)* In his latest novel, the author of *The Butcher Boy* returns to his specialty—the quirky tale of murder, with the story of Pat McNab, a poor soul so emasculated by his overbearing mum (she won't let him, at the age of 45, sing in a band or wear Ray-Bans) that he has no choice but to hit her over the head with a frying pan. Others in his small Irish town soon meet the same fate as McNab transforms into a clumsy, dorky serial killer (or not—McCabe hints that he is imagining the whole thing). While *Germs* starts with promising macabre silliness, McCabe isn't able to sustain the joke, and even the mind of a murderous putz loses the ability to surprise. **B–** *—Rebecca Ascher-Walsh*

SINGING BOY • Dennis McFarland *(Henry Holt, $25)* One night, architect Malcolm Vaughn is killed in

THE BOOK YOU HAVE TO READ

Mary Karr recommends **Different Hours: Poems by Stephen Dunn (Norton, $22)**

Stephen Dunn's poems deliver nothing less than what the soul needs to keep its luster—wisdom. This is a how-to guide for living in what Dunn calls "the despoiled and radiant now." He recognizes suffering without letting it blind him to redemption. These are stories you imagine yourself into. The language is deceptively simple...think Joe Six-pack with a philosophy degree, Franz Kafka with a beer. If you can't imagine wisdom making you gasp with laughter, buy this book.

Mary Karr is the author of *The Liars' Club* and *Cherry*, which will be issued in paperback this September.

DIFFERENT HOURS: PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTHONY VERDE; GISH: PHOTOFEST; KARR: EDWARD GAJDEL

ILLUSTRATION BY DREW FRIEDMAN

MOVIE TIE-IN OF THE WEEK

'Josie and the Pussycats'

Catty prose runs rampant in HarperCollins' new novelization about the Archie Comics' characters: "Say step back to Backstreet Boys... uno momento Ricky Martin and 'chill out' 98°!" Mee-yow!

a random shooting while his wife, Sarah, and 8-year-old son, Harry, watch helplessly. As this intimate novel opens, McFarland (*The Music Room*) plunges the reader into Sarah's shocked, visceral perceptions of the crime, the ER, the police questioning, and her numb phone call to inform Malcolm's best friend, Deckard, a VA worker. But once this flurry of nightmarish activity ends, the deeper drama of the characters' grieving begins—a subtly wrenching, wryly unsentimental story of Sarah's paralyzing sense of loss, Harry's eerily good "Stepford child" behavior, and Deckard's memories of Vietnam trip-wired by his friend's death. Beautifully evoking the volatile rhythms of mourning and recovery, *Singing Boy* strikes a stirring emotional chord. **A–** —*Megan Harlan*

OBSERVATORY MANSIONS ◆ Edward Carey *(Crown, $23)* Carey, a British playwright, has crafted a captivating absurdist vision of postapocalyptic rot. His protagonist, Francis Orme, is a middle-aged man-boy who curates a secret exhibition of found objects, an underground gallery of things cherished by their former possessors. He lives with an assortment of self-alienated freaks in an ancestral home–turned–grimy apartment house, the setting for overlapping vignettes about anxiety and decay. Despite wide patches of structural clumsiness and a B-movie climax, the novel is, in its bizarre way, a sensitive yarn about loss. **B–** —*Troy Patterson*

EDITOR'S CHOICE

» WHEN HAVEN KIMMEL TOLD HER FAMILY SHE planned to write *A Girl Named Zippy* (Doubleday, $21), a memoir about their hometown, her older sister scoffed, "I know who might read such a book. A person lying in a hospital bed with no television and no roommate...and then here comes a candy striper with a squeaky library cart and on that cart there is only one book—or maybe two books: yours, and *Cooking With Pork*. I can see how a person would be grateful for Mooreland then." Kimmel, "an afterthought" at least 10 years younger than her siblings, so completely re-creates the Mooreland, Ind. (population 300) of her early childhood that when she begins a chapter by stating that "decoupage hit Mooreland pretty hard," it's easy to imagine the whole town sitting around a table full of cut-up magazines and shellac.

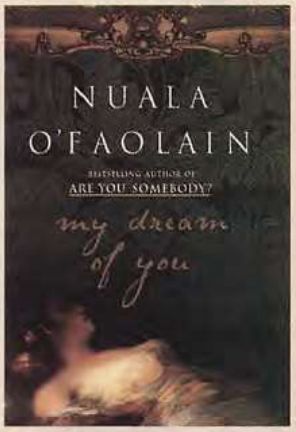
A GIRL NAMED ZIPPY: PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANTHONY VERDE

Zippy is droll and distinctive in detailing life in Mooreland—the Fair Queen contest, the absence of proper addresses, the passing of pet dogs from one family to another through gambling—but it's also unerring in relating the universal smallness of a rambunctious yet thoughtful child's world. A —*Lisa Levy*

BEST-SELLERS

'DREAM' OF THE CROP

HER IRISH EYES MUST be smiling. Nuala O'Faolain, best-selling author of the memoir *Are You Somebody?*, is back on the chart. Her first novel, *My Dream of You* (125,000 copies out of the gate), a best-seller in her native Ireland since its January release, hits No. 9 this week. O'Faolain's new publisher, Riverhead, launched the book with a rollicking party with Irish set dancers and musicians at a New York City pub, Swift's. Her 17-city tour will come to a close on St. Patrick's Day. Meanwhile, the luck of John Grisham continues, as he staves off another week's push from Amy Tan.



FICTION

		WEEKS ON LIST
1	**A PAINTED HOUSE** John Grisham, *Doubleday, $27.95*	4
2	**THE BONESETTER'S DAUGHTER** Amy Tan, *Putnam, $25.95*	2
3	**A DAY LATE AND A DOLLAR SHORT** Terry McMillan, *Viking, $25.95*	7
4	**EDGE OF DANGER** Jack Higgins, *Putnam, $25.95*	2
5	**THE FIRST COUNSEL** Brad Meltzer, *Warner, $25.95*	8
6	**HIDDEN PASSIONS** Tabitha Lenox, *HarperEntertainment, $25*	6
7	**THE VENDETTA DEFENSE** Lisa Scottoline, *HarperCollins, $25*	1
8	**A DARKNESS MORE THAN NIGHT** Michael Connelly, *Little, Brown, $25.95*	6
9	**MY DREAM OF YOU** Nuala O'Faolain, *Riverhead, $25.95*	2
10	**MYSTIC RIVER** Dennis Lehane, *Morrow, $25*	5

NONFICTION

1	**WHO MOVED MY CHEESE?** Spencer Johnson, *Putnam, $19.95*	62
2	**BODY FOR LIFE** Bill Phillips and Michael D'Orso, *HarperCollins, $25*	85
3	**SECRETS OF THE BABY WHISPERER** Tracy Hogg, *Ballantine, $22*	4
4	**THE O'REILLY FACTOR: THE GOOD, THE BAD, AND THE COMPLETELY RIDICULOUS IN AMERICAN LIFE** Bill O'Reilly, *Broadway, $23.95*	24
5	**THE PRAYER OF JABEZ** Dr. Bruce H. Wilkinson, *Multnomah, $9.99*	3
6	**ICE BOUND** Dr. Jerri Nielsen, *Talk Miramax, $24.95*	6
7	**AN HOUR BEFORE DAYLIGHT** Jimmy Carter, *Simon & Schuster, $26*	8
8	**TUESDAYS WITH MORRIE** Mitch Albom, *Doubleday, $19.95*	172
9	**IF THEY ONLY KNEW** Chyna, *ReganBooks, $26*	5
10	**A SHORT GUIDE TO A HAPPY LIFE** Anna Quindlen, *Random House, $12.95*	16

SOURCE: *PUBLISHERS WEEKLY*

EW EAGERLY AWAITS

COMFORT ME WITH APPLES Ruth Reichl *(Random House, $24.95, on sale April 12)* The editor in chief of *Gourmet* and best-selling author of *Tender at the Bone* returns with a memoir about her life as a food writer.

TAPS Willie Morris *(Houghton Mifflin, $26, on sale April 16)* Morris, author of *My Dog Skip*, passed away in August 1999. This posthumously published novel, set in a Mississippi Delta town in the early months of the Korean War, is a last goodbye to his beloved Southern roots.

KING OF ROCK Darryl McDaniels *(St. Martin's, $22.95, on sale April 20)* From his early days in Queens to his enduring influence on the music community, McDaniels (DMC of Run-DMC, the groundbreaking hip-hop trio) shares his life story.

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MARATHON MEN Stone Gossard, Jeff Ament, and Vedder (from left)

NEAL PRESTON/CORBIS

Extended Play

Eddie Vedder & Co. offer an embarrassment of riches on 23 live double discs. Brian M. Raftery finds the pearls amid the jams.

WE WERE SOMEWHERE in Atlanta when Eddie Vedder finally made a joke.

It wasn't exactly a *good* joke—a rambling bit that involved Ted Turner and a new planet—but it was a sorely needed departure from his usual "uhs" and "ums." And I wasn't actually *in* Atlanta: Instead, I was locked in my Brooklyn, N.Y., apartment, subjecting myself to 24 straight hours of live Pearl Jam albums, including a late summer 2000 Atlanta gig.

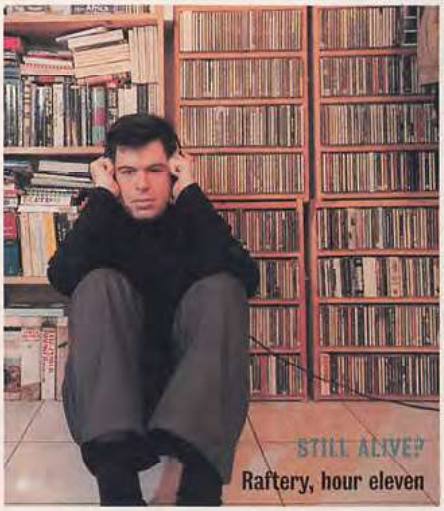
Most fans will choose a more practical method of sampling the Seattle quintet's 23 double discs, each one documenting a stop on the East Coast leg of their 2000 tour. (The 25 albums from their European jaunt were issued last September; the 24 from the West Coast stretch are due March 27.) Tackling the grunge glut head-on, I selected 11 concerts to review, based on their varied set lists. Miraculously, I remained awake and relatively sane. But I pity the poor fool who attempts to play (let alone *hum*) "Even Flow" in my presence.

• **VIRGINIA BEACH, 8/3** Opening, appropriately, with the somber—okay, dull—"Long Road," this first night of the U.S. tour establishes the band's live template: Start with a slow or mid-tempo number, draw heavily from later albums, and stretch the encore to as many as 10 tunes. For those who stopped flying the flannel once the group began experimenting (which is just about everyone), the live CDs offer a form of catch-up. The older songs that do sneak through don't always deserve to: like the typical show-closing ballad "Yellow Ledbetter," which sounded turgid even when it came out in 1992. **B**

• **CHARLOTTE, 8/4** Just before the encore, Pearl Jam append a jam-out coda to "Rearviewmirror"—a number powerful for its brevity. With each performance at the two-hour-plus mark, they can't help but indulge a bit, but the overextended "Mirror" (a show staple) bogs down the set. **B**

• **ATLANTA, 8/7** After a dynamic "Hail, Hail," frontman Eddie Vedder addresses the crowd in a low drawl that's somewhere between Elvis Presley and live at Folsom-era Johnny Cash. Never much of a gabber, Vedder uses the stage mostly as a forum to thank openers Sonic Youth or to dispense vague, love-each-other platitudes. Sample: "If you're here, we're here." **B+**

• **WEST PALM BEACH, 8/9** This gig showcases two of the band's live strengths: their skillful covers (like Split Enz's paranoid "I Got You"; a raw rendition of Neil Young's "Rockin' in the Free World") and their own big-message anthems (even if they can be pretentious). **B**



Raftery, hour eleven

• **NEW ORLEANS, 8/14** With a blistering "Corduroy" segueing into the mellow "Elderly Woman Behind the Counter in a Small Town," tonight's gig can't help but feel disjointed. And though a rousing encore of "Go" and "Do the Evolution" help the band get their groove back, that energy is diffused by another tiresome version of "Ledbetter," which I rename "Bathroom Break." **C**

• **NASHVILLE, 8/17** Spontaneous Moment No. 1: Vedder drags a fan on stage, offers him wine, and invites him to warble along to "Smile." **B**

• **CINCINNATI, 8/20** Spontaneous Moment No. 2: During "Bathroom Break," guitarist Mike McCready tosses in a riff from Van Halen's "Ain't Talkin' 'Bout Love." Nearly 15 hours into this Jam-a-thon, such high jinks are almost enough to break the monotony. Almost. **B**

• **JONES BEACH, 8/24** As "Even Flow" plays for the eighth time, my copy of Journey's *Infinity* stares back at me. By now, even Don Johnson's *Heartbeat* would ease the pain. As long as he's not covering Pearl Jam. **B**

• **BOSTON, 8/30** *Binaural*'s punky "Breakerfall" has emerged as a highlight, and it pops up early on this especially lively show. A lengthy, aggressive set—including "Animal," "Hail, Hail," and the dusted-off "State of Love and Trust" (from the *Singles* soundtrack)—demonstrates Pearl Jam's stamina. I lost my own near Charlotte. **A–**

• **PHILADELPHIA, 9/1** Finally, some new freakin' songs: "Breath" (one of Pearl Jam's best) is followed by the stomping "Tremor Christ." Twenty-one hours in, and it was all starting to sound like an unnerving mix of wah-wah and audience hoots. **B**

• **PITTSBURGH, 9/5** While this last gig of the set idles halfway through, a stirring finale of the Who's "Baba O'Riley"—with the crowd shouting the chorus—nicely caps it off. "Let's go home!" Vedder musters. Or, for some of us, to bed. **B**

Pearl Jam's First Day Sales: Even Flow

THE VEDDER REPORT

FOR PEARL JAM PARTISANS, Feb. 27 marked a major event: the retail debut of almost two dozen double discs from the first half of the band's 2000 American tour. Given the major success of their European concert CDs, we thought we should spend a few hours braving the mad traffic Jam, when hordes of fans would almost certainly descend upon record stores to snatch up all 23 versions of "Corduroy."

• 8:58 a.m. Virgin Megastore, Union Square, New York City. It's just before opening and eerily quiet. Where are the flannel-clad masses? Three fans wait patiently.

• 9:00 The doors are unlocked and the expectant trio heads for the new releases. Each reaches toward the neat stacks and...grabs a copy of the new Dave Matthews Band CD, *Everyday*.

• 9:20 Not a Pearl Jam fan to be found. Maybe they're at another store. Worth a shot.

• 9:30 Virgin Megastore, Times Square, New York City. This is more like it. The place is hopping. A much bigger Pearl Jam display teems with hundreds of the new albums. Many shoppers clutch shiny new CDs. Wait a minute—they're *all* carrying the Dave Matthews disc! Damn.

WALL OF SOUND "Dude, where's Cincinnati?"

• 9:41 Finally, the first real Jam fan appears. "I'm buying a couple of the shows I went to this summer," says Joshua Levy, 25, from New York City. "Camden, New Jersey, was an amazing show, very high energy." *Where are your fellow fanatics?* "Oh, is this, like, the first day they're on sale?"

• 9:59 "I'm buying the Pittsburgh show, which I was at," says Aaron Westover, 22, of Curwensville, Pa. "I was in the third row. It was *amazing*." *Are you here specifically for the Jam discs?* "Yeah. And because..." He holds up a copy of—you guessed it—the new Dave Matthews album.

• 10:07 A Vedderhead picks through the discs, looking like a sure customer. But he suddenly heads for the door. *Hey, why aren't you buying any?* "Because I have a meeting at 10," says New Jersey's Dave Lardieri, 26. "I'm gonna come back. I collect a lot of live albums, trade them on the Internet, and this is so awesome. I want them to make it a success so other bands will do the same thing."

• 10:27 A well-dressed man ambles by, holding two new Jam discs. *Hey, can I ask you...* "Italiano," he says, thumping his chest and grinning before wandering off.

• 10:40 This is getting ridiculous. I decide to browse the racks. Did you know there's a band called the Foxymorons?

• 10:49 Still no more Pearl Jammers, although someone must have been buying them somewhere (we later learn that seven of the albums debuted on the *Billboard* 200) Oh well, maybe I'll chat with some nice Dave Matthews folks instead. *Why aren't you stocking up on the new Jam albums?* "I don't know," says Kimberly Sparks, 22, of Marysville, Mich., who's clutching the Matthews CD. "I didn't know they came out." —*Rob Brunner*

TOP: PHOTOGRAPH BY JONATHAN WORTH; BOTTOM: PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHELE ROMERO

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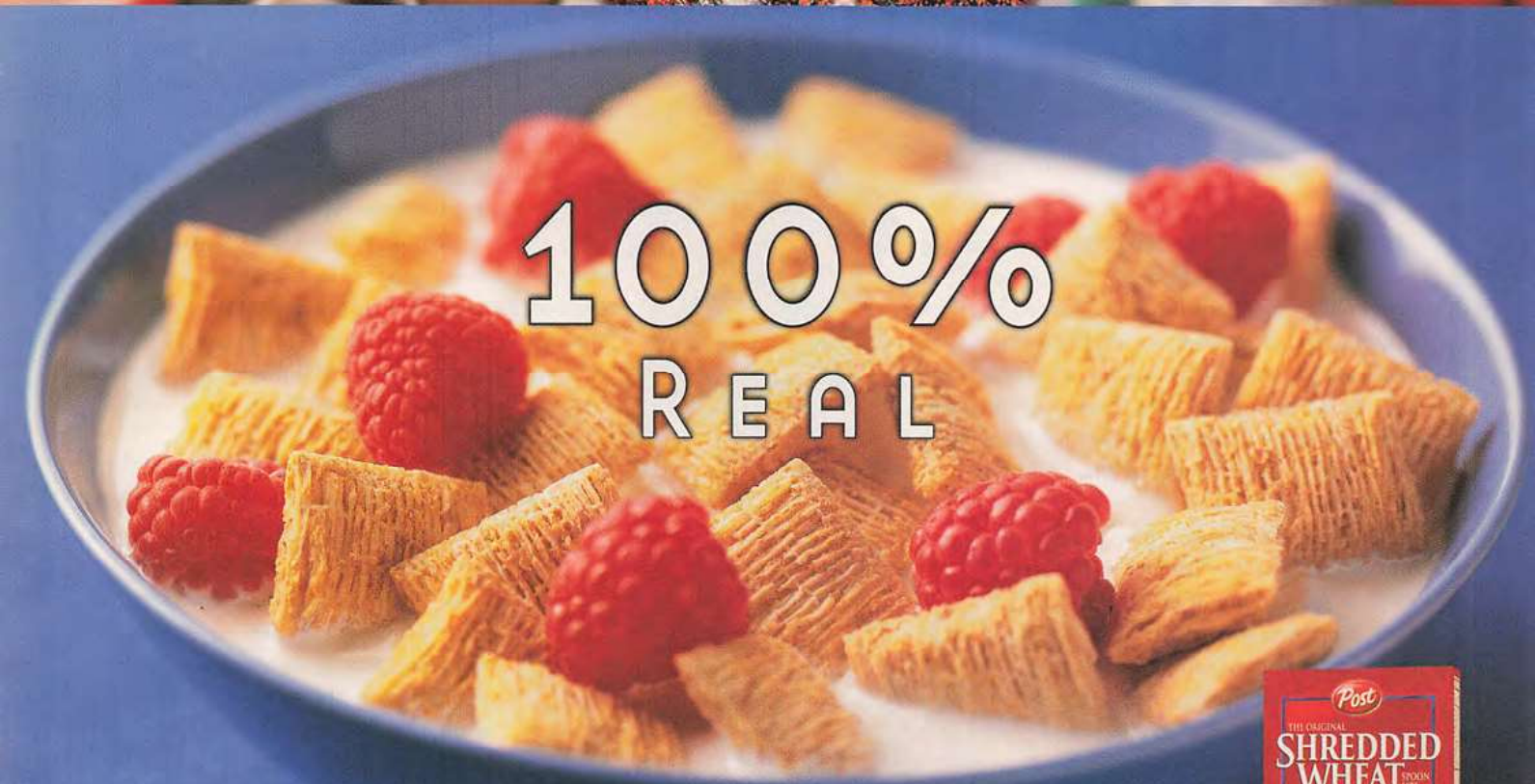

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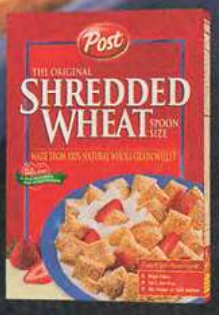
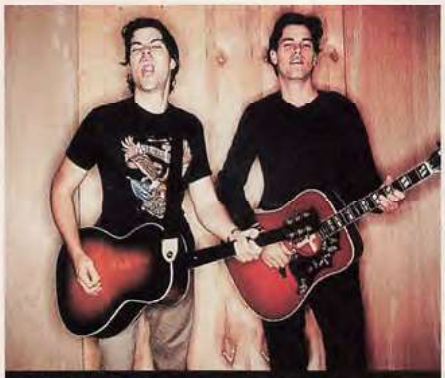


Post BREAKFAST MADE RIGHT®

10 Stupid Questions With Evan and Jaron

BROTHERING HEIGHTS

MUSIC HISTORY SHOWS THAT no formula is too tired to cash in on. But if you've had it with B-list boy bands, there's hope yet in the form of roots-pop duo Evan and Jaron. The Orthodox Jewish identical twins wowed the *TRL* nation with their hit "Crazy for This Girl" (from their self-titled debut)—and impressed us with their patient replies to our foolish queries. —*Laura Morgan*



TWINS SPEAK Jaron and Evan Lowenstein

- **Who's older?** J: Evan, by three inches.
- **If you brawled with the Nelson twins, who'd win?** J: We would. We'd just pull their hair out. E: Yeah. We'd swing them around like rag dolls.
- **If Puffy gets sent down, do you think Bush should pardon him?** E: Yeah, what's the big deal? So he had a gun and maybe shot someone? That hardly seems like a crime these days.
- **Did your Bar Mitzah rock?** E and J: No!
- **Is there a mall tour in your future?** E: Yes, and Bob Dylan's the opening act.
- **Who's the chick magnet of you two?** E: Bono, of course.
- **Which of you would win *Rock & Roll Jeopardy*?** E: The one who answers more responses correctly.
- **What did you learn during the Clinton years?** E: That a good personality and a smile goes a lot further than our high school teachers told us it would.
- **How much would your yarmulke go for on eBay?** E: On heBay or eBay? J: Probably not as much as a round of hide the afikomen with Evan and Jaron.
- **Have you thought about asking out the Olsen twins?** E: We had a lead on their number, but it turned out to be Jack Nicholson's. J: If you'd let them know we're looking for them, that'd be great.

Hear&Now

This week on the music beat BY ROB BRUNNER

» RE-"CONNECTED" The trailer for the upcoming Johnny Depp movie *Blow* features "Connected," the great single from one-hit Brits Stereo MC's, who disappeared after their smash third album, *Connected*, in 1993. "It's hard to explain what happened," says MC's frontman Rob Birch, who's been running Response Records and publishing company Spirit Songs when not remixing for the likes of Madonna and U2. "I think I went a bit loopy. I got into religion and s--- like that, natural earth kind of stuff. But I didn't find what made me feel like I had a reason for being, you know?" Not exactly, but apparently he's figured it out: The MC's have completed a new album, *Deep Down & Dirty*, due in June. "Sometimes you gotta figure out the one thing that drives you," says Birch. "Really, it's music."

» CELT FIGURE It's been almost 10 years since Peter Gabriel's last studio pop album. What's up? *Up*, actually. That's the title of a new CD he's been tinkering with for five years, now due in 2002. "I'm past wanting to rush things out," Gabriel says. "I'll put it out when I'm ready. It's a work of pleasure, not a career move." In the meantime, fans can hear him on "When You're Falling," a track on *Further in Time*, the new album from Afro Celt Sound System (June 19). The brainchild of Simon Emmerson, A.C.S.S. is a smooth blend of Irish and African sounds. "There's a spirited quality to both musics," says Gabriel. "It's a natural fit. I don't understand why, but when it works, it works."

» R-E-S-P-E-C-T This year's VH1 *Divas Live* special (April 10 at New York's Radio City Music Hall) is a tribute to Aretha Franklin, with Jill Scott and Mary J. Blige among those set to perform with her. Janet Jackson will also appear, although it's unclear if she'll sing. "*Divas* is a real singers' show," says exec producer Lauren Zalaznick. "It's not about dance performances or synthesizers. It's about the women's voices." And their hairdos.

SMOKIN' PIPES Franklin gets the *Divas* treatment

JARON AND EVAN: BORUCK/RETNA

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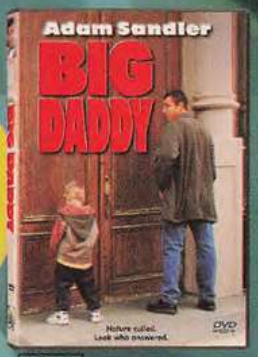

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The Week

» Singles

JANET JACKSON • "All for You" *(Virgin)* With old comrades Jam and Lewis back in the fold, and her voice as coquettishly lacquered as ever, Jackson returns with a frothy butt shaker, a skilled throwback to old-school disco. Then you realize the sampled, thumpy hook is an old disco song (Change's "The Glow of Love"). Another Jackson package with pretty ribbons but little inside. **B–** —*DB*

» Pop/Rock

112 • Part III *(Bad Boy/Arista)* With the release of their third album, 112 give label boss Puffy at least one reason to rejoice: a Southern-fried sound garden of R&B's sweetest fruits, honey-dipped harmonies, and breath-taking ballads. Tracks like the hit single "It's Over Now," as well as a wistful ode called "Missing You," demonstrate this quartet has learned a lesson from their trifling, bump-and-grinding counterparts: True love conquers all. **A–** —*Tomika Anderson*

BOND • Born *(Decca)* This U.K. string quartet aims to save classical music with sex appeal, but their talents are buried in a stew of beats and world-music clichés. The simple melodies—some classical rip-offs, others worthy of a banal soundtrack—are played with almost no expression. To succeed as pop, bond's pastiches would have to be a lot more fun. Stick with your old *Hooked on Classics* LPs instead. **D+** —*Scott Paulin*

OLD 97's • Satellite Rides *(Elektra)* The Weezer of the alt-country set—all nervous energy and brio—take another affable stab at pop stardom. Singer Rhett Miller is always good for a quiver of clever couplets: "Do you want to meet up at the Pickwood Bowl/We could knock nine down and leave one in the hole," he wails on "Rollerskate Skinny," one of an endless supply of girl-crazy rave-ups. With the help of producer Wally Gagel, the band's guitars and voices sound as confident as Miller's come-ons are anxious. **B+** —*James Sullivan*

JOHN DIGWEED • Los Angeles/ Global Underground *(Boxed/ Global Underground)* A techno album showcasing a great club DJ elicits the same response as a videotaped performance of a great Broadway show: You hadda be there. Place him in a tempest of sweaty testosterone and pheromones with his usual partner Sasha, and Digweed can move the crowd masterfully, but shorn of its context, his typically magic mix turns sterile, sitting there like a smart-drink-deficient wallflower. **B** —*Marc Weingarten*

KILLING HEIDI • Reflector *(3:33/ Universal)* Australia has graciously hosted our latest *Survivor* maroons. Should we repay the hospitality by welcoming the country's chart-bestriding Heidi into our homes? Eighteen-year-old singer Ella Hooper and crew seem well-behaved enough, but that's the problem. Teen rockers in black vinyl shouldn't sound this tame. The band's radio-rock blend and Hooper's lilting voice might make you sympathetic at first, but I'm betting you'll vote Heidi off our island before long. **C–** —*Robert Cherry*

SWAG • Catchall *(Yep Roc)* Take members from Wilco, the Mavericks, Sixpence None the Richer, and Cheap Trick, hole them up in Nashville, and you get something approaching a pop-rock masterpiece. Sound unlikely? Listen to Trick's Tom Petersson howl through "I'll Get By" or the massed harmonies on the hard-rocking "Please Don't Tell" and you'll know Swag has some wondrously eclectic, Merseybeat-meets-the-Flamin'-Groovies mojo working. If all the kids who bought the Beatles' *1* bought this, too, guitar-powered pop would be in great shape. **A** —*Ken Tucker*

LIONEL RICHIE • Renaissance *(Island)* The soul slickster tries to get back on top with the help of superproducer Rodney Jerkins and by channeling Cher on the Eurodisco "Angel." But the sappy lyrics indicate he hasn't ended his affair with romantic clichés, and the island rhythms of "Cinderella" call to mind Richie's own 1983 smash "All Night Long." More a retread than a renaissance. **C** —*Matt Diehl*

PROJECT PAT • Mista Don't Play, Everythangs Workin *(Loud)* Memphis native Pat packs more drug references into his lyrics than a pharmacology text—but

***SATELLITE* DISHES Miller (front) and the Old 97's aim for global appeal**

MICHAEL WILLIAMS

CRAZE OF THE WEEK

Insanity

Among the top 20 singles on *Billboard*'s Hot 100 chart are Crazy Town's "Butterfly," K-Ci & JoJo's "Crazy," and Evan and Jaron's "Crazy for This Girl." We always knew the music business was nuts, but this is ridiculous.

leaves room for a healthy dose of humor. On the infectious single "Chickenhead," he swipes at opportunistic women while cohorts cluck in the background. "Whole Lotta W**d" is an unprintable cover of purple dinosaur Barney's "I Love You" jingle. Along with fellow rapping Southerners Nelly and Mystikal, Pat offers hope that the South will rhyme again. **B** —*Evan Serpick*

IDLEWILD ◆ 100 Broken Windows *(Capitol)* Frontman Roddy Woomble has a voice (and name) that could only lead to rock stardom—a sober but heartfelt inflection that recalls both Michael Stipe and Morrissey, while imitating neither. On the Edinburgh quartet's second album, Woomble's vocals are backed by rousing punk guitars and a ceaseless energy. The results are flashes of beauty and menace, often (as on "Actually It's Darkness") in one song. **A** —*BMR*

THE BEATNUTS ◆ Take It or Squeeze It *(Loud)* This Latino rap duo produce more gaffes than laughs on their gleeful, misogynistic fourth album, which tries to recapture the success of their '99 hit *Off the Books*. But barring standouts like "Yo, Yo, Yo" and "Se Acebo (Remix)" (featuring Greg Nice and label mate Method Man), *Squeeze*'s jokes fall flatter than a one-ply piece of Charmin. **C–** —*TA*

ILLUSTRATION BY DREW FRIEDMAN

» Reissue

REV. GARY DAVIS ◆ Demons and Angels: The Ultimate Collection *(Shanachie)* Born in 1896, Rev. Davis was a guitar virtuoso, one of the great practitioners of Southeastern (as opposed to Mississippi Delta) blues. In the '60s, when Jorma Kaukonen, Ry Cooder, and others sat at his feet, Davis became one of the pillars of the folk-blues revival. But his work has more than documentary value. It's a joyful mix of blistering musicianship—the sort of stoic wisdom that's gone the way of rural America. **A** —*Tony Scherman*

» Country

BLUE MOUNTAIN ◆ Roots *(Black Dog)* What's the perfect antidote to Nashville's current wasteland fare? The sinewy, old-time sound of Blue Mountain. This Mississippi band brings a brooding alt-country presence to tried and true Old English and Appalachian songs ("Rain and Snow"). They're mostly about what matters in life: love, death, sex, betrayal, and the occasional stream of whiskey. **B** —*Alanna Nash*

JOHN GORKA ◆ The Company You Keep *(Red House)* Aside from one indulgent song about a messy toddler, Gorka's eighth album trades the cloying earnestness of his early work for clearheaded discourses on personal and political conduct. Whether chronicling the anguish of a failed marriage ("When You Walk In," with Mary Chapin Carpenter) or musing on the horrors of midlife spread ("People My Age"), New Folk's most seductive male star shows how he stays that way. **B** —*AN*

» Jazz

JOE LOVANO ◆ Flights of Fancy: Trio Fascination Edition Two *(Blue Note)* On 1998's *Trio Fascination: Edition One*, Lovano hooked up with just bass and drums. The saxophonist keeps it stripped-to-the-bone again on *Edition Two*, mixing and matching with striking impunity: A typical track might feature the reedman with harmonica and piano or trumpet and bass. An inspiring improviser who can move easily from lyric rhapsodies to free jazz, Lovano pulls off this audacious project with all the musical smarts we've come to expect from this modern jazz figurehead. **B+** —*Steve Futterman*

More reviews at www.ew.com (AOL Keyword: EW)

THE CHARTS

AERO DYNAMIC

FOOTBALL'S BEEN BERRY, berry good to Aerosmith. We're speaking of the Super Bowl halftime show, which served as a free 10-minute ad for the Boston rockers' new album. *Just Push Play* enjoyed first-week sales of 240,000—up from the 140,000 bow of 1997's *Nine Lives*. That ought to count as a big gain in any ref's book. The only foul was by that darned Dave Matthews Band, whose *Everyday*—down to 280,000 from last week's 733,000 opening—blocked them from reclaiming No. 1. Another erstwhile chart-topper, Eve, was off her mark, selling 162,000 at No. 4. Maybe she can get a World Series seventh-inning-stretch gig?

POP ALBUMS

	LAST WEEK		WEEKS ON CHART
1	1	DAVE MATTHEWS BAND *Everyday*, RCA	2
2	—	AEROSMITH *Just Push Play*, Columbia	1
3	2	SHAGGY *Hotshot*, MCA	31
4	—	EVE *Scorpion*, Ruff Ryders/Interscope	1
5	3	DJ CLUE *The Professional 2*, Roc-a-Fella/Def Jam	2
6	5	DIDO *No Angel*, Arista	43
7	6	THE BEATLES *1*, Capitol	17
8	10	LENNY KRAVITZ *Greatest Hits*, Virgin	20
9	4	PROJECT PAT *Mista Don't Play: Everythangs Workin*, Loud	2
10	8	JA RULE *Rule 3:36*, Murder Inc./Def Jam	22
11	7	VARIOUS ARTISTS *Save the Last Dance* soundtrack, Hollywood	10
12	11	CRAZY TOWN *The Gift of Game*, Columbia	16
13	13	LUDACRIS *Back for the First Time*, Def Jam South	21
14	16	LIMP BIZKIT *Chocolate Starfish...*, Flip/Interscope	21
15	14	VARIOUS ARTISTS *O Brother...* soundtrack, Mercury Nashville	11

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IN STORES MARCH 27

SHAWN COLVIN *Whole New You* (Columbia) The Grammy-winning folkie offers her first batch of new material since 1996's *A Few Small Repairs* (which featured Song of the Year "Sunny Came Home").

BUCKCHERRY *Time Bomb* (DreamWorks) After two years of touring to support their gold-certified, self-titled debut (featuring hit cocaine ode "Lit Up"), the hard-rocking quintet offer 12 road-tested new tracks on this sophomore effort.

JOSHUA REDMAN QUARTET *Passage of Time* (Warner Bros.) Young sax addict and Harvard graduate Redman returns for his eighth disc of self-produced, swinging classic jazz.

TRAIN *Drops of Jupiter* (Columbia) The coffeehouse faves rolled to stardom on the strength of their eponymous platinum 1999 debut. Eleven jam-rock tunes—including "Respect" from *Songs From Dawson's Creek, Volume 2*—fuel this follow-up.

IN THE STUDIO

WILCO, in hometown Chicago with new drummer Glenn Kotche, finishing up their fourth album. Featuring lush pop instead of alt-country, the tentatively titled *Yankee Hotel Foxtrot* is set for July or August release.

P.O.D., in L.A. recording their sophomore disc. The rap-rock-and-religion quartet has reteamed with producer Howard Benson (Motörhead), who helmed their platinum debut. Expect a late summer release.

DUNCAN SHEIK, in his lower Manhattan loft. His contemplative, Nick Drake-inspired *Phantom Moon* just came out, and already Sheik is recording its follow-up, due early 2002. But this time pop is the word.

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Cyber Digest

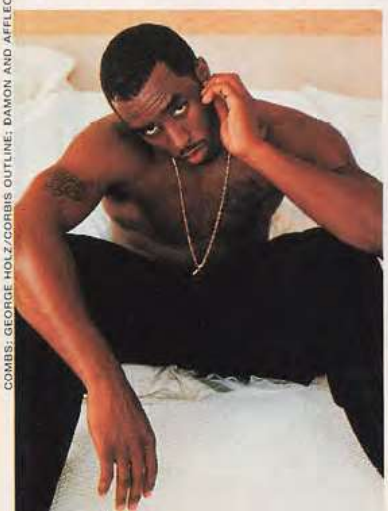
BY NOAH ROBISCHON

A weekly spin on the Web

'PLANET' WAVES A scene from *Apes*; below, defendant Daddy

YES, WE HAVE NO BANANAS Webheads got a rare treat Feb. 28, when the trailer for Tim Burton's *Planet of the Apes* debuted on the Net (*planetoftheapes.com*) two days before it appeared in theaters. There isn't much else to oogah-oogah about on the site right now, though it has been translated into 10 languages. But is a German grunt really so different from one in Japanese? Find out later this month when videos of the cast's ape-school training appear on the site.

PUFF ON THIS Because you can't know too much about the hip-hop trial of the century, a slew of enterprising websites are offering special Puff pieces: clubplanet.com has photographically >>



COMBS: GEORGE HOLZ/CORBIS OUTLINE; DAMON AND AFFLECK: PHOTOGRAPH BY NORMAN JEAN ROY/CORBIS OUTLINE

TWO FOR THE SHOW Project Greenlight sponsors Matt Damon (left) and Affleck

Screen Play

With contests and websites, the Net gives hope to would-be scripters. by Hugh Hart

WHEN BEN AFFLECK escorted a somewhat stunned former insurance salesman from Chicago onto the set of *The Tonight Show* Feb. 28, it was the public's first peek at the winner of projectgreenlight.com's screenplay contest. Peter Jones, 31, will get $1 million from Miramax to direct his script, *Stolen Summer*, about an Irish kid and his cancer-stricken Jewish friend. Around the time Jones learned he'd made the final cut, Mark Smith, 35, a former dude-ranch owner living in tiny Boone, N.C., got a phone call at 3 a.m. On the line: a producer who'd discovered Smith's script, *Devil's Kiss*, on ifilmpro.com and wanted to cut a deal.

For Web-savvy writers, it's not necessarily who you know, but which URLs you visit. Here, some of the better sites.

• **SCRIPTAPALOOZA.COM** Andréa Bailey's *Falling Over Venus* placed second on this site's annual contest and was passed around to about 15 companies, including Marc Platt Productions. After signing with Platt, Bailey now finds herself hanging out with Mary Stuart Masterson, who's set to direct the coming-of-age story about a 14-year-old loner.

• **OSCARS.ORG/NICHOLL** More than 4,000 manuscripts roll in here each year via old-fashioned snail mail, but applications for the Nicholl Fellowships in Screenwriting program are available to download. The competition, administered by the Academy of Motion Pictures Arts and Sciences, hands out $25,000 annually to each of five finalists. In 1998, Portland, Ore., DJ Mike Rich, 41, found 50 phone calls on his answering machine after his script made the cut. Soon afterward, Gus Van Sant and Sean Connery began transforming the script into this year's *Finding Forrester*.

• **HYPNOTIC.COM** Earlier this year, David Von Ancken had his *Bullet in the Brain* script rejected by Sundance. So it was "ironic," says the former New York City real estate analyst, when he found himself in Park City anyway with a $1 million feature-film deal, compliments of Universal Pictures and partner hypnotic.com. His seven-page treatment for *Cameron's Line*—based on a real fault line that runs through New York City—was voted best of five finalists. Von Ancken, 36, has now quit his job and is working full-time on the script.

• **CINESTORY.COM** Bond, baby, bond. Winners of this not-for-profit organization's annual contest spend three days in a California mountain retreat with producers and studio development execs. "Need proof that relationships make for good business?" asks CineStory exec director Pamela Pierce. "[Miramax chief] Harvey [Weinstein] is reading one of the scripts right now." ■

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Visit the Civic Tour's official web site, www.civictour.com, to find out more about the tour and the bands, and to check out the one-of-a-kind 2001 Honda Civic Coupe custom-designed by **blink-182** with their unique ideas and vision. The site also contains more information about the completely redesigned 2001 Honda Civic, built to fit the needs of today's younger generation of drivers.

CyberDigest

HAYEK

re-created the scene of the alleged shooting in its "When Rappers Attack" feature. Farmclub.com started a Puffy Ticker, scrolling the latest headlines about the Sean Combs case across its homepage. The Smoking Gun is showing off P-Daddy's 1998 birthday-party-invite video (*thesmokinggun.com/archive/puffy_video.shtml*). And the ComedyLab (*comedylab.com*) mocked up a version of Puffy's beeper complete with imaginary messages from Hammer and Robert Downey Jr., as well as this anonymous gem: "Heston retiring from NRA. Interested?"

CHECK IN, CHECK OUT *Hotel*, Mike Figgis' follow-up to last year's experimental *Time Code*, is still in production, but previews of the digital film starring Salma Hayek are already online (*redmullet.com/hotel*). The site is a daily mix of outtakes, behind-the-scenes footage, and Web art culled from the five-week shoot in Venice, Italy.

EZ DOES IT Most every star-studded original-content creator has gone down in flames this year, but that hasn't stopped EzFlix (*ezflix.com*) from sashaying through the ashes. The fledgling Web-series syndicator has signed up David Cronenberg (*The Fly*) and Zak Penn (*Inspector Gadget*) for shows, and has already produced a pilot series by *M*A*S*H* creator Larry Gelbart called *CSCAM*. The live-action public-affairs-channel spoof will star, among others, John Lithgow as a pro-gun lobbyist, Tracey Ullman as a know-it-all foreign-affairs pundit, and Hank Azaria as the owner of a sporting-goods-supply corporation who defends his company's practice of using Third World laborers. "This is one from the spleen," says Gelbart. "These issues are hard to work into other, more commercial venues." There may be a reason for that, but the pioneering TV scribe is undeterred by the threat of failure: "Why shouldn't we fail?" he says. "This is a copycat town."

CYBERTALK

"I spent it on my airplane with Barbra Streisand and Jim Brolin, and we had dinner on the plane and that was my birthday.... We were on the ground. I'm eccentric, and I just wanted them to see the plane and be on it." —JOHN TRAVOLTA, an accomplished pilot, on celebrating his 47th birthday last month, on Entertainment Tonight Online

"He's the man. I love [James] Gandolfini. Me and Julia [Roberts] are going to start the Church of Gandolfini. I love *The Sopranos*. I'm still pissed off that we [had] to wait so long for the next season." —*The Mexican*'s BRAD PITT on worshiping his costar, on Mr. Showbiz

HAYEK: PAUL SMITH/RETNA; TRAVOLTA: JIM COOPER/RETNA

TRASHING DAVID Spade manages to get himself into a fine mess in *Joe Dirt*

SPADE: JON FARMER; GANDOLFINI AND SADIK: SUE SADIK; 1: ANDREW HOBBS/CAMERA PRESS/RETNA; 2: PAUL SMITH/RETNA; 3: B. KHAN/RETNA; 4: CORLOUER/MPA-STILLS/RETNA; 5: GLEN LA FERMAN/LONDON FEATURES

WHAT to SURF

» Movies

JOE DIRT OFFICIAL SITE ◆ *(www.spe.sony.com/movies/joedirt)* A giddy celebration of all things trailer-park-tacky (muttonchops, hot chicks, Lynyrd Skynyrd), the official site for Kid Rock and David Spade's collaborative effort (their movie opens April 11) allows you to get in on the almost embarrassingly cheesy action. You can upload a picture of yourself to see what style mullet suits you best, rate the babes, and listen to Joe's radio station of choice, KXLA. And if you want to talk dirty, too, there are message boards crammed with topics like "Foreign cars suck!" and "Hell Yeah!" **A** —*Ann Limpert*

» Television

KATHY'S SO-CALLED REALITY *(mtv.com/nav/intro_shows.html)* Fans of Kathy Griffin's irreverent tongue will delight in what little there is on MTV's official site for the actress' new reality-TV-skewering talk show. There are poetic missives against such subjects as *Temptation Island*'s Andy ("I hate you Andy because you/Don't have the courage/To admit that you're more in love/With Kaya than you are with/Your own girlfriend") and *Survivor*'s Jerri. But as far as site personality goes, well, that's about it. Still, you can check out the message boards or try to find your way into the studio audience by using the online form. **B–** —*AL*

» Music

WILSON & ALROY'S RECORD REVIEWS ◆ *(warr.org/cgi-bin/randompickpan.cgi)* Music fans who love to labor over top 10 lists and debate album worthiness will appreciate David Bertrand Wilson and John Alroy's page, where both activities are elevated to high art. The two have written more than 2,500 reviews organized by decade, plus a 2000 Year in Review and a series of best-of lists that would have Nick Hornby reaching for the antacid. Armchair critics will have plenty to discuss, particularly the arbitrary composition of the W&A canon: Virtually no hip-hop albums make the cut—and why no Billy Joel reviews? **B+** —*Caryn Ganz*

» Net Cetera

HIP-HOP SCRATCH SIMULATOR *(turntables.de)* Wannabe DJs, listen up. If you really want to be a jockey just like your b-boy buddies but don't have $2,000 to blow on a top-of-the-line Technics turntable, this interactive DJ simulator will stave off your wax jones. The site lets you pick your beats from a box of virtual records—including a handful of Beastie Boys samples—that you can mix in any combination for the desired sound. The simulator is great for procrastination but it won't make you the next DJ QBert—more like Vanilla Ice. Word to your mother. **B+** —*Y. Peter Kang*

More reviews at www.ew.com (AOL Keyword: EW)

MOBBING THE WEB

A 'SOPRANOS' SNITCH

FBI RECRUITERS TAKE NOTE: SUE SADIK, WEB COLUMNIST and ex-private eye, has more dirt on Mob boss Tony Soprano than any federal task force. The New Jersey native, 40, has spent the last few months talking herself onto the shoots for HBO's *The Sopranos*. Why? So she can post candid photos and dish on Sopranoland (*sopranoland.com*), a fansite for which she's a sort of a front-lines stringer. Soprano Sue (below, with James Gandolfini) offers us a guide to the show's key locales, many in or near her Clifton neighborhood: the Soprano house, Satriale's Pork Store, the Bada Bing! club, even the pay phones Tony uses to conduct business. "I know 90 percent of everything there is to know," boasts Sadik, who runs a delivery service. But she admits that in order to stay on exec producer David Chase's good side—and get back on the set—she tells us only 10 percent of what she knows. "You open your mouth," she says, "and you're sleeping with fishes." —*Glenn Gaslin*

THE DATA

MR. POPULARITY

AFTER HIS GRAMMY-SLAMMING PERFORMANCE, Eminem was the most popular guy around at MTV's official site, attracting the most page views for the week ending March 3. Still, the *TRL* crowd managed to have its say—with the Britney-Christina competition raging on.

TOP FIVE MOST-WANTED BANDS ON MTV.COM

SOURCE: MTV.COM INTERNAL DATA FILES FOR WEEK OF FEB. 25–MARCH 3

The Back And the Bus

ENCORE **Latina singer Gloria Estefan was seriously injured in a vehicular crash 11 years ago.** **by Clarissa Cruz**

MADONNA SENT FLOWERS. DAVID Geffen delivered CDs. Jon Bon Jovi and then President George Bush called. They joined the thousands who showered singer Gloria Estefan with support after she broke her back in a horrific bus accident on March 20, 1990. ◆ On a snowy night in Scranton, Pa., Estefan, then 32, was en route to Syracuse from the New York City stop on her "Cuts Both Ways" tour with the Miami Sound Machine. A tractor trailer further ahead on the mountain road had jackknifed, jamming up traffic. As the star's bus idled, a speeding truck lost control and slammed into the rear of the vehicle.

Estefan, who was sleeping on a bunk at the time of the crash, was thrown to the middle of the bus. The impact fractured her vertebrae, making her the most seriously injured of the six people on board: Her husband and manager Emilio, 37, suffered cuts and bruises, and the couple's son Nayib, 9, broke his right collarbone.

"Gloria appeared to be in terrible pain," said tutor Lori Rooney, who suffered minor injuries. "But her only concern was to make sure Nayib thought [his mom] was okay."

After the singer's condition was stabilized—and doctors had ruled out paralysis—she was helicoptered from the Scranton Community Medical Center to Manhattan's Hospital for Joint Diseases Orthopaedic Institute for surgery. Surgeon Dr. Michael Neuwirth realigned Estefan's two shattered vertebrae with metal rods and then fused the affected portion of her spine.

Though the surgery—which left a 14-inch scar on the singer's back—was successful, Estefan faced months of painful recovery. She also filed suit against the driver that caused the crash and the company that owned the truck—and won a reported $8.5 million settlement.

Less than a year after the accident, Estefan staged an athletic performance in her native Miami that opened with, fittingly enough, her hit song "Get on Your Feet."

Today, Estefan has made a full recovery, dabbling in acting (she had parts in 1999's *Music of the Heart* and last year's HBO film *For Love or Country: The Arturo Sandoval Story*) and promoting her latest album *Alma Caribeña*, for which she won her third Grammy. But she still continues the physical therapy exercises she will be doing for the rest of her life.

"She never, ever talks about it," says Estefan's friend, talk-show host Cristina Saralegui. "Gloria's willpower and inner [core] are so strong that her friends tend to forget all of the pain and difficulties she endured through this ordeal." ■

MUSICIAN HEAL THYSELF A post-op Estefan is all smiles on her way home

ESTEFAN: NINA BERMAN/REUTERS/ARCHIVE PHOTOS; *THE HUNT FOR RED OCTOBER*: FRED SABINE

TIME CAPSULE ◆ MARCH 20, 1990

AT THE MOVIES, the film version of Tom Clancy's submarine thriller *The Hunt for Red October*, starring Sean Connery (right), sails to the top of the box office. **ON TV,** *America's Funniest Home Videos* is the week's No. 1 show, drawing 41 million viewers. **IN MUSIC,** Janet Jackson's trippy single "Escapade" tops the *Billboard* chart. **AND IN THE NEWS,** as East and West Germany move toward reunification, July 1 is set as the day the nations' currencies are to merge and East Germans will be afforded almost no special treatment when migrating to the west.

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